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March, 1927

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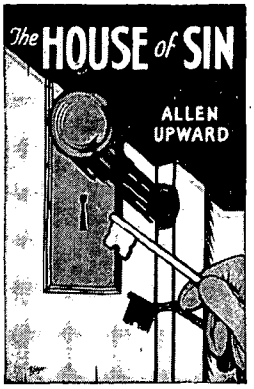

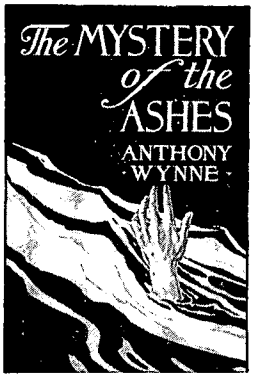

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MARCH, 1927 VOL. LXV, NO. 1

THE BOOKMAN

John Farrar, *Editor*

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How The Outstanding Book Is Chosen Each Month

This is a reply to a criticism sometimes advanced against the "Book-of-the-Month Club" idea. The Book-of the-Month Club has engaged a group of five critics to select the most readable and important book each month—Henry Seidel Canby, Chairman, Heywood Broun, Christopher Morley, Dorothy Canfield, and William Allen White. The book selected each month is sent to all subscribers, who pay the same price (no more) that the publisher himself charges. Many thousands of intelligent readers have now subscribed to this service. It has, however, met with an interesting criticism. It is: "I don't want any one to select what books I shall read. I want to choose my own books." What force is there in this objection?

HAVE you ever given thought to the considerations that *now* move you in deciding to read any book? You hear it praised by a friend. Or you see an advertisement of it in a newspaper. Or you read a review of it by some critic, whose account of it excites your interest. You decide you *must* read that book. Note, however, what has happened: it is always recommendation, *from some source*, that determines you to read it. True, your choice is completely free, but you exercise your choice among recommended books.

Observe what follows, after you are thus influenced, quite legitimately, to read a certain book. Sometimes—but sometimes only—you go right out, buy it and read it. More often, however, if you are the average person your fine intention goes to seed. In the end—all too frequently—you miss reading it altogether; you confess sadly to someone that you "never got around to it."

Now, what would be the difference, were you a Book-of-the-Month Club subscriber? Strange to say, upon analysis, you will find that in practice *you would be enabled to exercise a greater liberty of choice* and above all you would actually *get* the books—without fail—that you decide to read. How?

How the "Book-of-the-Month" is chosen

All the new books each month are submitted for consideration by the publishers. Usually, each month, the choice narrows among from twenty to thirty books. A copy of each one of these books is read by each member of the Selecting Committee. There is no discussion: Each one reads the books independently, and gives them a rating in the order *in which he himself prefers them*. The book which emerges with the highest total rating becomes the "book-of-the-month" and is forthwith sent out to Book-of-the-Month Club subscribers.

What is the effect of this method of independent voting? You will readily admit that a book so chosen is *likely* to be one well worth reading. Certainly, it will have as strong a recommendation behind it as behind the books you are influenced to read through other sources. The chances are all in favor of its being a book *that you would not care to miss reading*.

Nevertheless, tastes differ. This combined vote of the judges is not infallible, and they would be the last ones to consider it so. Their choice simply represents a sensible method of arriving at one outstanding book each month—and it works! The books they choose *are* outstanding; but nobody compels you to like them, nor even to read them. Your own taste is considered, for you, quite as sacred as theirs.

Your Choice is Widened

Therefore, when the "book-of-the-month" is sent to you—*at the same time a list of other important new books*, which received a high rating in the vote of the judges, is sent with it.

And, in any one month, if the book you receive does not meet your particular taste in reading *you may exchange it for anyone of the other new books*, which are described for the very purpose of enabling you to make a choice. The ultimate result, therefore, is that you can actually, in practice, exercise a *wider* and more *discriminating* choice among the new books than you now do, under your present haphazard method of reading. More important still, you find that you *actually obtain* the books you intend to read.

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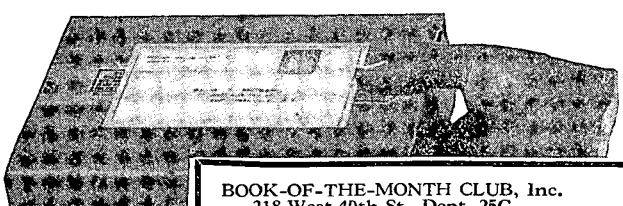

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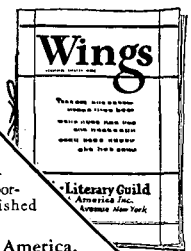

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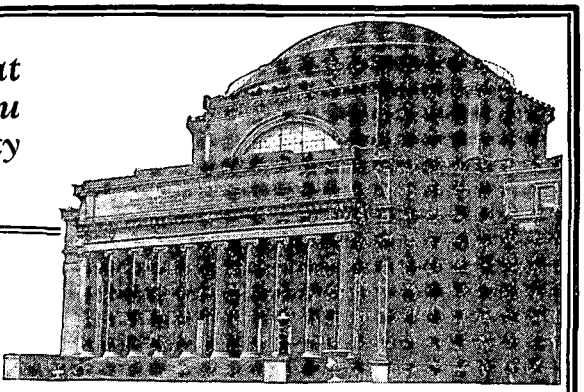

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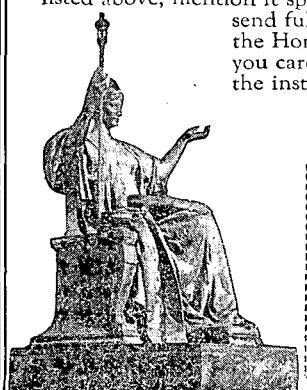

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From "*Ellis Island, by Liberty Darkened,*" by JOHN WALKER HARRINGTON in the March issue of THE FORUM

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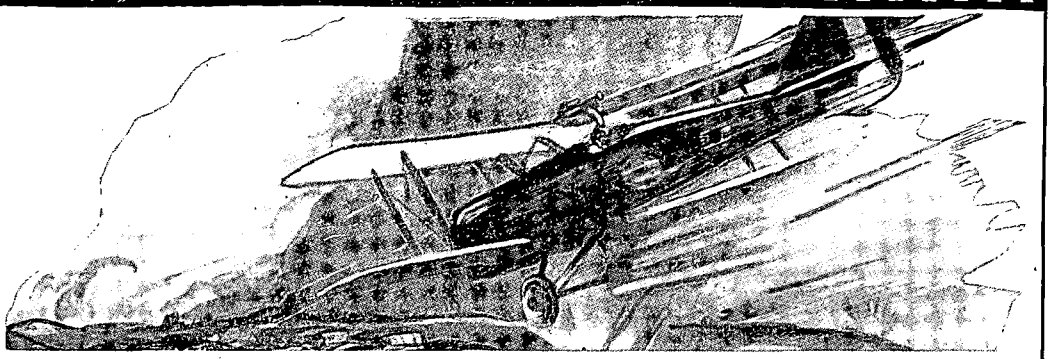

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THE PLUTOCRAT

By BOOTH TARKINGTON

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MARCH, 1927 VOLUME LXV, No. 1

THE BOOKMAN

JOHN FARRAR, *Editor*

THE POINT OF VIEW

ETIQUETTE, OPERA STYLE

FRANK SULLIVAN, Toto of the daily press, has a memorable essay on attending the opera. At the moment we do not recall whether or not he took Martha Hepplethwaite. If he did, they were probably both thrown from the family circle before the orchestra was seated. Nowhere is the spirit of the pack more manifest than in the Metropolitan. Let wretch applaud before the consumptive heroine gurgles her last high C in the prison cell or before the angels offstage have completed their hosannas—the crowd will turn upon him, snarling, hissing, boring him through with burning, merciless eyes, and he will shrivel into nothingness and his hands will be palsied the rest of the evening.

This is entirely to our liking. It argues well for the power of social control. It affords a splendid spectacle of enforced etiquette — and etiquette that is abundantly worth enforcing. Nowhere is confusion more confusing than at any sort of musicale. Palpable as the fact ought to be, some folk do not understand that music relies for its effect upon sound. In lesser places than the Metropolitan the music lovers of the audience titter, indulge in reminiscence, nudge each other when the pianist crosses hands, and talk in a low monotone which, for some curious reason, they think less disturbing than loud speech. In these lesser places (how well we remember when Ornstein came to our junior college), those who would at least appear appreciative are powerless. There is nothing to do but to turn and stare and cause more giggles and nudges.

Not so at the Opera. Here is an aristocracy surviving in the democracy. All praise be to its standards and its powers. Of course the question comes up, Why any hand clapping at all? Isn't it vulgar to beat one's palms together in savage ecstasy and make a deafening noise at the most crucial points of the performance? Yes indeed. Yet we should not forget that the audience must have some part in the performance and that the singers are in all manners human even as we are human. Ideally, it would be best if alleged music lovers drank in the strains silently. But, practically, the

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Metropolitan method of punctuation must suffice for a while.

NATIVE OLYMPIANS

JOHANN SUTTER, Paul Bunyan, Billy the Kid, Casey Jones, Jean Lafitte. These are our first nominations for the mythical all-American literary eleven. In two more years the aggregation should be complete, and then we shall be willing to wager on them against any team Denmark, Russia, or Africa can trot out. Here are men who, in weight, versatility, and brains, stack up favorably with the folk characters of any country and give to our own land a legendary dignity and importance few have suspected it of having.

Not all are legendary heroes, of course, and not all are accurate eponymns. There is Casey Jones. He has scarcely achieved the prominence of Paul Bunyan. In fact, Frankie and Railroad Bill vie with him for honors. But, none the less, the point remains that America is becoming tradition conscious, is somehow for the first time waking up to the fact that our meagre past is rich with incredible yarns and alive with swarthy figures and dramatic episodes. Casey Jones represents what has been uncovered in the realm of Negro folk lore. The interest in the songs and lore of the Negro race in America is made unmistakably clear today by the industry of both white and colored writers. James Weldon Johnson and his fellows have done singularly important work in compiling folk songs. Dorothy Scarborough, a Texas white, has also collected an imposing array of these songs and discussed their origin and nature intelligently. That cultured group which has blessed the name of Chapel Hill, North Carolina, deserves all the praise that is being bestowed upon it. Folk lore societies are springing up in every corner of the democracy; the one in Texas maintains a regular staff and prints a dignified journal of its findings.

All of our five nominations have come to national light only in recent years. "Black Ivory", chronicling the kingly life of Jean Lafitte, slaver of old New Orleans, was published but a year ago. The shade of Billy the Kid hovered over hearths in the southwest for years before Walter Noble Burns seized him for literature. How passing strange it is that most natives are dull to the legends of their localities! Behold an annual trek to New York among southwestern writers and behold what they have left behind! But California affords a more ignominious example of unseeing dulness. Publishers claim that almost fifty per cent of the manuscripts submitted to them annually hail from that state. It was a Frenchman, however, who captured in 1925 the gaudiest and most alluring figure of California history, General Sutter.

But he was captured, and that suffices for the present point: namely, that we shall sooner or later understand that with our squaws, desperadoes, magnificent farmers, musical Negroes, prodigious lumberjacks, pitiless slavers, and the like, we have a past worth looking into.

PARAMOUNT

THE Roman theatres, in a sense, typified the ancient Latin civilization. Their ruins speak eloquently. Nothing could cry out more loudly, more blatantly, more vulgarly, for a certain section of America than the new Paramount Theatre in New York City.

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It is complete even to the goldfish swimming in the fountain. Poor goldfish. How bewildering they must find the marbles and velvets, the statuesque ladies in niches played upon by soft lights.

In this apotheosis of the American taste in entertainment, nothing has been omitted. An orchestra plays to the thousands who stand in line in the foyer. Hundreds of uniformed attendants leap to their assistance. Elevators glide to the lofty balcony. The organ swells louder than any other organ. The orchestra is smooth but not obtrusive. The entertainment is excellently planned so as to be neither outrageous nor dull.

Entering under the huge space one gasps, "Appalling!" But is it really that? "Hideous!" But is it really that? Is it not, rather, a sort of grandiose expression of all that we hold nearest to our hearts? This gigantic theatre epitomizes our taste. It would be useless to preach against it, for the crowds battering its doors answer the owners, and the crowds themselves are content.

No, we should rather congratulate the Famous Players-Lasky corporation on having successfully visualized a theatre which expresses America perfectly. It is gorgeous to behold. It is luxurious. It is equipped with every device known for man's delectation. What more could we ask from Olympus than the movie gods have with a wave of their hands given us? — one hundred per cent vulgarity.

THE GREAT AMERICAN NOVEL

WHY all the craze over the great American novel? Publishers continue to speak of it on book jackets, paragraphers and critics prate about it, and study clubs have heard of it. Is it the one divine event toward which our literary creation is moving? Or is it a mirage that keeps the weary novelist and reader always on the go?

Most likely it is the latter. It should be a matter of common knowledge by now that it will never actually appear. Like the Messiah, it would not be recognized if it did. There has been entirely too much talk about it. It is only another expression of America's love for the tangible, the demonstrable, the big. Yet it has power as an illusion. Every time a forlorn critic puts the baby to bed and sits down to review three novels in an evening, he has the hope of finding and proclaiming the great American novel. Every time a reader pays the bookstore man another two dollars and takes the street car home, he has hopes of reading what may be acclaimed as our *opus magnum.*

So much for the ideal. As for the entity, there really isn't any. In some measure, the great American novel appeared this year; in a like measure, it will appear next year. So on down to the end of time; for, we take it, if the superman of the species ever shows his head, it will be after ages of evolution and not through any inexplicable mutation. It suffices to know that there are more good novels being written today than ever before. That there are more bad ones, too, is aside from the point. The general run of our literature is better than it was in Cooper's day, and it is therefore more difficult to single out any particular novel and unanimously award it the blue ribbon of the judges and the huzzas of the multitude.

Every novel will have its desideratum. There are those who bewail the fact that Dreiser doesn't write pretty English and this failing seems to bar him from the competition. Most

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critics will agree that "An American Tragedy" possesses every high quality but limpid, fragile language. The result is, and always will be, a preference in some quarters for "The Venetian Glass Nephew" or the fluency of Cabell. You see the impasse. When some son arises who can use Cabell's language and Dreiser's mind and patience, he will write the great American novel. And when he does, the critics will complain — and rightly — that he has produced a hybrid of two different kinds of things. Then there will be a dispute, and the whole affair will end by the man's being acclaimed as a wizard rather than a novelist. Meanwhile, let us keep the illusion.

FOOTBALL AND ETHICS

WHAT is so rare as a college president ridding his school of dirty athletics? Scarcely anything has been more conspicuous than the administrative attitude toward the monster football which promises to swallow up most of the higher learning in America. Dissatisfaction has for the most part sprung from undergraduates and obstreperous professors; in certain parts of the country there has been warfare between the student body and the administration — the students insisting, curiously enough, upon the injection of ethics into our system and the administration insisting that the system was ethical enough. Some men, in fact, have been made bishops for their courageous stand against the embattled students.

It is most singular, then, that the president of West Virginia Wesleyan, a Methodist institution, should openly admit that his gladiators had been hired outright and rewarded for their labors on behalf of Alma Mater. If there is anything more incredible, it is the fact that both the trustees and the alumni have championed the Doctor's cause and have decided that practices in the future are to be more or less irreproachable.

The virtue of the president's stand, in our judgment, lies in its honesty. Even if he had explained eloquently that the institution intended to continue its practices flagrantly, and in the full sight of man, his conduct would have been quite as exemplary. What has hurt the ethics of football has been the pretense of morals. Presidents have claimed that their withers were unwrung and that the physical needs of the students were being met most adequately, while all the time they have known that football is simply the most reliable source of revenue, apart from tobacco kings and dowagers, at the disposal of the college. College authorities have not been frank about football; yet we believe that, were they to announce an openly professional policy, football and ethics both might profit in the long run.

Of course the game today has achieved a proportion which cannot be lessened without grave danger to the institutions involved. Hence, why not maintain the prestige of the school with a set of confessedly hired assassins and let it go at that? Gate receipts would be just as high and ethics would be higher. There is nothing evil *per se* in professional athletics. Perhaps there will be an occasional scandal, but have there not been scandals under the present system? After all, the best chances of scandal are to be found in the groundless claim of college executives that their eleven warriors represent physical benefit to the student body, and in the colleges living in open violation of the conference regulations which they purport to observe.

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It will be much better, of course, if athletics can be made to serve a genuinely academic function. It is possible that professional college teams would remove some of our excessive concern with intercollegiate warfare and give the authorities a chance to develop the departments of physical education. Whether athletes are hired for obviously financial reasons does not seem to us quite so important as whether they are hired overtly or covertly. Would school spirit dry up? It would be a great thing if it did — but it wouldn't. There are as many gamins in New York who yowl for Mr. Ruth as there are sophomores who worked themselves into premature epilepsy over Red Grange. It's the quality of the performance that elevates the stands. It is the dishonesty of college executives that vitiates the public confidence and may, sooner or later, kill our cherished school spirit.

SMOKELESS SHOOTING

WHILE one may be grateful for the predatory spirit that has given us such enjoyable books as the various Roosevelts have written, there is something more to our liking in the practices and results of the recent Finley-Church expedition. This expedition set out for certain islands in the Bering Sea, armed with the camera and shooting with that instrument rather than with the shotgun and rifle. As a consequence, there has been accumulated a splendid array of fine photographs of birds which have not yet had a sitting, and animals and hybrids not commonly known to New Yorkers and Georgians. Science, no doubt, will be benefited and this peaceful invasion may lead to the establishment of a sanctuary before certain of our intrepid bankers have decimated the animals and birds by shooting from private launches.

The camera is, quite manifestly, more the weapon of the age than the rifle. One cannot quarrel with Daniel Boone for having shot grizzlies instead of manœuvring about to get a fine picture of them. He was not in a position to get time exposures and character studies, even if he had possessed the camera; it would have been as absurd to photograph indiscriminately in his day as it is now to kill mercilessly. Nor does it seem particularly tragical that the buffaloes were shot rather than photographed, for there was an appalling mob of them whose presence today would work a very great inconvenience upon the citizens of Butte and Duluth. Animal slaughter has been a practical necessity with Americans and we have done our work intelligently and thoroughly. There are very few in our land who would care to have a drove of hypostatized bulls, tigers, lions, and other animals hanging about every village. We had the choice of slaughtering or apotheosizing and, by and large, we have lost nothing by following the manly course.

Today — well, today things are different. Many of our representative — one hundred per cent American — animals face extermination. We have lost the true spirit of the chase, because the chase has ceased to have anything more than a traditional appeal to us. Further, this is essentially an age of observation, of recording, of comparing, and verifying — that is, of course, if we take a charitable view of the age. It seems altogether fitting that the camera should be used more extensively today and that it should replace the gun and the trap in our relations with the animals.

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LITERATURE, ITS CAUSE AND CURE

By William McFee

AUTHOR'S NOTE: *This paper was written to cover a regularly recurring request for reactions relative to writing. The modern superstition that "a course" in literature includes, naturally and easily, tuition in "creative work", seems to be fairly prevalent among those who reckon themselves the cultured classes. Another fanciful notion, that there is a hard and fast delimitation whereby what is "literature" is inside the bars, while all other writing is in outer darkness, seems soundly entrenched alongside of that superstition. This paper questions both pronouncements and offers cheerful violence to the literary snobs who think a man's opinion on books is superior because he comes from England, as well as to the illiterate mobs who imagine that because they personally like a book, it is therefore "literature".* — W. M.

ATTENTION is directed for a few moments to the rise, the decline, and the fall of various professions. Consider the doctor and the surgeon, the apothecary and the parson, the actor and the dentist. These professional men have occupied a wide range of social dignity during the last four hundred years. The attorney has had very much the same experience. From being regarded as a presumptuous yet necessary servitor with special knowledge, ignored by the quality and kicked by the military, he has reached the position formerly held by both quality and military, with a fair share of the wealth they used to extract from the common people.

So with the writer. The penniless poet, the starveling dramatist, the furtive lampooner, the scurrilous caricaturist, now sit with considerable complacency on top of the world. And it is to be noted that these remarkable changes in the worldly fortunes of the professional and intellectual classes are due, not to their own transcendent virtues as compared with their predecessors, but to the age of machinery in which they live. At the risk of offending the *amour propre* of numerous best sellers, story writers who receive enormous prices for their work, writers of histories and amusing biographies who are bewildered to discover themselves beloved of Demos, it must be repeated that their success is founded on something they are all rich enough nowadays to despise—quantity production by machinery.

Indeed, this release of the gigantic natural forces of the modern world might have been foreseen to react upon literature, which came in the beginning from fantastic allegories of man's life maintaining an unsteady oscillation between agriculture and war. In the midst of his chaotic strivings after a form of religion, a form of government, and some form of wealth which could be transported and transferred, there was no provision imaginable which could take care of those irrepressible beings whose value lay in their spiritual quality. It was never conceived that the man who told an entrancing tale, who made men laugh and cry, had as much right to riches as any other magician. He was supposed to get his reward from his virtue, and he was hanged if he stole a loaf of bread. Now he lives prosperously and he'll be hanged if he will take less than twenty cents a word. Only by the release of gigantic natural forces, by the exploitation of the riches of the earth, by

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the spread of a superficial literacy through quantity production of the printed word, has the writer come into what he can call, with decent honor, his own.

I am not concerned at this moment with the economic aspect of literature, however. I am merely advancing a few basic thoughts to prepare the reader's mind for a consideration of the changes which have come into the lives of writers by the external stimulus of enormous circulation derived from the advertising of cheap commodities.

In connection with this there has been a determined effort on the part of the conductors of great journals to discover a formula for a story. They believe and yet disbelieve in this search for the magic formula. They strive to express in flamboyant phrases the essence of their ideal story. They cannot do it and they never will do it, because it is impossible to imprison in a formula that indestructible, intangible quality which is as elusive as the human face or the tones of a human voice.

I said, they will never discover it. Perhaps that was a rhetorical exaggeration. Perhaps progress has been made in that direction. A certain number of editors have attained a spectacular success by testing every offering upon themselves. Do they like it? Then it is acceptable. Does it fail to appeal? Then it will never do. They constitute in their own personalities common denominators of those fractions of the community to which they appeal. In theory this method is preposterous. In practice, up to a certain point, it is perfection. Beyond that point, curiously enough, it breaks down. The moment such an editor achieves his spectacular success, he employs, in self defense, a staff. This staff is in theory a duplication of his own clairvoyant personality. In practice it is nothing of the kind. It is a body of men or women who have their own reactions to life, literature, and the pursuit of happiness. The great man above is aware that there are as many misses as bull's eyes. But in the end he is as far away as ever from that phantom Eldorado of the editor, a formula for the perfect story. He has a tendency, like all successful practitioners, to be somewhat impatient with abstract principles, confusing them with the dreary nonsense of professors who never wrote a story or a poem in their lives. He feels with justifiable certainty that what he and, let us say, a million others like to read stands as good a chance of being literature as something printed in Paris and smuggled into the country.

We are here in contact with an insoluble problem. We are confused by the traditional conception of literature as the hobby of starving amateurs exploited by illiterate Grub Street printers, and patronized by genteel persons in mansions and clubs. No such literature exists at the present day; or if it does exist, it bears the same relation to our common life as the passion of motor car manufacturers for horseback riding. It is an amusing excrescence—no more.

On the other hand, attempts have been made, by Arnold Bennett and others, to strip the business of writing of its glamour, to set it out as a business, like making shoes or shovels. Colleges and universities have become so accustomed to teaching "The Art of the Short Story" and "The Art of the Novel" that any doubts of their competence in this field are no longer seriously entertained by practical citizens.

I am inclined to think that a middle course is safest in discussing the propagation of literature. I suggest, as a

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bracing and fructifying thought, the idea of literature, not as an art, but as one of the amusement trades.

I do not, in making this suggestion, deny that writing, creative writing, is an art. It is. In our prayers, in our contemplation of ourselves as God's anointed, we can go on regarding it as an art and ourselves as artists. But in the arena, in the world of editors, publishers, and motion picture scenario fabricators, let us come down from on high and, with our winged sandals ever so lightly pressing the sordid earth, consider ourselves as entertainers of the public, members of an amusement trade. And then let us see how we stand in the world.

It is the highfalutin conception of literature, as something beyond the range of Rotary, something no Babbitt can bear, which I desire to examine and isolate for your consideration. I am directed to this aspect of the theme by the remark of a lady on returning a copy of a book which for twenty years has been evoking almost hysterical laughter and never ending delight throughout the English speaking world — a book written in pellucid English and treating in light comedy the eternally dramatic contrast between the Saxon and the Gael. What the lady said was this, and it expresses what I call the pseudo-literary intelligence: "An extremely amusing book, but of course it is not literature."

This is not a unique instance. Our current thought is saturated with an uneasy suspicion that anything which amuses us cannot be literature or, even more poignantly, art. It is an illusion comparable with two others dominating with tragical completeness the modern American mind—that if a thing is big it must be wicked, and that if some other thing is big it must be good. It is spectacularly exhibited in the estimates published of American "literature" as depicting American "life". I offer it as a most singular phenomenon of the present age of innocence that, whenever a book or a play is heralded as a "significant cross section of American life" or as "probing deep into our American life" or as "an important documentation of American life", that book or play deals with dull, dreary, drab, depressing episodes in the lives of people in the middle west or extreme east who end up either in the jail or the madhouse. It is treason to suggest that American life can appear in literature except as midwest squalor of mind or New England parsimony of spirit. And so "An American Tragedy" is accepted without a murmur as a true picture of American life, while "The Perennial Bachelor" is dismissed as a negligible story.

As an excellent example of the way in which the semi-literate public is deceived, let us take two remarkable books, one from Europe and one from America: "Ulysses" by James Joyce and "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes" by Anita Loos. Here you have a very long novel of about three hundred and twenty thousand words, and a very short novel of I believe about fifty thousand words, if not less. "Ulysses" probably took as many years to write as "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes" took weeks. It would be difficult to take two books more widely divergent in theme, in treatment, in length, and, I was going to say, depth. Here, however, the contrast is not so obvious. In my opinion "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes" not only cuts as deep into life as "Ulysses" but it is a better book, written with a more finished art. It commits, however, the high crime and misdemeanor of making us laugh, and so the psuedo-literary mind, which wades blissfully through the ordure of

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"Ulysses" under the impression that dirt is pretty sure to be literature eventually, puts down "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes" with a patronizing smirk and mutters: "Very amusing of course, but not literature."

It may be necessary to point out that in using various authors' names and works as examples, I am not stating pontifically that they are or are not Literature with a large "L". I am not interested in that question just now. I am trying to advance the proposition that while each man and woman in the reading world has special likings, we are not getting anywhere by cultivating a solemn hypocrisy and pretending to like Cabell when we can't read a page of him without losing the thread, or raving over Conrad when we would much rather read Fannie Hurst. On the one hand we ought to avoid confusing our personal fancies with fundamental principles; on the other, the danger lies in mistaking what we find dull to be important.

The fact is, a plodding writer with no sense of character at all can often delude the pseudo-literary mind into believing that he has done something important. The real critic can see original work disguised as a best seller. The best thing ever said of "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes" is George Jean Nathan's pronouncement that the characters of that book are profoundly conceived and carelessly set down.

There's the secret! Profoundly conceived and carelessly set down. That, in my opinion, is the real goal of the writer. There lies the greatness of Dickens, of Flaubert even, and, if you will pardon the jump to modernity, of Ring Lardner. Our danger is to mistake laborious execution for profundity. In reading manuscripts we are troubled by the fact that the characters of so many fictions are superficially conceived and laboriously set down.

The remedy is knowledge of men and things. The reason why newspaper men and women so often become writers of good fiction is not because newspaper work is writing, but because newspaper people do actually know something. All literature, apart from reporting and photography, consists of analogy, metaphor, and allusion. If you are not thoroughly familiar with some form of human activity; you see humanity through a tragic veil of sentiment. Hence the average desk bound American's false and idiotic ideas concerning the sea. When we speak of the sea as a profession, a vocation, he does not visualize a complex system of transportation carried out by men who live their lives in the bonds of discipline, who do their work very often because they like it, who can, as someone says, "endure the idea of peace for months at a time". No, the sea they visualize is a sea of sentiment, where square jawed men rescue beautiful American girls from dark skinned foreigners, where barnacles grow on men's minds as well as on ship's plates, and the fact that a ship is a freight carrier is utterly ignored.

To expose the meretricious is not to deprecate its existence. Hokum is eternal. The evil lies in mistaking it for the expression in art of a true vision of the world. I have seen a man on board ship press his lips to a copy of one of Harold Bell Wright's novels and assure me with a catch in his voice that it was the greatest book in the world. I have it on the declaration of an experienced editor that Edgar Guest is the greatest living poet. These things cannot be gainsaid. Such as they are, Mr. Wright's novels and Mr. Guest's verses are as much a part of

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literature in general as Ben Hecht or Mr. Arlen. Nothing is to be gained by sneering at the simple. The only known way to lessen the amount of bad literature in the world is to write nothing but good literature. And you will have to bear in mind that, if you succeed, there are children in school today who, when they grow up and become inoculated with the pseudo-literary virus, will read your book and decide that "it is amusing but of course it is not literature."

Harry Hansen, an exceedingly lucid and tolerant critic, said the other day that "what America needs is more authors who loaf and go fishing." What he means is that the efficiency urge, the output, could be diminished in volume to the advantage of the quality. This is not to say that what is done easily is done badly. Just the other way round. But the incessant pouring out of manuscript does not insure any quality in that manuscript, and a month of peace and quiet in the woods, digging in a garden, rebuilding an old Ford, or sailing along the New England coast in a schooner, may be more productive of good work in the long run than eight hours every day at the typewriter flogging a half empty brain to produce action stories in accordance with the principles laid down by correspondence colleges. We need more authors who, after a modest success, or even after an immodest one, can take their time over the next novel. There is still, in much of the work produced in America, a sort of headlong speed which gives the reader a feeling of exhaustion and repletion rather than of æsthetic pleasure.

There is a type of reader who expects the gist of a story to be as apparent and on the surface, as rapidly assimilated, as a comic strip. A monograph on short story writing could be compiled by an industrious study of successful comic strips, which are essentially short stories. There, preserved in the alcohol of satire, are the pallid embryos of countless stories, the cretins, the morons, the monsters, and village idiots of the world of creative literature.

And this reminds me by an easy analogy of those remarkable annual carboys of curiosities, the collections of "best" short stories of the year which stand on our shelves and become such uncomfortable companions after a few years. What a fascinating commentary upon the democratic scene is this obsession of men and women to "decide" which is the "best" story, to "elect" a story over the heads of others! What possible utility can there be in enthroning some particular piece of fiction as king over the rest, when the only reason for its existence is to amuse part of the public and make money for publisher and author? Nothing can be learned from a successful short story save the imitation of it. The next most successful short story will be entirely different in theme, in locality, and possibly in treatment. The thundering herd of student short story writers are then stampeded in a fresh direction, until at last they discover that the only way to do an original short story is to have an original mind. The satisfactory short story has been ably defined as "one proceeding inexorably towards an unpredictable conclusion", and nobody can discover any flaw in that definition — until he recalls the very large number of stories which are memorable for other qualities than that much prized "unpredictable conclusion".

Reference has already been made to the fact that the large merchandising corporations are increasingly employing authors and illustrators of nation

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wide reputation in nation wide advertising. There is no particular significance in this, because both painters and authors have done it from time immemorial. Two such unlikely and dissimilar geniuses as Lafcadio Hearn and George W. Cable collaborated to produce a guidebook to the New Orleans Cotton Exposition of 1886. Dickens once wrote a brilliant piece of copy for an insurance company, and wrote it as if he enjoyed it, as he probably did. The pseudo-literary mind will be offended by this, but the fact remains that the motive behind a work of art has very little bearing upon its intrinsic merit.

One of the reasons for so much of the headlong quality in modern popular literature is that authors and editors are straining to produce stories for a public which is not interested in reading as an æsthetic pleasure at all. This public derives much more satisfaction from comic strips and swift motion pictures, and is inclined to demand stories in the same vein. Authors have prophesied a day when the story and the novel as we know it will have gone the way of the miracle play and the epic poem. In my opinion they have misinterpreted the signs of the times. We flatter ourselves if we imagine that the resources of the English language have been exhausted and that literature will in future be confined to the headline, the advertising slogan, and the motion picture subtitle. These interesting exhibits are merely the modern equivalents of very ancient institutions — the broadside, the street cry, and the lampoon. They affect, to no appreciable degree, the development of creative writing. The extraordinary variety of the offerings of today as compared with eighteenth century literature, for example, leads the superficial and pseudo-literary intelligence to utter plaintive regrets for the decay of literature. The decay is in the pseudo-literary intelligence, atrophied by submission to mandarinic definitions. It would be difficult to decide which is the more wretched object of our compassion, the writer who is constantly deliberating upon his own greatness, or the reader who starts at every sound, who is suspicious of every gale of laughter, and who, after enjoying a book, condemns it as "not literature".

MINIATURE OF AN OLD MAN

By Raymond P. Fischer

IN the spring I watch him go,
Strangely white and strangely slow,
Where white trees shake down their snow,
Wondering in his quiet mind
If another spring will find
Him blown on or left behind.

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THE NEW MR. TARKINGTON

By Joseph Collins

With a Woodcut by Bertrand Zadig

BOOTH TARKINGTON is one of our literary assets whose value has not been subject to profound fluctuation, and that is the more remarkable since he has made a complete *volte-face* from pure romance to sheer realism. Apparently, ideas and beliefs which crowded his mind and obstructed his vision in early maturity have been modified or dislodged by life and experience. This metamorphosis may account for his steady ascent from the exclusively idealized picture of Helen Fisbee in "The Gentleman from Indiana" to the realistic revelation of the Beautiful Widow, or of Mrs. Dodge in "Women". In his later novels, there is abundant evidence that he is determined to cast off every vestige of romanticism. Yet he never quite succeeds. He still allows his dreams to come true, though never with such violence or success as in his early books.

I have recently been rereading the novels of William Dean Howells, one of our first novelists to give proper place in fiction to everyday events, to homely descriptions of familiar people, and to moral issues which trouble the conscience and make the path of life thorny for those who confront them. There is a striking similarity between Howells's novels and Mr. Tarkington's; but the style of the former is smooth, agreeable to the eye and harmonious to the ear, whereas Mr. Tarkington often does profound injury to the English language:

Valentine *Corliss* walked up *Corliss* Street, the *hottest* afternoon of that *hot* August, a year ago, wearing a suit of white serge which attracted a little attention from those *observers* who were able to *observe* anything except the heat. The coat was shaped delicately, it outlined the wearer, and fitting him as *women's* clothes fit *women*, suggested an *effeminacy* not an attribute of the tall *Corliss*. The *effeminacy* belonged all to the tailor, an artist plying far from *Corliss* Street.

It is possible that this was done with a purpose; the influence of some ultra-modern writer may have been weighing upon his mind. Yet when plain grammar is tampered with, the question of style for style's sake is no longer a matter of taste, but of rules.

A summery girl under an alluring parasol now and then trod the sidewalks, and did not altogether suppress an ample consciousness of the white pedestrian's stalwart grace; nor was his quick glance too distressingly modest to be aware of these faint but attractive perturbations.

Howells was a beacon light to Mr. Tarkington in his early years. From him, he derived the sense of reality, the artistic touch to everyday details, and the composition of a central figure, consistent with itself, true to its makeup and environment.

Mr. Tarkington does not let us watch life, with him, in his mirror. His method is not a direct one: he surveys his men and women and constantly interferes between them and us, telling us what to believe and what to see, what they do and what they like, but not what they think or what they feel. His views are purely objective,

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Booth Tarkington

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and because he does not mingle with the intimate life of his characters he deprives us of a fine feeling of complete harmony with them.

It is difficult to say whether the Tarkington heroes are idealized pictures of what he himself would like to be, or the expression of a valiant struggle to bring romance and ideals to an alien land. There can be little doubt that John Harkless, his first fullfledged westerner, is a self portrait. In that novel, reality was distorted in an effort to create a "type". It is the effort of a youth who takes life seriously, expecting to find a meaning to it. Harkless is pale, fascinating, lonesome and misunderstood, ambitious yet generous. His pattern is a simple one: a human image endowed with the virtues of greatness but with a void in the heart. Now and then imagination fills it with charming pictures. Only a goddess can satisfy his love longing. When Helen Fisbee comes, she runs true to form, the typical heroine of the late eighties: pure, beautiful, with melodious voice, sharp wit, coquettish grace, irresistible attraction, whose deeds were cloaked in virtue.

There may have been such people in the world, in Indiana even, when Mr. Tarkington wrote his first successful novel, but they have disappeared.

The refusal to admit that materialism has superseded ideals may be traced in all his novels. It may be camouflaged a bit, as in Bibbs Sheridan's efforts to get away from "big business" or in Harlan Oliphant's determination to turn a deaf ear to progress and development; in George Minafer's ambition to redeem himself from his moral crime against his mother, or in Alice Adams's purposeful blindness to the obvious, in search of false values she cannot reconcile to reality. But it is there none the less.

Mr. Tarkington has an eye for the particular, a talent for details which, in its great lines, rivets his attention to local interest, to the detriment of the universal scheme. With the exception of a few exotic tales which reveal him as a gifted cosmopolitan, Indiana is the beginning and the end of his world. In his most widely read novels, he is Indianian through and through. When his eye seeks repose and new interests, it lands on the virtues of his own people, on their gifts and the blessings that have been lavishly dispensed to them.

Mr. Tarkington is not often concerned with plot. In "Monsieur Beaucaire" and "The Magnificent Ambersons" he displays ability to handle it, but in "The Turmoil" and "The Two Vanrevels" it deserts him. His preoccupation is to show characters rather than to tell a story, and it is a wise determination, because he is never more successful than when he focuses his power on character depicting. No one can say that "Penrod", "Women", "Penrod and Sam", or even "Alice Adams" has a definite action, yet they are Tarkington's most popular books and, from the literary standpoint, the most worthwhile of his stories.

The same men live through every one of his novels, under different masks, in diverse walks of life, and with personal characteristics which change their patterns enough to make them outstanding as individuals, not members of one family. John Harkless is the first; westerner to the core. Beaucaire followed, *ancien régime*, old country flavor, on a Saxony porcelain pedestal; yet he is John Harkless, more gay because French, more daring because less scrupulous, more brilliant and fascinating because he is not tarred with the drabness of Indiana.

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He is less virtuous too, but he has Harkless's gallantry and chivalry; he is decidedly lovable while his predecessor is definitely admirable and pathetic. One is a gem, the other is cut in marble; one is a dream, the other substance. Both are children of the same imagination, modeled by the same hand, and in love with the same person — three hundred years apart.

Next comes Tom Vanrevel — a fitting member of the Tarkington family. Like John Harkless, he has the generous, unflinching spirit of the real man made to God's likeness, and his soul is of the stern stuff that is true to its ideals and accepts rebuffs and the "arrows of outrageous fortune" without relaxing in its standards. The true soul of a hero of romance, he lacks what most of Tarkington's early heroes — and some later ones — never acquire: the ability to laugh at himself or smile with others; it suffices him to be at one with himself, and he feels no desire to blend with the universe.

"The Two Vanrevels" is the halfway house on Mr. Tarkington's literary road: change of scenery, new passengers, added impedimenta. Young girls and their psychology, their dreams and their fancies, urges, pretenses, and motives now absorb the driver's mind. It cannot be said that the Tarkington youths, so long admired, are typical of what young girls and boys are known to be; they are true only in certain respects. But Betty Carewe satisfies us that Tarkington found his new interest engrossing and meant to concentrate upon it in the future. Not that he relinquishes his hold on the romantico-real man, or on the traditional villain, for he gives us of both, and plenty, in each novel; he merely adds to his palette the softer hues of girlish youth, and sharp tones of humor. Mrs. Tanberry provides it in "The Two Vanrevels"; Henrick Madison in "The Flirt"; the grandmother in "The Midlander". Generally the humorous touches and the "strike home" truths are left to the younger members of the family — the naughty, incorrigible boy makes fun of his sister, while the young sister is a pest in the eyes and estimation of her older brother. "The Gentleman from Indiana" had as little humor as a baby has, but as Tarkington's literary family grew, they developed it until "Women" fairly reeks of it.

After "The Two Vanrevels" the author gives himself two short rides, one abroad and one into politics. No long description of places, no intimate revelations of the size and furnishing of houses, no small town talk and local preoccupations are to be found in the short stories of abroad. Brevity is the soul of his wit in those, in which he reveals a facility for handling the surprise element, especially in "His Own People", which smacks of the O. Henry quality.

"In the Arena" depicts the men who go into politics for a living. Through the mire and the groveling souls of his characters, there still shines the ideal of the author: the honest man, not strikingly intelligent, but incapable of bargaining with his conscience or shirking his duty: the Dago, Pietro Tobigli; the Democrat, Uncle Billy Rollinson; Joe Lane and Melville Bickner — all a composite picture of idealism, western sentimentality, painful virtue.

Advancing steadily down the line of Mr. Tarkington's characters, we come to "The Guest of Quesnay", in which plot is the essential element. Character depicting gives way to the telling of a story full of romantic possibilities. The great woman has now replaced the great man; men fall in love with her at first sight; her eyes are magnetic and her soul is as fair as her body; her heart

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vibrates in unison with the just, and injustice makes it arhythmic; her happiness is complete only in love and sacrifice. In each novel, Mr. Tarkington endows at least one woman with perfection; he loves the swooning type so fashionable in the last century.

I have met many admirers of Edith Wharton who have not read "Sanctuary", one of the gems of her collection, and many readers of Tarkington who are not familiar with "Cherry", one of his most artistic tales. The first thing that strikes one in "Cherry" is the repressed humor which he has so well under control. There is no hint that he does not take Mr. Sudgeberry seriously. William Fentriss is an eighteenth century John Harkless, an amusing Tom Vanrevel, a grown up Penrod. The tale is told with gusto and charm, refrained and tempered by dry wit. Not attempting to describe life as it is, or as it should be, he simply relates a dream, in the Beaucaire manner, with a smile in his pen and a song in his heart.

The romantic candle of Booth Tarkington held a dying sputter when he wrote "Beauty and the Jacobin". It has the intangible loveliness of old music, the softness of faded daguerreotypes, but none of the qualities that make rarefied air breathable to the few. It was indeed his last effort at pure romance.

In "The Flirt" he leaves behind him the foreign, the exotic, the intangible; the middle west, his own state, its people and their problems, seem suddenly to engross him. He knows them, loves them, understands the pathetic and the comic side of their makeup, and he is confident that he has discernment in his affections and critical power in his attachments.

For the first time, we have the Tarkington "boy" in a novel. He is a foil for Booth Tarkington's views and thoughts. Henrick Madison is as typical of what we think boys are as Penrod is, and more, because he is the mouthpiece of the world at large in his relations with his sister, his family, his life, and life in general.

The new departure of Tarkington did not much affect his views of idealism and romance, although he blended them with pictures of appalling reality. The world around his characters is as concrete and real as beef and cabbage. The small Indiana town is there, fully painted, drearily accurate. So are the Tarkington heroes. Somehow, the good men of the Tarkington world are unattractive because they are so absolutely uninteresting. "The Flirt" is undoubtedly the dividing line between the two Tarkington manners: pure romance and a semblance of realism. It divides the story teller and the painter of characters; it removes its author from the chronicler of men's doings and puts him in the limited class of propagandist for the west, its defender and champion.

"The Turmoil" is the great, everlasting story of love accomplishing what neither doctors nor sanatoriums, parental threats nor thought taking could achieve: the evolution from impotency to power, from a dreamer of useless dreams to a quick witted, active, useful individual; from a discouraged, dull, dismal person to an articulate, ambitious, accomplished husband. Bibbs Sheridan is typical of Tarkingtonian heroes in his search for something beyond everyday interests; in his attempts at poetry and essay writing we have a glimpse of the never dying romancer, as convincingly portrayed as in "Monsieur Beaucaire" but chastened, hardened, "made" by life — not broken.

Mr. Sheridan is a dead ringer for Silas Lapham, while Bibbs is a pale

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replica of Tom Corey. The romance of business had come to both in unexpected manner, and their prompt conversion from unconspicuousness to the limelight in the growing, sizzling, progressive city is not the only bond between them.

Big business, giving wealth of the mushroom sort to men of otherwise uncouth and uncultured extraction, must of necessity do so at the expense of the older family of a medium size Indiana town; this is the foundation of "The Magnificent Ambersons", one of Tarkington's most significant novels. It remains powerful until the closing episode wrecks it irretrievably.

When "The Magnificent Ambersons" was being written spiritism had a toehold in Indianapolis, as it did in most of the country, and it may be that Tarkington knew of some such instance as the psychic prophecy that shook the hatred of Eugene Morgan toward George Minafer and prompted kindness to him. The play upon the words "Isabelle Amberson" as "bell" and "amber" is obvious enough and acceptable when we remember that Morgan himself did the talking in the psychic's room — the latter had little to do besides going into some sort of trance. But one cannot imagine as intelligent and sensible a man as Morgan being impressed by such an episode, indeed seeking it.

Young Amberson is not true to life and not true to himself when he develops the sanctimonious attitude which he displays after the death of his father. Anyone so self satisfied and arrogant, who showed no heralding of humility or insight before he reached man's estate, does not change after that. Common sense, a great jolt, a tragedy, might effect a measure of cure, but they could not change the very foundations of such a nature. George's devotion to his maiden aunt whom he disliked, in an heroic decision to redeem himself unconspicuously and humbly for what he considered his crime against his mother, and his proud and unbent loyalty to his duty, remind us again of John Harkless and the succeeding names he assumes in the Tarkington novels.

"The Midlander" is the last of Tarkington's novels depicting his typical hero in familiar guise. It is another stone to his edifice which rests on the belief that progress means ugliness, and that the western world is a constantly moving and shifting process of adjustment.

Dan Oliphant is the romantic hero, modernized and remodeled. His head is replete with original thoughts about the future growth of his town; practical ideas in a measure, in which he is at first unsuccessful then overwhelmingly successful, until the tide ebbs again and he dies with an utter sense of failure. Harlan Oliphant is a new type in Tarkington novels: the scholastic, superior, supercilious. He is neither in the manner of the author, nor of the west: his eastern education had dyed him a pale yellow, and he was content to be uselessly cultured.

Mr. Tarkington's women, like his men, are all of one psychological pattern. The relationship which exists between the men of Booth Tarkington's creation may be traced between his women. From the first, Helen Fisbee of "The Gentleman from Indiana", we have a picture of the author's ideal woman, and he remains as true to that picture as he does to his conception of male ideals.

His women, however, may be divided into several groups. First, the Helen Fisbee type, a miniature of the perfection of the cosmos, endowed with

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every quality of nobility. To her group belong the strong, faithful, loyal, somewhat masochist girls of later novels: Anne Elliott of "The Guest of Quesnay", whose love for a worthless husband remained firm as a rock and outlived his conversion and change of identity; Laura Madison, the sister of "The Flirt", somewhat lost in Cora's whirpool of "affairs" but the steadfast mate of Dick Lindsay and his happy completion. Helen Ventrees of "The Turmoil" is one of the family also, with her staunch support of Bibbs Sheridan, her ultimate victory over herself, and the part of the good shepherd she played throughout his evolution. Those women's guesses "are better than a man's certainty", and they always seem to be sure the man they love is worthy when the rest of the world is blind to his virtues.

Then there is Lucy Morgan of "The Magnificent Ambersons", with her desire to suffer for George; and Martha Shelby of "The Midlander", the large, strong, heavy woman of sensitive heart and keen head who for some inexplicable reason marries Harlan Oliphant after the death of Dan with whom she had been in love all her life — she loved him enough to turn down men who would have made her more happy than would Harlan.

Besides that group, there is the "eternal woman", vivacious and beautiful. She begins with Betty Carewe of "The Two Vanrevels" and goes on down the line with Sylvia of "Cherry", Cora Madison of "The Flirt", who is in some ways the twin sister of Alice Adams, and a first but unsophisticated cousin of Lucy Oliphant.

The Tarkington women are either too reckless or not enough. They are either kind, self sacrificing, or impetuous, wilful, stubborn, like Edith Sheridan of "The Turmoil" or Cora Madison. (Both Edith and Cora ran away to get married, one to save her skin, the other to prove she was her father's daughter, and both made a mess of it.) Or else they are too good to be true, too idealized to be real, too saintly to be human.

Alice Adams is the exception; she is as real as Emma Bovary. She is as true of today as of any time since there have been women — and men. None of Mr. Tarkington's pictures of small town life in Indiana are more real than those of "Alice Adams". He saw it with a woman's eye, and women make the social life of the community. Its gossipy interest, its spirit of rivalry, the humiliations and little victories one suffers and enjoys are all there, "as big as life and twice as natural".

Alice is true to life and true to herself. Her weakness is perhaps the protraction of her pretense. Intelligent and quick of intuition as she was, she should not have had to wait so long as she did to discover the ineffectiveness of her game, even though shedding it meant an entire readjustment of proportions. The ultimate victory she gained over herself and circumstances makes the fight worthy.

"Gentle Julia" is not Alice's sister: she belongs to the Tarkington women who wrought havoc with the men they inspired to heroic deeds: the Cora Madison and Edith Sheridan types. She gets away with everything, a conspicuous attribute of pretty, angelic looking, devilish acting women the world over.

The last of Booth Tarkington's women came in all at once in "Women". There is no denying that he learned women's minds and hearts from keen observation, and he knows how to make them stand out in a background of familiar environment. "Cornelia's

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Happiest Hour" is a gem of understanding, and the fact that Mr. Tarkington forgets that he is a champion when he writes of women makes him hold up the mirror to reality in the proper light. His women act, talk, think, and suffer much as women do in real life; they have hysterics and sharp tongues like many women, and they are done with the fine end of a pen dipped in subtle ink. By going from one house to another, raising roofs and looking in, Mr. Tarkington has done a gallery of feminine pictures which reveal him as a serious student and painter of character.

Before Mr. Tarkington became a great painter of women, he sketched a few girls. Florence of "Gentle Julia" is a feminine Penrod, the *enfant terrible* of her town. When she reaches the awkward age, between discretion and indiscretion, she views life with as little reality as one may find in a madman's dream; but she copies her grown up fellow creatures so faithfully that she is a miniature of the feminine world. It is widely held that fourteen year old girls are not particularly impressed by the deeper problems of life or obsessed by their own mission in the world. Mr. Tarkington knows better. Girls are concerned with the meaning of it all, and give vast thought to their sentimental future.

Henrick Madison of "The Flirt" was Tarkington's first successful boy. Penrod followed. There is something of Penrod in every man, and much of Tarkington in Penrod. American in setting and environment, he is the universal boy whose language is understood by all boys. By writing "Penrod" Tarkington built a playground for himself where he reigns as Dux. If all his novels were destroyed, the world of letters might not suffer an irreparable loss, but without "Penrod" it would feel the loss. It was a deliberate *volte-face* for the writer of romances to turn from the sort of books that heretofore had been the mainstay of his reputation; to create a world of back fences, stables, pranks and thrashings; but he "found himself" when he did it. It is a proof of talent to create unforgetable characters out of a twelve year old, unheroic, commonplace boy and his companions.

Grown up to the impressive age of seventeen and changing his name to William Sylvanus Baxter, Penrod loses his charm and attraction, although "Seventeen" is true to a certain aspect of adolescence. Baxter is as silly as his age, a young moron sighing for the moon and content with green cheese. It is youth baying at love, calf love, day dreaming, poetizing hopes and memories. When instincts come into play, they are not those that are essential to the preservation of the race; love is insanity to Willie Baxter, not a desire for self expression. The non-essentials of his life are real enough in their place, but he fades away into the shadows to which we confine the non-interesting people of our acquaintance.

The youngest child is often the star in the family firmament, but the reverse is frequently true of literary children. The first is often brilliant, the last a dunce. "The Plutocrat" is the most unpromising child of Mr. Tarkington's mind.

"The Plutocrat" is an American story with an African background, possibly a fictionized reproduction of Mr. Tarkington's diary of a journey through northern Africa; it contains many descriptions that seem to have been dragged in by the neck, lest they escape. The bellowing of the camels, the ascent of the mountains, pictures of sunsets and sunrises, and the glorious

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feeling of walking on a promenade deck on a steamer are only a few of these. But the main idea was once more to see how far the credulity of readers would go toward accepting Mr. Tinker at his face value. Indeed, rich American tourists and the *nouveau riche* type are no curiosity to the average European, not even to the Algerian, and it would seem that the Bey of Tunis would be kept busy over hours, had he to entertain and welcome regally every Tinker that comes to his city.

Tinker is a booster: loud, boastful, optimistic, and ungrammatical; but he is also "good". He may try to flirt with Madame Mumero and he may allow her privacies that throw his wife into hysterics when she hears of them, but above all he is a fool. It is incredible that a man as keen and acutely tuned to commerce could display such ignorance of worldly wiles as he does when the impossible Madame Mumero deprives him of a substantial but cheerfully proffered sum, giving nothing in return but a stroke of her white hand on his lapel. Of course Ogle, the sophisticated saphead, was just as powerless, but at least he had the excuse of being in love with her, and he could expect something from her. The manner in which Mr. Tarkington makes Madame Mumero carry on is childish and silly.

It is somewhat pathetic to witness the struggle of a stubborn individual, bent on putting over an idea in a world that no longer wants to accept it. And yet "The Plutocrat" is just that; it leaves a sense of the uselessness and waste of time in writing such a story. Like most of Tarkington's heroes, Tinker has a vein of heroism and a dashing spirit which makes him, in modern fashion, a true hero. When he rides in the chariot which is to take him to the Bey of Tunis who wants "only to take a look at him", we can, somehow, imagine such a man going to his death in the days of the Terror, waving his hat cheerfully to his wife and to his daughter, "showing off to make them laugh".

Ogle is so uninteresting and so naive an individual that one may wonder what possessed the spirited Olivia to fall in love with him at first sight — having just left behind "a right bright sort of no-account nothin'" whom she thought she liked. There is a chance of making Olivia worthwhile; she has the dapper, coquettish manner of most Tarkington women, not too much virtue, and enough morality to see the right and the wrong in Ogle's escapade with the French adventuress. She seems to understand without being told, and she has a reserve of sympathy which Ogle will need when he has to introduce his father-in-law to his New York world. When the book closes, all is well and he still sees Tinker as a Roman, a Greek, a Goth, and a formidable one at that, but then he has just asked for the hand of Olivia. That impression will wear off and only the noisy shell, stuffed with commonplaces, the braggardness and Rotariness will remain.

Much can be said, and has been said, in praise of Mr. Tarkington's novels. The reading world is indebted to him for much pleasure and some enlightenment. It regrets that he did not give equally of both: save in few instances we know very little about his men and women. All we know is what he tells us, for his is not the subtle gift which implies an idea with such power that it soon becomes our own. His bulk stands conspicuously between us and the inner light that would illumine the characters. We remain strangers to the fate of the men and women of his creation because we are not allowed a

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peep into their fundamental makeup. We are attentive listeners to their tales, never participants of their dreams.

His stories create pictures and situations, all in the impersonal, Tarkington manner; there is no effort at analysis, at critical understanding, at profound search into individual reactions, at semblance of logic in actions. We accept them as he gives them to us, and we are constantly confronted with Alice Adamses, Penrods, Mrs. Dodges and Sheridans. But none of the Tarkington heroes remain in our hearts and help us over the rough passages, as those of Howells or Maupassant do. It is all superficial and external, and it lacks, more than anything, the sacred fire of inspiration. Perfect background and an eye for incidental details make for greatness, but do not constitute it.

It is Tarkington's belief that primitive passions have no play in human characters. Lust and lustful desires, yielding to temptations that have been part and parcel of man's makeup since time immemorial, seem abhorrent to him. He will not admit that men and women have passions that may carry them away from the accepted code of morality. His heroes fall in love, but they seldom feel the call of the flesh; they dream about women, but they do not seem to mind much if their dreams never come true. They are as sexless as angels are reputed to be. There is never a time, in the lives of these men and women who breathe and suffer, when passions become so overwhelming in intensity as to make them lose sight of the way approved by convention.

The characters of Tarkington who are affected by love are generally sentimental and romantic, yet temptation never gets beyond their control. To deny passion its potency is to deny man and woman the greatest source of happiness and of inspiration that has been vouchsafed them. In none of Tarkington's novels is there one gallant surrender, one all powerful surge of emotion that sweeps convention to the winds and scatters its ashes on the way to a higher aim. We deal with the commonplace, the drab, the narrow side of realism, and we do not even have, as compensation, the beauty and the power of realism. The ideals with which Tarkington endows his men and women are of the sort that are not encountered in life, save in rare instances; whereas the struggle for beauty, the effort to rise from the daily drivel and drudge of life, are absent in his novels — such effort would require a code of morals not always in keeping with that of the "nice" people of the nineties who aimed at snuffing out self expression and self indulgence.

The Tarkington men work for an ideal, generally a woman, but they seldom have the courage to go after it as they do after success. They are in love with love, on an impractical and intangible basis; they love a picture of something their minds tell them is "ideal"; and they conform their conduct to the dictates of their heads, regardless of the claims of their hearts.

Heart, meaning emotion, is an unknown quantity in his world. For it he substitutes accuracy in details, a firm determination to remain within the narrow confines of western ideals. His books may be read without expense of innocence.

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THE AMERICAN POSITION

By Leon Kelley

PERSONS who refuse to seek a tendency toward better form in American literature will take little interest, I fear, in these remarks, which are purposely reminiscent of Hawthorne and Henry James. Champions of form nowadays are scarce, or singularly reticent—or perhaps their voices are drowned in the thunder of another, rather populous, camp. But it is nevertheless believed by some that the tribe of the æsthetes will increase "till a brave company gathers". What as a group they need, in the present position, is an avowed leader and an understandable spokesman.

One such voice, brilliant with the glamour of the ideal, yet lusty with a peculiarly American vigor, was lately stilled; the passing of Stuart Sherman, surely, has stirred a sense of his importance in minds concerned with our literary future, whatever the individual's point of view. His expressive pen resembled a signal gun. His mind fermented an augury which, concerning American fiction at least, is momentous and indigenous. The bombardment of his words fixed certain issues as definitively as the muskets of Concord Bridge and the cannons of Fort Sumter. If not the leader, he with resounding clarity pointed a way.

For the service of Stuart Sherman (and the line of astute forbears beneath whose banners he enlisted his fine energies) was that he valiantly fought the good fight for literary form, for beauty, and intelligence. What tomorrow's intimidating hobgoblin, the Next Generation, may have to say of Sherman and his convictions is, for the present, entirely irrelevant. The cause of the æsthetic ideal, as such, derived a very considerable impulse from his life's work, and that is enough; but, to be propagated, this cause wants a new and experienced captain with the passing of yesterday's crusaders.

Someone will inevitably appear to carry on Sherman's bright pennon, because his task was well performed, his accomplishment sufficiently concrete. He was prepared not only with his familiarity of Greek, Roman, and English literature. This admirer of Hawthorne and James, this doubter of Clemens, this scorner of Dreiser and the like, was also prepared with his native imagination and the inherited ideal. That should be thought of when his validity, scope, and influence are mentioned even casually.

The eighteen thirties and forties bred two Americans who undertook opposite directions. Henry James projected the tradition of form into new and marvelously rich veins. Samuel Clemens smashed form into bits, laughed and jeered at it, and then straddled the convulsive back of his public's echoing laughter only to gallop in swift descent into the oblivion of a dubious immortality. While the genius of his great contemporary has been neglected by minds as yet lacking in appreciation, the irrepressible plainspokenness, delightful vulgarities, and rude popularity of Clemens have been much easier to copy. However, one cannot blame Clemens for the ensuing carnival.

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And it has been a carnival, too! In a not at all gratifying sense, much American writing of the past quarter century, and particularly of the last decade, has had many points in common with the robust, garish, boisterous, cheap hubbub of a country fair. There is its carousel, the roundabout of middle grade books, with seemingly a never ending tune of brassy notes off key. There is the shabby row of fakirs' booths where questionable merchandise is bartered or gambled away, with each autobiographical owner whacking the counter and shouting, "Come along, take a chance on *me!*" There is the lewd, cunning, pornographical sideshow master with his staring string of unlaundered and loosely garbed ladies who, once you are got inside, it is promised, will reveal to you the most profound secrets of their barbaric arts. And there is the noisy rifle gallery, too, where "critics" may shoot indiscriminately at a great variety of objects, mostly stationary, with the lame and badly made "guns" of their dogmas. The unpleasant but interesting picture might be readily completed with several rather definite analogies if the names of certain living authors and their books were to be given impolitely at this point.

Of course, the principal source of this literary phenomenon was American life itself. We Americans have reason to be eloquent in one way or another; but, by and large, our opportunities of publishing our offgivings have been unfortunately greater than our willingness to learn how to express ourselves. We have closed our eyes to what was offered us by Greek, Roman, and Englishman—indeed, by our very own American ancestors.

There has been some dissatisfaction variously expressed as to this latter ancestry. But Americans have quite a comfortable literary income, if only we will stop complaining about it and will tally it up by means of a more dutiful study. When it is considered that our heritage was accumulated in the brief span of a century, by dint of the most arduous effort against most difficult odds, we might, as it were, be better behaved heirs.

A century ago, Washington Irving was writing, and before he died, Henry James was born. Meanwhile a sizable list of first rate authors had appeared in this country. It is not necessary to bewilder ourselves in the ramifications of our family tree further back than Irving; any American who wishes to do so, through a sort of Biblical succession of begettings, will trace his way back to Athens. And what, in examination of this autochthonous list, is more striking than the fact that, until Clemens, vulgarity for vulgarity's sake is not to be found among these immortal members of our kin?

I am willingly persuaded by Stuart Sherman's tender observations on Clemens. Although he reawakens in me a love for the man, he confirms the conviction that Clemens (to adopt some of Sherman's words) was not fine, not profound, not universal, but burly, broad, and national. He was not an artist, but a beloved public speaker, whom we may admire but should not try to imitate. He may have been characteristically the American of his day as a citizen, but not necessarily as a writer. . . . What Sherman thought of Henry James is another matter.

One may be permitted, in going on from Irving, to skip Cooper and Emerson and to dwell upon Hawthorne; to skip Longfellow, Whittier, Poe, Holmes, Thoreau, Lowell, Whitman, and Howells, and dwell again upon Henry James. Americans all, they

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were men of taste and imagination; profundity, intelligence, and schooling in life; men in whom form was as fresh and innocent, as natural, as the very impulse of expression.

I am conscious enough of the regrettable fact that on mention of Hawthorne and James it is the fashion to voice journalistic objection and protest with a great deal of thunder. We need not lose sight, however, of the allegiance paid to Hawthorne, and separately to James, by a few of our topmost present day thinkers, who of themselves may not dazzle multitudes but whose steady beam is our only true beacon, which will shine brightly long after the sharp flash of the limelight has passed away.

Nathaniel Hawthorne was an artist. Furthermore he was an artist of rare sensibilities and irreproachable taste. Form with Hawthorne was a sort of second nature. Of course he was hereditarily beset by a concern with sin and morals. But who, after all, isn't? It seems to me that even the writers who from various positions most loudly cry down the concern of the American — indeed, the identical concern of humanity on earth — with sin and morals, are themselves afflicted the same as the rest of mankind. They ever so much resemble the frank lady who kept saying, "I shall waste no more thought on men — their very existence makes me unhappy!"

"The Scarlet Letter" will always be more understandable to readers than are the puzzling remarks of its unfriendly critics. As the American reader flutters sipping from flower to flower, and more often from weed to weed, he discerns that whenever he goes back to Hawthorne's books he is satisfied in a unique way with the elevated quality of Hawthorne's imagination. Hawthorne's mind was less moral than it was poetic; though moral, not moralizing; poetic inasmuch as it rendered the substance of man's conscience through a prose form at once instinct with beauty and guided by the highest type of spontaneous creative fancy.

I wonder what it can be that some of our modernists wish us to believe is more important to art, and to us, than the moral experience of America? Hawthorne comprehended this experience. He did not make himself a commentator upon it. He represented it through the magic filter of his own being. Paul Elmer More it was who said that we may count among the honors of American literature that "it was left for a denizen of this far Western land, living in the midst of a late-born civilization, to give artistic form to a thought that, in fluctuating form, has troubled the minds of philosophers from the beginning." To the solitude of Nathaniel Hawthorne, he said, "we owe the most perfect utterance of a feeling that must seem to us now as old and as deep as life itself."

Best of all, on this point of the moral nature, I like what Henry James wrote in his Life: "The old Puritan moral sense, the consciousness of sin and hell, . . . had been lodged in the mind of a man of Fancy, whose fancy had straightway begun to take liberties and play tricks with them — to judge them (Heaven forgive him!) from the poetic and æsthetic point of view, the point of view of entertainment and irony." And at the bottom of the matter, surely, is this: Hawthorne "contrived, by an exquisite process, best known to himself, to transmute this heavy moral burden into the very substance of the imagination, to make it evaporate in the light and charming fumes of his artistic production."

The popular John Erskine believes

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that Hawthorne was "concerned chiefly with the inner life of the soul, and at his best he ranks high among all masters of spiritual tragedy". Erskine's essay brings one face to face with another accusation often laid at Hawthorne's doorstep, i.e., as to his method of treatment. Is Hawthorne to be sacrificed for not having been a so called realist? The reality of Hawthorne was the reality of great and clear eyed imagination. It did not, therefore, need the crutch of painted actualities. I cannot quote a certain one of Stuart Sherman's heroes, W. C. Brownell, on Hawthorne, any more than, later, I can quote Brownell on James, because to me his criticism of these two masters was altogether confusing, though apparently he expressed some admiration for both novelists. However, nowhere can be found a more explicit and authoritative discussion of the relation of realism to reality than in Brownell's essay, "Criticism", in which he pointed out that "reality has become recognized as the one vital element of significant art." But, he said, "it is obvious that 'realism' is often in practice, and not infrequently in conception, a very imperfect treatment of reality, which indeed not rarely receives more sympathetic attention in the romantic or even the classic household." The reason for this, Brownell demonstrated, is "because the ideal is excluded". But where was ever an artist with more subtle consciousness of the æsthetic ideal than Nathaniel Hawthorne?

The significant thing was Hawthorne's unmistakably fine imagination. And, returning to that, we can do no better than to accept what Henry James concluded concerning, for example, "The Scarlet Letter": "It has in the highest degree . . . an indefinable purity and lightness of conception, a quality which in a work of art affects one in the same way as the absence of grossness does in a human being."

In the case of Henry James there is no question as to his having been an artist. In fact, the chief struggle would appear to be that, as many have it, he was too much an artist! Henry James's work is an incentive toward the cultivation of better form—of finer taste, of more sensitive values—which must become more generally apparent in our novels, without, however, any loss of the eager spontaneity, the muscular vitality and the straightforward honesty which, in somewhat intoxicated combination, have emerged this century in America.

None of our Americans have bequeathed us any more precious riches than Henry James. Stuart Sherman recognized this, and it is with a very happy recollection that one again considers his worthy appreciation of James's novels. Sherman saw in him a great composite of the American artistic impulse. "Hawthorne", said Sherman, "plays into his hands for depth and inwardness, Irving for outwardness and enrichment, and Poe for vividness and intensity. The result of this fusion of types is a spacious and richly sophisticated type of the æsthetic consciousness of which the closest English analogue is that of Walter Pater." Some day, one adds, another American will so fuse his greatest predecessors.

With the Jamesian predilection for form, it was almost inevitable that our loyalist should have declared that James cared little for "the loose episodic novel, the baggy autobiographical novel, so much in vogue of late, into which the author attempts to pitch all the whole of contemporary life and to tell annually all that he knows and feels up to date of publication". That quotation has as much signifi-

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cance, for our present purposes, as any of the other more frequently quoted passages which reside in Sherman's essay "The Æsthetic Idealism of Henry James". Hear Sherman:

> The thing which James hoped chiefly that his critics would some day recognize . . . is that he adored beauty and absolutely nothing else in the world. . . . What in his prefaces he begs us again and again to believe is that his stories originated in mere granules and germs of reality blown by chance breezes to the rich soil of the garden of his imagination, where they took root, and sprang up, and flowered; then they were transplanted with infinite art to the garden of literature.

So the effect of art is not altogether a question of subject matter, it is equally a question of treatment. To gaze today upon the American scene with utter despair, or what is worse, with disgruntled complaint and smug ridicule, is to do not American life but oneself a serious injustice. Nobody really supposes that the toiling farmers beyond the Mississippi, in the flesh, are conscious only and always of federal politics, and of the meanest aspects of their lives, and are never conscious of the vibrating satisfaction that comes when work is well done under the inspiring moods and passionate fits of nature and the elements. Readers of Thomas Hardy, whose material does not especially resemble James's, surely do not forget the haunting quality of imagination which plays over the scene of the desolate swede farm where Tess's hands were bruised and reddened. I suspect that Tess herself unconsciously absorbed, there, what Hardy's artistic sense seized and realized, and that it was one of the experiences which ultimately made her an immortal character.

James, in his rôle of critic, did not protest, for instance, Emile Zola's material, I think, so much as Zola's treatment. "There is simply no limit", James wrote, "to the misfortune of being tasteless; it does not merely disfigure the surface and the fringe of your performance—it eats into the very heart and enfeebles the sources of life. When you have no taste you have no discretion, which is the conscience of taste." How closely this strikes home among many of our contemporaries!

In his criticisms, James was perhaps even more exquisite than in his novels. Sometimes, of course, this characteristic would get beyond a reader's patience — as for example in his finicking measure, his reluctant yet honest and affectionate praise, of Gustave Flaubert, and in the discussion of "Madame Bovary". . . . Be that as it may, when I read in W. C. Brownell's critique of James: "The 'Life of Hawthorne' is, as a piece of criticism, altogether unexcelled . . ." I for one hasten with heartiest applause to agree. I do not misrepresent James as a critic in these quotations. Where he searched out the flaws, as aptly in the man as in his work (and especially when both Hawthorne and his pen were busy in Europe), James's estimate was still enthusiastic. "No one has had just that vision of life", he wrote, "and no one has had a literary form that more successfully expressed his vision. . . ." How prophetic that was of his own work.

And at last, to complete the relationship, I attach hereto the concluding period of Stuart Sherman's notable essay: " . . . and for this virtue, in the years to come, one adept after another . . . till a brave company gathers, is certain to say, 'I discriminate; but I adore him!'" Here have passed two late American exponents of the æsthetic ideal — the great luminary, and his bright worthy satellite.

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I suggested that the æsthetes, in America, need an avowed leader and an understandable spokesman. There are "leaders", I suppose, of a kind, but apparently no one who speaks for the group. In this unorganized condition, their heads are bared — sometimes, alas, bowed — to the ruthless attacks of their maligners, who are quite solidly ranked together.

Anyway, these latter antagonists have succeeded, by dint of vocal force and the reiteration of elementary ideas, in spellbinding an amazingly big audience of revolutionists. Since this audience is badly mannered, restless with youth, "somewhat deficient in the finer sense", fearing "the past as an enemy at their rear", it is difficult for the exponent of æstheticism to reply from the retirement of his inescapable humility. A chorus is ever at the gates ready to shout, "Highbrow! *Boo!*" in very much the spirit of our "opera house gallery" of the early nineties, with its peanut throwing, its catcalls, and its futile, discourteous knuckle whistling.

It is hard to make this chorus comprehend that a thoughtful scholar can be more interesting than a brickbat thrower — more interesting, as Stuart Sherman was, and more helpful, clearer of eye, wiser, and kinder, because, with the wealth of the past in his hands, he comes laden with precious burdens.

The present state of affairs is not a capricious one. The young men have not had time, in these busy years, to learn the need of what the older men offer, whereas the older men can no longer speak a language which the younger can understand. In such an impasse, Stuart Sherman was one of a very few intermediaries of importance. Himself an æsthete and a scholar, friend of the intellectuals upon the withdrawn heights, he yet descended with a common touch into the valleys and spoke the tongue of their denizens. Some called him leader, but he was probably not the leader so much as the foremost buffer between opposing forces. He had his convictions, his chief one being that of the æsthetic ideal. He had his heroes, such as Henry James and Nathaniel Hawthorne, but especially the like of Paul Elmer More, W. C. Brownell, Theodore Roosevelt, Brander Matthews, Walt Whitman, and Irving Babbitt. He had energy, honesty, eloquence, imagination, knowledge of the past, and vision of the future. Above all, he stuck to his guns, his convictions.

Frequency of publication, a necessary gesture in the rôle which he latterly undertook, was unkind to him, but he stood valiantly up to the task "under the constant temporal stress which", as he said in "Critical Woodcuts", "urges a contributor to journalism to do well promptly." He was ready to take his place as a great leader, a stalwart spokesman, a critic with a useful popularity. He had caught the ear of the badly mannered literary anarchists, who did not know quite what to make of him. Here in short was his function.

Not only the cause of æstheticism but, for its welfare, literary America, wants another Stuart Sherman. Whoever he may be, whenever he may appear, his job, in a general way of speaking, is cut out for him — to declare his convictions; to speak confidently and fearlessly, as if addressing a throng quite capable of ridiculing him; to turn a face of granite against his opponents; to plead with artistry the cause of art, which in its final analysis is the cause of the æsthetic ideal; to interpret those on Parnassus; to be an ambassador between two warring parties — and to do all this as an unflinch-

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ing American with an American point of view.

Among Stuart Sherman's heroes I came under the spell of one, in particular, with a feeling that Sherman, too, bore him a special fondness. Irving Babbitt's conception of the æsthetic ideal renders understandable what it is necessary that the American artist strive for. That too many Americans have ignored or even renounced literary form does not, of course, overshadow the fact that many other Americans this century have given themselves in one way or another, and with varying degrees of attainment, to that sense of form which Hawthorne and James possessed. Though it be impolitic to cite names in this connection, several outstanding novelists might as examples be guardedly mentioned, such as James Cabell, Willa Cather, Ellen Glasgow, Joseph Hergesheimer, Christopher Morley, and Edith Wharton. However, if history is any teacher, the present preponderance of unæsthetic novelists may be looked upon more as a fad than an affliction. We need not all be Babbitts — an artist need not be clever in announcing or defining form, so long as he recognizes it within himself and in the work under his hand. Brownell said the great question of our day is "the relation of reality to the ideal". And Irving Babbitt said, ". . . if art is to be complete, it must have not only expression but form that circumscribes this expression." With a nobility of feeling which I take to exclude exasperation and impatience, but which surely embraces a subtle hope, Babbitt challenged us all when he wrote: "One might suppose that before deserting the *exemplaria græca* it would be wiser to wait until the world has another age that proves as clearly as did the great age of Greece that *man may combine an exquisite measure with a perfect spontaneity*, that he may be at once thoroughly disciplined and thoroughly inspired."

Hawthorne and James, representative of our great Americans, did not, in this sense, desert the age of Athens. Their admirer, Stuart Sherman, did not turn his back upon his convictions. And it is not unwise that Americans today should believe, in good faith, that we have not forgotten our heritage, but only that a number of us, for the span of a fashion, have determined to explore our most barren fields. We shall think of better things than fashions when we are properly led to think of better things. For the art of a nation evolves with a slow but deliberate movement; the resistance of persons becomes futile; and the desertion of form, which is of the essence of art, is never more than temporary.

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MR. SHELLEY SPEAKING

By Elinor Wylie

"*I prithee deliver thyself like a man of this world.*"

We are informed by Aristotle that in order to acquire the probabilities of opinion, which are the premises of dialectical syllogism, the process is induction as in science, but dialectical induction by interrogation from the opinions of the answerers until the universal is conceded, whereupon the dialectical syllogism deduces consequent opinions in the conclusion. It is my intention in this little paper to invoke the opinion of several answerers; I entertain small hope that the universal will be conceded, but I am very certain that my premises are not fallacious.

So much for Aristotle; after I have quoted Hazlitt I shall be my age and get down to cases. Hazlitt wrote of Shelley in these scornful yet glittering words: "The author of 'Prometheus Unbound' has a fire in his eye, a fever in his blood, a hectic flutter in his speech, a maggot in his brain, which mark out the philosophical fanatic. . . . The shock of accident, the weight of authority, make no impression on his opinions, which retire like a feather, or rise from the encounter unhurt through their own buoyancy." But then Shelley was a Platonist and Hazlitt was frequently wrong; he was wrong when he wrote of the same young gentleman: "There is no *caput mortuum* of wornout threadbare experience to serve as ballast to his mind; it is all volatile, intellectual salt-of-tartar, that refuses to combine its evanescent, inflammable essence with anything solid or anything lasting." Poor Shelley had more than one death's head at his intellectual feast before he was five and twenty; his mind contained the salt of sorrow and pity. Meeting Hazlitt at dinner in London upon the eve of his own departure for Italy, he probably talked very good sense in an excitable and nervous manner; he may easily have talked a little nonsense at the same time, for he was ill and the fever in his blood was actual. I would forgive Hazlitt all his sneers for this one crystalline beam of insight; it was written after Shelley's death, of course, but there is no use in being bitter about that. "Mr. Shelley was a remarkable man. His person was a type and shadow of his genius. His complexion, fair, golden, freckled, seemed transparent with an inward light, and his spirit within him —

> 'So divinely wrought,
> That you might almost say his body thought.'"

"His body thought"; yes, and indeed how divinely; the poetry is part of that divinity. But also his body spoke, and sometimes it spoke in concealment of his simpler meanings. "The pure and eloquent blood" often clothed itself in language which can only be called elevated; the words are like the robes of an Augustan orator upon the limbs of a Grecian athlete. As such, they have for me a delicate and incongruous charm, a stately absurdity, a fantastic innocence which wins my heart and provokes my laughter. It is thus that I have attempted, in "The Orphan Angel", to reproduce the essential quality of

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Shelley's speech; to balance my patent adoration I have faintly caricatured his dear and ridiculous mannerisms. Perhaps I have been too painstaking; my "ingeniously woven wreath", as Miss Newman names it, may be too intricately woven for your taste. But my Aristotelian answerers gave me the materials for this wreath, and I am going to turn a few leaves of it to prove that it isn't artificial.

First, because I like him best, there is Thomas Jefferson Hogg. His Life of Shelley remains for me by far the most brilliant, moving, and sympathetic account of "my incomparable friend". That it is mocking no less than loving is the secret of half its charm; it is full of recollections of Shelley's youthful talk from the lively memory of his most intimate companion.

Here is Shelley, speaking of a small boy whom the two encountered upon one of their walks near Oxford:

> "That little ragged fellow knows as much as the wisest philosopher," he presently cried, clapping the wings of his soul and crowing aloud with shrill triumph at this felicitous union of the true with the ridiculous, — "but he will not communicate any portion of his knowledge; it is not from churlishness, however, for of that his nature is plainly incapable; but the sophisticated urchin will persist in thinking that he has forgotten all that he knows so well. I was about to ask him myself to communicate some of the doctrines Plato unfolds in his 'Dialogues': but I felt that it would do no good: the rogue would have laughed at me, and so would his little sister."

And so would Mr. Hogg, and so would I, for the matter of that, at the same time believing him the most enchanting creature under heaven. Now listen to his own reply to our amusement:

> He looked grave, and said mournfully, "You laugh at everything: I am convinced there can be no entire regeneration of mankind until laughter is put down!"

Now here is Scythrop, out of "Nightmare Abbey", and he is employing that same elevated language which you may have found so irritating in Shiloh. "Very true, sir," he says, "but liberty of action, between individuals, consists in their being differently influenced, or modified, by the same universal necessity; so that the results are unconsentaneous, and their respective necessitated volitions clash and fly off in a tangent. . . ." "Unconsentaneous!" Is not that a fine word for Shiloh, or the Duke of Noodlesoup? No wonder Marionetta then quoted, with a very arch look, "'I prithee deliver thyself like a man of this world.'"

Scythrop is a caricature, but Peacock drew this caricature with affection and considerable understanding. Shelley was himself charmed by the fantastic portrait, and provided Peacock with the motto which prefaces the book, from Ben Jonson's "Every Man in His Humour". "Have you a stool there to be melancholy upon?" is its apposite conclusion.

To turn from Peacock's caricature to Peacock's serious Memoir of Shelley is to find various conversations reasonably reported by a person of clear and piercing common sense. The measured eighteenth century cadences of these speeches is evident to the most undiscerning ear; as literature they are as inferior to Shelley's poetry as Shelley's prose is always, save for a few exquisite and noble lines, inferior to his poetry, but they are beyond all doubt the words of the same young man who spoke so grandiloquently to Hogg in the water meadows of Oxford. Imagine, for instance, the solemn comedy of the scene, demurely recounted by Peacock, when Shelley takes a sudden fancy to enter the Church of England and his friend warns him gently of the difficulties inherent in such a plan!

"It is an admirable institution",

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says Shelley with stubborn meekness, "that admits the possibility of diffusing such men over the surface of the land. And am I to deprive myself of the advantages of this admirable institution because there are certain technicalities to which I cannot give my adhesion, but which I need not bring prominently forward?"

The most valid charge which can be brought against the idiom of Scythrop and of Shiloh is the undisputed fact that the Shelley of Trelawny's Recollections uses more full stops and fewer semicolons. But allowing for Trelawny's peculiar staccato style, which is always vivid and characteristic, it may credibly be assumed that he occasionally clipped and weeded Shelley's flowers of rhetoric after the habit of his own mind. It is possible, of course, that Shelley actually became more concise in speech during the Italian exile, but his letters give no hint of this change, which is so slight as to be very nearly expunged by the substitution of a few semicolons for the full stops upon the printed page.

"Why", asks Trelawny, "do you call yourself an atheist? It annihilates you in this world." Trelawny himself is, after all, not precisely monosyllabic.

"It is a word of abuse to stop discussion", Shelley replies. "A painted devil to frighten the foolish, a threat to intimidate the wise and good. I used it to express my horror of superstition; I took up the word, as a knight took up a gauntlet, in defiance of injustice. The delusions of Christianity are fatal to genius and originality: they limit thought."

There is other eloquence of the same magnificent sort; it is more convincing in Trelawny's nervous English than in M. Maurois's elegant and witty French. "The Pythian priestesses uttered their oracles from below — now they are uttered from above. Listen to the mournful music in the pine-tops — don't you hear the mournful murmurings of the sea? Sometimes they rave and roar, shriek and howl, like a rabble of priests; in a tempest, when a ship sinks, they catch the despairing groans of drowning mariners. Their chorus is the eternal wailing of wretched men." It is Mr. Shelley speaking, the same Mr. Shelley who wrote "The Witch of Atlas", who would nevertheless never say "sailor" while sufficient breath remained in his body to permit him to pronounce the word "mariner".

It was part of Shelley's essential nature to express himself in long words. As a child he delighted in the romances of the Gothic school, those same ludicrous romances of which Miss Austen makes such delicious fun in "Northanger Abbey". Instead of laughing at Horace Walpole and Mrs. Radcliffe, Shelley imitated them in the poetico-pompous periods of St. Irvyne and Zastrozzi. Later he swallowed the eighteenth century philosophers whole and without a single grain of salt, and he was passionately addicted to the sentimental novels of the American, Browne. His devotion to Godwin's "Political Justice" is notorious; it must also be remembered that he talked frequently with Godwin and incessantly with Godwin's daughter Mary, whose own prose style, even in the intimacy of her journal, is both windy and stilted. If the notes which Mary wrote for Shelley's poems be compared with those written by Shelley himself it will be seen that the idiom, though inferior, is strikingly similar; it is in fact the language of the eighteenth century, faintly inflated and warmed by the breath of the romantic revival.

After all, Shelley had his earliest schooling in the England of the eight-

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eenth century, not only in the spirit but in the flesh. He was eight years old when the new century began, and it is quite certain that his preceptors did not immediately alter their manner of speech in order to welcome it. Both Mr. Timothy and Mr. Godwin were products of the old century; so were Dr. Lind and Madame de Boinville and Mrs. Gisborne. When any of these ladies and gentlemen was informing or misinforming Mr. Shelley, she or he was assuredly doing so in a language which might well sound strangely stately to modern ears. Even when Shelley was learning Greek or Italian, his teacher was turning those lovely tongues into the idiom of the eighteenth century.

Keats was taught English literature by Cowden Clarke, and he stepped straight out of Cockney London into the country of Spenser and the brave Elizabethans. His own speech, if one may be permitted to judge by his letters, was probably a fine mixture of these two lively elements. Byron talked and wrote like a Regency wit and rake who was also a genius; he was a law unto himself, yet even he was far more influenced by Mr. Pope and Mr. Dryden than by his own contemporaries. Shelley read with hunger and passion; he read most of the high masterpieces of his own island and of Greece; he read much Latin and Italian, and toward the end of his life he read Spanish; French and German he knew as a matter of course. One can detect many threads in the shining fabric of his mind; Milton occasionally cries from "Prometheus", and certainly "The Cenci" is uncommonly good Webster. But in the main I think he wrote English prose rather as the elders of his childhood had written it, and talked it, too, a little in their graver manner, with his own wild spirit sometimes lighting the words to flame.

It was a queer, and to me infinitely lovable, quirk in Shelley's nature which constrained him to say to Godwin, "I have experienced a decisive pulmonary attack", when he meant that his lungs were slightly touched, and to write thus to Mary in the midst of his agony at the moment of Harriet's discovered suicide: "It is through you that I can entertain without despair the recollection of the horrors of unutterable villainy which led to this dark, dreadful death. . . . There is but one voice in condemnation of the detestable Westbrooks."

It was typical of Shelley that when he was depressed or ill he could write to his nearest and dearest, to Claire and to Mary, "I can do you no other good than in keeping up the unnatural connection between this feeble mass of diseases and infirmities and the vapid and weary spirit doomed to drag it through the world", or, "Imagine my despair of good! Imagine how it is possible that one of so weak and sensitive a nature as mine can run further the gauntlet through this hellish society of men!" At the same time he was quite capable of walking thirty miles with Peacock or twenty with Trelawny, laughing and cracking bad jokes in Greek. Many persons might have been annoyed by the puns; perhaps Claire was annoyed by her letter, which bears this significant note: "Here some words are blotted out by Miss Clairmont." The other quotation I put into the mouth of Shiloh during one of his less cheerful moods; and a critic subsequently took me to task for insulting Shelley and suggesting that he was a misanthrope. He was anything but a misanthrope; it was said of him by Leigh Hunt, ". . . we never met, in short, with a being who came nearer,

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perhaps so near, to that height of humanity mentioned in the conclusion of an essay of Lord Bacon's, where he speaks of excess of Charity, and of its not being in the power of 'man or angel to come in danger by it'." But it may be admitted that Shelley had his ups and downs; I think that possibly he possessed what is known as the artistic temperament.

Shelley could write the "Ode to the West Wind" and write no single word that is less than divine in all the swelling music of its flight. He could, on the other hand, append this note to it: "This poem was conceived and chiefly written in a wood that skirts the Arno, near Florence, and on a day when that tempestuous wind, whose temperature is at once mild and animating, was collecting the vapours which pour down the autumnal rains." Which is monstrous fine, as Dr. Johnson would say, but hardly the voice of Ariel.

Yet it is the voice of Shelley, the very living voice, and this to me must make it ever valuable and beloved. I reserve the right to laugh at it if I please; I can never grow tired of it, whether it sings or whether it becomes forensic; it is delightful in its more childish moments, and its tones can be at once touching and sublime. By far the best way to hear it is to read the poems from beginning to end, including the notes by Mary and by Shelley himself, and Thomas Jefferson Hogg's Life, and Peacock's Memoir, and Trelawny's Recollections, and the Letters as edited by Mr. Ingpen, and the innumerable books about the poet of which the best, to my mind, is Mrs. Campbell's "Shelley and the Unromantics". When you've done this, and particularly if you've been doing it since you were seven years old, you are certain to adore Mr. Shelley; his voice will be ringing in your ears, and you may even go so far as to write a book about him. I, for one, will never blame you.

BEGGAR'S CAUTION

By Mark Van Doren

NO use to watch — the birds are wise.
Although you have scattered a hundred crumbs,
They only will eat them with their eyes
Till the sun sets — and the morning comes —

And no foot falls on any floor,
Nor the earliest smoke is wandering out;
Nor a knob has been turned on the innerest door —
Then they draw their courage about —

Drop, at last, from a low wet limb,
Pick, and choose, and hurry ahead.
Whatever is man? They are fond of him
Only the hours they find him dead.

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HOW TO BECOME AN AUTHOR

A YEAR ago, when in London, poking about as is my custom in a bookshop, I came across a large envelope on the outside of which was written "How to Become an Author". Its contents were a batch of holograph letters which instantly challenged my attention, and I bought the lot. Examination showed that they were all addressed to a Mr. Alan H. Jones. Who Mr. Jones is, I have never discovered; indeed I never pressed my investigations, since the nature of the letters made it unnecessary, and I had no wish to cause anyone embarrassment.

A young man had, evidently, addressed a letter to a number of the most important living English authors, asking them to advise him upon the wisdom of adopting a literary career and how to go about it. That Mr. Jones had so carefully composed his letter as to bring kindly and considered replies from busy men was immediately apparent. What tempted him to dispose of them, I do not know.

The letters require no comment: they tell their own story, and are published as voicing the critical opinion of the successful writer upon the intricacies of his art. It is believed that they will be of interest to the general reader, and of especial interest to those thinking of adopting a literary career. There has not been a change of a single word, unless perhaps I have made an error in transcription.—*R. D. F.*

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The letters here printed, sent to* THE BOOKMAN *by a subscriber, are fully authenticated.*

176 Victoria Street
(Corner of Buckingham Palace Road)
June 26 1920

DEAR MR. JONES

I should have answered your letter sooner but have been abroad. The best way to prepare for a literary career is to live thoroughly, be interested in as many things as possible and forget the ultimate purpose. I know nothing about your special ambitions and therefore cannot advise with regard to any particular study, but it is wise while knowing something of everything to know everything of something; and wise too to have a trade or craft or calling to fall back upon when editors and publishers are cold.

With all good wishes, I am
Yours faithfully
E. V. LUCAS.

The Haven
Fowey
Cornwall
Aug. 5th, 1920

DEAR SIR

I am sorry: but

(1) I am a heavily overworked man in these days: and
(2) in addition to ordinary work I get, almost daily, a mass of letters to answer which would take up all my time.

There is no intentional discourtesy. It is just a simple fact that I could not deal with all these letters if I were in health — which I am not.

Having given you this explanation

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let me add that if the advice you think I can give can be given briefly by letter I will do my best: or, if it will wait until the Michaelmas term, I return to Cambridge in October & could arrange for an interview there. Believe me

Yours very truly
ARTHUR QUILLER COUCH.

Swan Hotel
Grasmere
23rd Sep: 1920

MY DEAR SIR,

Mr. William Archer, the dramatic critic, has written a book about playwriting. I forget the title of it, and the publisher, and I have not the means, in this place, of referring to the work. I suggest that you should communicate with Mr. Archer, asking him at the same time to give you the names of other books on the same subject written by American authors.

I am sorry to appear so unhelpful.

Yours most truly,
ARTHUR PINERO.

Easton Glebe
Dunmow
May 21. 20

DEAR SIR

Nothing leads so straight to futility as literary ambitions without systematic knowledge. Practice unity but do not be in any hurry to publish and get all the science and history you can.

Very sincerely yours
H. G. WELLS.

Get a university degree if you can with a special development of history, biology, and psychology. The unity can wait.

27, Fitzroy Square, W.1.

The name of my book mentioned by Sir Arthur Pinero is "Playmaking" (Chapman & Hall). Professor G. P. Baker of Harvard has written a book called (I think) "Dramatic Technique" (Houghton Mifflin, Boston).

WILLIAM ARCHER.

Astle House
Castle Hedingham
Essex
July 23rd /20

DEAR MR. JONES

Many thanks for your letter. It is very difficult to give advice to a writer but I would suggest that you should read as much and as widely as possible — and write as much as you can. You can only learn to write by writing; it doesn't matter whether your work is accepted or not, it's the practice that counts. Write as simply as you can, and let the fewest words possible convey your meaning.

I'm afraid that is all I can say on the matter, except that, when your work begins to sell put your affairs in the hands of a good Literary Agent — also never sell a copyright.

Wishing you luck,
Yours sincerely,
H. DE VERE STACPOOLE.

ABBEY THEATRE
DUBLIN
Oct. 28th

DEAR SIR,

Read the best English — the classical best English — and nothing but the best — ; live as fully as possible, mixing with all kinds of people; write constantly and burn most — or all — of what you write a month later.

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Don't be in a hurry to publish or to 'arrive', if you have the genuine thing in you you'll 'arrive' without worrying about the exact route. See plays and pictures, listen to music

LENNOX ROBINSON.

13th April 1920
Lucan House
Lucan
Co. Dublin

DEAR SIR:

I go to Welwyn, not to see people, but to avoid seeing them and get some work done.

May I point out to you that the discrepancy of 48 years between our ages makes me rather shy of encouraging you to choose me as a new acquaintance. Try a younger man. I already have more friends than I have time to entertain; and I am poor company for literary novices.

Nobody can help you in literature. Write what you can; and get it published as best you may. And don't expect anyone except a publisher's reader to read it before it is in print.

Make friends with the rising suns, not with the setting ones.

Faithfully,
G. BERNARD SHAW.

MARKHAM HOUSE, KING'S ROAD,
CHELSEA, S.W.
Aug. 1, 20.

DEAR MR. JONES

Forget that you intend to be a writer. Be quite sure in fact that you don't intend to be a writer. Try every profession and occupation in turn with a profound belief that at last you know what you want to do. Then if you find you still want to write, write. But of course read everything you can get hold of except the daily papers, the magazines, the critical weeklies and the reviews. Laugh at yourself as regularly as you clean your teeth. Fall desperately in love as often as you can. Be prodigal in everything. Try to find out why Virgil was such a great poet. Get Boswell's Life of Johnson by heart. Avoid 'Georgian' poetry like the plague and modern novelists including myself like the devil. If you have literary ambitions try to remember that somehow or other, mysterious though it may seem to you, your parents must be responsible. You can learn a lot from them, much more than from

Your obedient servant
COMPTON MACKENZIE.

The Hangings,
Ferry Kinksey,
near Oxford
9 Oct. 1920

DEAR SIR

It is a part of my business to help people here to learn to write. Perhaps I can help them, a little, in two or three years. So what can I do for you? Most efficient help is detailed and is given on actual work done. No general maxims will make a writer.

Hours in the air, and nothing else, make a flying man. I advise you to write, but not for writing's sake. Write what you have seen, or known, or what you want to say. Then revise it and correct it.

I am sorry I cannot read the first half of your signature, which (like most signatures to letters written by that egotist, man) is written more for the writer's satisfaction than for the reader's information. But I hope this will find you.

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I cannot possibly undertake to criticise work by correspondence, but I hope you can get someone at hand to help you.

Yours very truly,
W. R. RALEIGH.

Magdalene College
Cambridge
June 11 1920

DEAR MR. JONES,

I am interested to read what you say in your letter. I must not however reply as fully as I could wish, as I am not very well just now, & cannot do much writing.

But I can give you some advice & gladly do so. The first thing is I am sure to read good and solid books — authors with a real style of their own such as Ruskin, Pater, Stevenson, Charles Lamb, Wells. Don't read ordinary magazines or poor novels. You will find an interesting essay in Stevenson's *Virginibus Puerisque* and if you come across a book of mine *Escape & Other Essays* you will find an essay on authorship, which contains much of what I should say to you.

Then I should advise you regularly to write a short piece — describe an incident you have seen, or a place you have visited, or a book you have read. Take pains just to get the points that come out clearly in your own mind, and say it all as clearly and simply as you can — don't try to bring in picturesque words unless they really express what you want to say — and do not try to write in anyone else's style, unless you do it merely for practice, to see if you can imitate an author you admire. But the point is to have your own way of seeing and saying things, and the closer you can observe and be interested in all that you see and hear, the better it will be. Turn your thoughts outward rather than inward. One can be interested in things and people without exactly liking them; and the point is not to select only the things you like, for special study, but to see what the truth and reality of all that is going on about you is.

This is all that I can say now, but I hope it may be of use to you. You have my best wishes.

Sincerely yours,
A. C. BENSON.

Garrick Club
London, W.C.
June 24th

MY DEAR SIR

I have been away and your letter of the 14th has only just reached me. The delay matters the less, seeing that it is not possible for me to give you all the particulars you require. If you care to send me a specimen of your work, I will, with readiness, give you my opinion on it.

Yours sincerely
W. PETT RIDGE.

Alan A. Jones, Esq.

McGill University
Montreal
26 20

DEAR MR. JONES

Advice: —

If you want to write, just go ahead and write. Write on what you want, when you want to and all you want to. If you want to write an epic poem, do that. If you want to write a story, write it. Don't take anybody's advice, or criticism. When you have written half a dozen stories or poems send them

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all to the magazines. They'll refuse them. They generally do. Never mind that. It means nothing. It's only like selling a cow.

Keep on doing this for a few years. If at the end of that time nothing has happened it means that writing is not in your line. After that drop it and go in for something else, — such as thinking or talking.

As to reading, read what you *want* to read and can read for its own sake. It you *want* to read Browning, go to it. But if you prefer to read Laura Jean Libby then that's your size exactly.

But whatever you do, don't be discouraged. Quiet resolution is worth more than the mere splutter of talent.

V. Sincerely
STEPHEN LEACOCK.

97 & 99 St. Martin's Lane
London, W. C. 2.
June 22nd, 1920

DEAR MR. ALAN JONES

I wish I could give you good advice but I can't. The best advice of all would be to abandon your literary ambition. You wouldn't listen to it. The next best is to read Arnold Bennett's book "How to Become an Author", and that is at present out of print. The third best is to read what really interests you, preferably by writers who know how to write, and yourself to write very regularly, and so practice self-expression. But first of all to try and discover what branch of work most attracts you. If it is the novel, or the essay, or journalism, to get hold of what are supposed to be good books, or good journalism, see if you like them, and compare them with bad books. But to write all the time, so as to get ease (avoiding ready-made phrases) until you feel that you can do without books and advice and all other aid. By that time you will either be sick of writing or you will be committed to it; and in the latter case you will find your own way to proficiency.

Yours very truly
FRANK SWINNERTON.

Wallington
Cambo
Morpeth
July 20. 1920

DEAR SIR,

There is no receipt for learning to write, except writing with your reader in mind; or, for learning to speak, except to speak with your hearer in mind; and to write and speak only when you have something to say, and to take very good care that you say that, and that only.

I remain,
Yours faithfully,
GEORGE O. TREVELYAN.

Mr. Alan Jones.

On Board Twin Screw S.S.
"Fort Victoria"
Sep. 28

DEAR MR. JONES

I wish I were in London so that I could ask you to come to see me. We could have a talk and perhaps I could give you some advice which you might think it worth your while to take. In a letter I cannot do much more than suggest that you should study the best dramatists such as Ibsen, Chekov. You will find it a very good exercise to copy out word for word — in long hand or on the typewriter — a play that takes your fancy. I know it is a tedious business, for I have done it, but I

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am sure it is very profitable. It is possible that I shall be in London next May. Write to me again then.

Yours sincerely
W. S. MAUGHAM.

Wingstone,
Manaton,
Nr Moretonhampstead,
Devon.
June 5, 1920

DEAR MR. JONES

I have just received your letter of May 30. I think my first advice to you would be: Don't be in a hurry to get into print. Unless a man has lived and felt and experienced, and generally found out what life means, he has nothing to say that's worth hearing. Writers generally begin too young, and very few who begin very young come to anything.

It's not only a question of learning to write, it's a question of having a real philosophy and something to say worth saying.

Now, as to style: Style is simply the clear, short expression of things seen originally, and of strangely individual feelings. Practise setting down what you see and feel as shortly and clearly as you can. If you describe a tree or a haystack try and make others see it as you personally see it; it's your vision of it and feeling about it which will make it of value. Live with animals, trees, birds, hills, and the sea as much as you reasonably can. Talk to and watch the lives of simple people. Distrust all arty groups, and if you mix with them, do it with your tongue a little in your cheek. It sounds trite, but read the Bible, Shakespeare, and W. H. Hudson the nature writer. Learn French well and read Prosper Mérimée and Maupassant (say three years hence). Their economy of words and clearness is wonderful. Read Anatole France, also three years hence. Read the Russian Turgenev (Constance Garnett's translations, Wm. Heinemann) not for his style, because it suffers in translation, but for the way he sees human life and constructs his stories. Read Walter Pater and Stevenson, but beware of their tendency to preciosity. Read Dickens and Samuel Butler. Practise writing verse; it helps towards a good prose style. Take it as a rule that anything you write must be interesting, sentence by sentence. Of modern poets read Masefield and Sassoon. But if you really want to be a writer who counts alongside all this live a normal life with some normal occupation for some years after you come to man's estate. See the workaday world as it is, before you give others your vision of it, or anything else.

Good luck to you.

Yours sincerely,
JOHN GALSWORTHY.

KINGS LAND
SHIPLEY
HORSHAM
May 25th, 1920

DEAR SIR,

If you propose to write as a profession, or even as your principal occupation, I am certainly of opinion that a basis of positive knowledge in one department at least is of the utmost value, not only to style but to matter. There is no reason that such a department should be what is called "Scientific", that is, connected with Physics. It is essential that it should be positive — that is, belonging to matters which require research, comparison of proofs, and convictions through close reason-

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ing. If you are indifferent as to what department you choose I should take some particular piece of English history and master it — a thing not difficult if you choose a restricted number of years. Libraries give you the books of reference, and nowadays they also give you the original authorities as well, which are essential for such work. You will find after a little time at this experiment that it becomes absorbing and that the habit of exactitude and the nourishment of the mind with fact vastly improve your manner of writing.

I suggest also that several experiments in the research upon one matter or another are a further advantage. I have always proceeded by that method myself.

Very faithfully yours,
H. BELLOC.

BATEMAN'S
BURWASH
SUSSEX
27th May 1920

DEAR MR. JONES,

I'm afraid I can't be of much help to you in the way of advice; as everything in all life depends on the personal equation. My own experience is that, if a man really wants to do any thing, he generally does it. But before one writes one ought to have experience.

Very sincerely,
RUDYARD KIPLING.

DEAR MR. JONES

Pardon me if I address you wrongly for I cannot make out your signature. Like most bad writers I am a bad reader of other people's writing. Not that yours is bad, on the contrary all but the signature is as clear as water, but in the signature you have me beat, and all the household. Now as to your letter.

I am awfully sorry I cannot help much. Except the six awful years I was in parliament, I have always been a ranch man, and I began to write to please myself and I do not live by literature. Had I had to do it I should have starved long ago, or had to take to journalism. However there are a few commonplace hints I may be able to give you. Write simply and clearly; use few adjectives; never be involved; never indulge in purple patches. Be concise; shun wordiness, and above all, be clear, be clear, always clear. Study the masters of the language; not to copy them. Copy no one. Of course we are all influenced by what we read. (SOMETHING QUITE ILLEGIBLE.) Never use slang. Say what you think in as few words as possible. That I think is the whole secret, as far as I see it. I would begin by writing anything that comes into your head and submit it to an editor and let him take or refuse it on its merits. The public (though a complete ass) is the only tribunal that can put the seal of success on a literary man's work. Success is a damnable thing and usually spoils a writer; but we have to live, therefore it is one of the (SOMETHING QUITE ILLEGIBLE) we must put up with. I have never had it myself and therefore cannot say how it would affect me. Probably I should become as much imbued with my own value as are those who are successful. All I have written (and it will give you great difficulty to read in my bad writing) is I fear of no use, as none of it is practical.

I would write to Dr. Gosse if I were you. His address is Edmund Gosse, LL.D., 17 Hanover Terrace, Regents Park, N. W. He is a professional

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literary man, and I am sure will advise you.

Wishing you all success in the career of literature, and with many apologies for having written so much and said so little,

Yours very truly,
R. B. CUNNINGHAME GRAHAM.

COMARQUES
THORPE-LE-SOKEN
June 12th 1920

DEAR MR. JONES,

You are right. Detailed advice cannot usefully be given. You must be guided by your own instincts. But of course, if you want to learn to write, the only thing to do is to practice writing a great deal — every day in fact.

You might find something useful in my book, "The Author's Craft".

With best wishes,

Yours sincerely,
ARNOLD BENNETT.

Ardock
Cardross
Dumbartonshire
August 9, 1920

DEAR MR. JONES

I wish I could help you. The Morocco book has been long out of print. Unluckily I have not even copies of all my books for myself and I have been trying for long to get a copy of the Morocco book for a friend, without success.

No one read it (or any of my books) when it was first published and now a few people want copies and cannot get them.

I am at my own home here and the weather is awful.

Trusting yours is better

Yours very truly
R. B. CUNNINGHAME GRAHAM.

LASKY STUDIO
1520 Vine Street
Hollywood, Calif.
November 22, 1920

Alan H. Jones Esq.,
19 Broadwater Avenue,
Letchworth,
Hartfordshire,
England.

MY DEAR MR. JONES:

In reply to your undated letter, I have to say that I can give you no advice whatever concerning a literary career. If you wish to write, do so. If it is a natural ambition and you have the ability, you will find your place. I can say no more than that.

Yours sincerely,
GILBERT PARKER.

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THE TWENTIETH CENTURY NOVEL

By Frederic Taber Cooper

THE immediate impulse to write this paper sprang from a subtly framed suggestion. In the act of thumbing over the pages of "Pride and Prejudice" and of "Early Autumn", so it was explained, the thought was born that "there might be an article lurking in the question whether or not there was a twentieth century novel". It was the juxtaposition of those two titles that formed the insidious lure. A subject that seemed *per se* to lack incentive, where so much had been said before, suddenly glinted from new facets when seen from the Jane Austen angle. It sounded like a challenge to produce, if we could, a new torchbearer to carry on the straight tradition of the novel through the new century as worthily as the author of "Emma" carried it through the old.

To start right, however, we must agree on what Jane Austen stands for as forerunner of the nineteenth century novel of manners. Primarily she is a story teller — and story telling is an ancient and honorable craft, even though scorned and rejected by some of our present day sophisticates. It is as old as the human instinct to gather in groups and gossip about tribal doings and fashion worthy tales by much repeating. No age or country has a monopoly of good story telling. Whether in the colorful episodes of the "Panchatantra" or of the "Arabian Nights", the limpid prose of Boccaccio or the lively verse of Chaucer, we find certain common factors: the narrative is crystal clear, the characters are the familiar types of the author's daily contacts, the background is that of his own environment. All this is the very essence of Jane Austen. Her novels are an essential part of her own life. One likes to believe that she lived more tranquilly happy hours within their pages than out of them. The English critic, Edwin Muir, has justly said: "Jane Austen, we feel, is always at the excursions and tea parties she describes; she is one of the characters, the least observed and the most observant of all."

But back of her seeming ease of narration is a technique so deftly hidden that it is easily missed, so finished that one marvels as to whence she evolved it. In "Emma", for instance, her economy of means is wellnigh perfect. Strive to tamper with it; amuse yourself by trying to cut it down, eliminating a scene or two, a brief description here, a scrap of dialogue there. The effect is like meddling with a house of cards; the parts are all so nicely balanced that if you stir any, the whole structure quivers. It would hardly be a rash statement to maintain that most of the important developments of technique during the nineteenth century were at least foreshadowed by Jane Austen. That art of seeing a whole complicated cross section of life through just one pair of eyes, which Henry James elaborated to the last degree, was already quite surprisingly practised in "Emma". Only what Miss Woodhouse herself sees is seen by the reader; what she must guess at, we have to guess with her. It would hardly be stretching the truth

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to suggest that the "stream of consciousness" method, of which so much has been written lately, was cleverly reduced to absurdity in the garrulous Miss Bates's unstemmed flow of trivialities. And Carl Van Vechten recently went a step further when, apropos of the current craze for psychoanalytical novels, he made his unofficial spokesman, Peter Whiffle, proclaim that "they are not half so analytical as the books of Jane Austen, as posterity will find out for itself."

Posterity has an incurable habit of finding things out for itself. In all such questions as the one before us, whether there is today any novel of a quality to go blithely singing down the ages, it is posterity and not we who will cast the final vote. We hear much sapient discussion of the *Zeitgeist* and whether an author has the better chance of immortality if he swims with its current or turns and buffets it. Now the *Zeitgeist* is at best a tricksy, elusive entity; the historian of fifty years hence will see it clearly as something quite different from our best conjecture. And after all, the question of literary survival depends far more upon posterity's *Zeitgeist* than upon our own. The survival of any book depends less upon what the author put into it than upon what future generations have the wit and the will to extract from it. Jane Austen at least was not troubled about the *Zeitgeist*. Writing almost wholly between the French Revolution and the Battle of Waterloo, she seems unaware that her tranquil world was ever troubled by a cannon shot. Her abiding hold upon successive generations is largely due to her serene timelessness.

We have been told almost to the point of ennui that we live in an era of transition in art and literature. The novel, especially, has been held up as an effete form, ready to go into the discard and be replaced by some freer medium, unhampered by such conventions as beginning, middle and end, characters, environment and plot. It seems worthwhile to remind ourselves of one or two reassuring facts: First, that the novel is the most elastic and most long suffering of all literary forms; and secondly, that all eras are eras of transition, and that the laws of evolution apply to arts and letters as inexorably and perhaps as obscurely as to the animal and vegetable kingdoms. A literary Burbank may produce a sport variety and flatter himself that he has developed a new species. But sport varieties in fiction show much the same tendency to revert to type as a spineless cactus to put forth new spines. Every decade of the eighteen hundreds witnessed a host of new cults: they always started with a blare of trumpets, a group of young enthusiasts gathered around the new standard, one or two notable books and a flood of mediocrity followed — and then the group scattered, the creed had been supplanted, and all that remained of the movement was a few interesting experiments standing in lonely isolation. The law of survival of the fittest has a remorseless way of checking radicalism in literature. The novel especially, thanks to its resilience, has an amazing way of swinging back into the main straight tradition, the steady stream mirroring contemporary life. It has that habit; it probably always will. That is why the safer guess is that Mr. Galsworthy or Mr. Kipling or Joseph Conrad stands a far better chance of surviving the dawn of the twenty first century than such experimentalists as, let us say, Mr. Joyce or Mr. Huxley or Ronald Firbank.

Before turning to present day conditions and asking just what the tenden-

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cies of the hour are in fiction and what literary candidates we have for long distance survival, the question arises, What do we mean by twentieth century novelists? Where do we draw the line? Is it simply a matter of the calendar, of authors who wrote or published this side of the last *fin de siècle* date? Or do we mean those writers who have lived through the great upheaval of the World War? The question is not an idle one. What, for that matter, do we mean by nineteenth century novelists? At least three of Jane Austen's novels were written prior to 1798, including "Pride and Prejudice", whose casual thumbing was our starting point. Many of the best modern English novels belong by actual count to the nineteen hundreds, including Kipling's "Kim", Conrad's "Lord Jim", Hewlett's "Richard Yea-and-Nay", and Galsworthy's "The Man of Property". In America, the new century witnessed a sort of literary Renaissance, ushered in by Frank Norris, Robert Herrick, Winston Churchill, Theodore Dreiser, Morgan Robertson, Jack London, and David Graham Phillips, to mention only a few. By date of copyright, these authors belong mainly to our present era. But in spirit they were the legacy of the earlier generation, the posthumous heirs of the nineteenth century. Alone among the older writers, Henry James in "The Golden Bowl" and later volumes showed a metamorphosis so great as to have brought something essentially new, if not enduring, into the spirit and technique of fiction.

But the real intent of the question here discussed is doubtless to centre upon those writers who have matured within the present century and have come under the spell of the great world upheaval, so shattering to all established order. That it has profoundly altered, at least temporarily, not only the material and method, but the basic mood and viewpoint of a large percentage of our current fiction, is undeniable. Mr. Muir, whom I have already had occasion to quote, perceives a "certain note of inhumanity" in the English literature of today, and adds that "a thorough dislike of their creations characterizes the majority of modern novelists". This indictment, while too sweeping, has a substantial modicum of truth as applied to the younger British authors. It is undoubtedly true of such otherwise widely contrasted writers as James Joyce, Aldous Huxley, and D. H. Lawrence. Mr. Lawrence frankly prefers a sincere pagan to a civilized hypocrite. Mr. Huxley strips humanity of its cloak of shams, and grins unkindly as he does so. Mr. Joyce has looked upon the postbellum world and found that once again, as in the days of Noah, all flesh had corrupted. Lacking omnipotence, he could not send a flood; but he could and did, in "Ulysses", build a grim travesty of a world, and flood it with the slime and ordure of Mrs. Bloom's notorious monologue.

We have no such open Hymns of Hate in American fiction. But we do have a similar widespread spirit of disillusion and reappraisement. There is little love lost by Theodore Dreiser and Sinclair Lewis for their creations; but there is abundant irony, and it is not the indulgent irony of an Anatole France. In fact, both in England and in America there is a conspicuous lack of characters in fiction who are sympathetic, companionable, appealing; characters whom you take into your heart with a pleasurable glow, an abiding sense that it has been a privilege to meet them. Now, this

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must not be construed as a suggestion that worthwhile fiction should confine itself to the socially elect, the kind of persons you would invite to your home and introduce to the family. Fiction, of course, must be as wide in scope as humanity itself and play no favorites. But a backward glance at the books that live shows that the vast majority of them hold their place because they contain one or more characters who have enriched our circle of intimate friendships — figures more real and enduring than many we have known in the flesh. We tramp eager, unwearied miles on the trail of Thackeray's London; we make pious pilgrimages to Dumas's Paris, in the footsteps of the immortal Mousquetaires. But what literary landmarks of our present day story tellers will call for future tablets? What characters in "The Titan" or "An American Tragedy" will serve as pious Meccas? Who will cross the seas to seek the alleged homes of a Babbitt or an Arrowsmith?

Nevertheless, I have an abiding faith in the immediate future of fiction; even the most radical of the experimentalists can do no lasting harm — and there is always a stimulating possibility that they may hit upon some real contribution to the future technique of the novel. Indeed, in just one respect, their new use of the time element, they have already done so. For the most part, modern meddling with traditional methods is negligible. It ranges all the way from the omission of commas and quotation marks to the undammed "stream of consciousness" that enables Dorothy Richardson to expand episodes into fat volumes, and at Mr. Joyce's bidding spreads the doings of a single day over many hundred pages. Of experiments in punctuation it suffices to say that they are merely a gesture, a saucy protest, like a small boy sticking his tongue out, and almost equally bad form. Many of the more conspicuous innovations are not innovations at all, but simply old experiments which have been forgotten. The mention of popular books and plays in current fiction is no novelty. W. S. Gilbert did it himself, when he made his Modern Major General speak of "Whistling all the airs from that infernal nonsense, 'Pinafore'." Introducing real, well known, living contemporaries into the pages of novels is not especially modern either, though usually the identity has been thinly veiled, as when Anatole France introduced Paul Verlaine into "Le Lys Rouge"; and was it not Whistler whose presence in Du Maurier's "Trilby" necessitated the withdrawal of a serial issue of "Harper's"? So Mr. Adams has abundant precedent for his "Revelry", whether we like it or no. But when real people troop undisguised through the pages of "Peter Whiffle", the effect, I think, tends to defeat the author's purpose. It is like pinning a real butterfly to a painting of a clover field — it merely serves to remind us that the pictured clover field is nothing more than paint and canvas.

But these are mere whims and passing fads. The openly expressed disregard of the fundamental rules of technique, a demand for what we might call free fiction, on the analogy of free verse, might give more concern if it were to be taken seriously. Whatever slogan they may adopt, experimentalists of this type actually give us stories that are either technically very bad or else not strictly stories at all. "Peter Whiffle" is a delightful whimsy, a stimulating causerie on life and letters, but of course not technically a novel. Ronald Firbank's "Vainglory" was a verbal social cartoon, and highly amusing, but it also was not a novel. That, however,

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is not distinctively modern: Dr. Holmes's "Autocrat of the Breakfast Table", Marion Crawford's "With the Immortals", are older instances of essays masquerading as fiction; and to go back a little further, are not the Sir Roger de Coverley essays a quasi-novel that lacked only the technical backbone of a plot?

The flooding tide of detail, thoughts, impressions, instincts, conscious and subconscious, that have come to be thought the distinctive mark of the younger innovators, the expressionists, as some choose to call them, is another transitory symptom. It was born doubtless of the Freudian teachings that all sorts of crucial complexes spring from trivial, forgotten, deeply buried happenings, a careless word, an impulsive gesture. Well, then, to be on the safe side, let's put in everything, the trivial and the momentous together, and let the reader take his choice. But the reader will become tired of taking his choice. An embarrassment of riches is bad enough; but an embarrassment of trivialities in the end defeats itself. It is the novelist's business to winnow out the chaff, and serve us up the real substance. Along with this plethora of psychology, there is another and far more important innovation, common to most of the younger school and reaching its full richness in Virginia Woolf. This is the use of time in fiction as a sort of fourth dimension, through which the characters seem to move as through a fluid medium, slipping easily up and down the dim vistas of past and future decades, with the gliding flight of birds. In "Mrs. Dalloway" especially Mrs. Woolf has brought this new technique to a rare development. We stand with her heroine, poised on the narrow brink of today, in Maytime London, a London so keenly, intimately sensed that it brings an aching nostalgia, if you happen to care. And with Clarissa Dalloway's winged thoughts, we go circling backward and forward in dizzy spirals, until the whole complex fabric of her vanished years and future hopes lies clear before us. It is this quality — and perhaps one other, a sort of subtle alchemy, by which the speech and actions of the characters, their intimate thoughts and feelings, the impalpable background of sights and sounds and odors, all fuse and interweave, until Mrs. Dalloway merges into the environment, and the environment emerges with an acting part — it is all this that makes Virginia Woolf, of all the experimentalists, the one most stimulating and most full of promise.

In America we have today a generous number of writers of present achievement and future promise. Ask a dozen contemporary critics to name the leading dozen, and among the names on which they would probably all agree would almost surely be included Theodore Dreiser, Sinclair Lewis, Sherwood Anderson, Joseph Hergesheimer, and Louis Bromfield. There is a small group of reviewers whose members have never forgotten the thrill of their first reading of "Sister Carrie", practically stillborn on publication and destined not to reach the general public until ten years later. That book was one of the most significant pieces of American fiction which its decade produced. Unfortunately, the Dreiser who wrote "Sister Carrie", and who outlined "Jennie Gerhardt", in its original form, throughout one memorable four hour luncheon, was a different man from the Dreiser of "The Financier" and "An American Tragedy". He was always a good, consistent realist; he believed in strict objectivity. But in those days he loved the people he created, he suffered with them; and try as he

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would, he could not keep some warmth from creeping in between the lines and giving his pages the breath of life. No one can say that "An American Tragedy" lacks truth. The dull, uninspired, average human puppets who move through it are precisely the kind of people we see by thousands in our streets, our subways, at ball games and movie shows — the kind of people we usually avoid in life.

Sinclair Lewis probably had the biggest possibilities of any of our younger group. And that is why one feels a glow of righteous wrath that he did not achieve more richly. There is no question of his fertility of imagination, his almost encyclopædic mind, his serious interest in life. He has the kind of organizing faculty that enables him to collect and coördinate a vast array of statistics, big facts and little elusive details, sift them, give each and all their value. He handles humanity in the mass, on a canvas nation wide. Now the technique for this sort of theme has been once for all worked out in the Rougon-Macquart series. Frank Norris, when he faced the task of his Epic of the Wheat, was big enough not to be ashamed to owe a debt to Zola. Mr. Lewis chose to create his own technique. To say that he borrowed it from Hollywood would be incorrect. Yet that perhaps is the easiest way of symbolizing his streaming flow of movement; a story roaming across country, from town to town, from state to state, with old characters dropping by the way, and new characters falling into line, like so many miles of film that he has been too lazy to cut and reassemble. He will be remembered less as a novelist than as a statistician and a satirist who has added two terms to our vocabulary.

Sherwood Anderson belongs to no school. He is an unheralded product of our soil, as much so as Walt Whitman, Mark Twain, or Ambrose Bierce, without the importance of any of them. He writes about inarticulate people with a rather labored articulation. His stories have a certain naive truth. But if we think of them as verbal pictures we realize that they are curiously incomplete; the outlines are there; but oh, how we miss the little extra brush strokes, the halftones and shadings!

Joseph Hergesheimer was formerly a writer that it seemed natural to think of in conjunction with Conrad. His "The Three Black Pennys" and "Java Head" were that curious paradox: American stories as colorful, as fantastic, as darkly lambent as anything that has come to us from east of Suez. Hergesheimer has always had a riotous color sense; but these two volumes somehow suggest a sort of verbal fire opal, luminous, ill omened, portentous. His later work is disappointing. But let us be grateful for two books that approach the class labeled Masterpiece.

Lastly, there is Louis Bromfield. He has produced three volumes rich in promise, fine in texture, of surprisingly uniform achievement. He has a cosmopolitan vantage ground, a cultured, flowing style, an urbane manner, a sense of the supreme importance of social and traditional background. His "The Green Bay Tree" still remains his best story; but "Possession" treads close upon its heels. His best asset, among many, is his own obvious love for his characters, a trait so rare in our modern writers. He cares rather less for the people in his "Early Autumn", and that is why one is disposed to rank it at a somewhat lower level.

Perhaps among these authors is at least one who is truly representative of the new century. But the choice lies on the knees of posterity.

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SHORT ORDER FICTION

By Emanuel Eisenberg

With Sketches by Clarence Day

THE AGONY NOVEL

SLIM. Haughty. The white tautness of her. Like a long drawn, quivering note held in a cool rallentando. You instinctively drew yourself up to match her height, instinctively compressed yourself into a straight arrow of pain. You knew the grief tearing at her heart.

The pain, everywhere. In the hands. The eyes. But mostly in the neck.

"The pain, everywhere. In the hands. The eyes. But mostly in the neck."

Twisting, sobbing, the obscure woe flurried about her in bright formless knots, like the tangles of bewildered hair. Flurrying. Twisting. You moved as if to sweep it aside and leave the outline sharp, clean. You did so! I was watching you. . . .

The hard voice pounding the air. Like a small ineffectual anvil.

"Mother, I can't *bear* it."

"Bear what, darling?"

"This *book*."

"Well, why don't you throw it away?"

"I *can't*. I'm the heroine."

"Well, why don't you kill yourself and get out of the author's clutches once for all?"

"But she'll describe me in *death*."

"I'll cover you with a shroud, dear."

The incessant torment gnawing away at your breast like a busy rat. Sharp toothed. Lean. Bright eyed.

You thought of death . . . free of a frenzied style . . . no longer obliged to read hyperbolic similes. Metaphors.

The long carving knife on the kitchen table. O God, to leave the earth. *O God.* The knife. Keen. Keen as the swift birth of an evening star. You drew it across your throat. The blood gushed out gently.

"*Mother.*"

"What is it?"

"I'm *dead*."

"Thank heaven. The book must end now."

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THE ENGLISH NOVEL

GURDWYNEA threw her racquet to the ground with a gesture of finality.

"I say, let's have tea!"

Harwick and Venonella came running toward her with shining faces and flying hair. Arm in arm, they walked to the house and reached it just when Lady Bartlunn was about to dismiss the maid with the tea service.

"I thought you were never coming", Lady Bartlunn exclaimed. "You English children! Always playing tennis!" Very soon some fresh tea was boiling for them, and they drank six cups each.

"I'm simply ravenous", said Venonella, devouring her thirtieth crumpet. "Aren't these crumpets too awfully delicious?"

Nobody said no. Nobody, in fact, said anything, being so occupied with eating.

They sat in silence for a while. Finally Harwick got up. He motioned to Gurdwynea. "Like to walk, old bean?" he asked. She nodded, and they left.

For five hours they walked through the gay countryside, eagerly watching for borse and gracken (or is it gorse and bracken?). Failing to find any, they had to fall back on azaleas and acacias.

By now it was late evening, the stars shining with the rich completeness of maturity. Harwick took Gurdwynea tremblingly in his arms. "Gurdy", he whispered, "there is something I have been wanting —"

She tore herself fiercely from his arms and began racing homeward with the frenzied impetuosity of a lost soul. Harwick stood stock still, amazed and terrified. Suddenly he seemed to regain mobility and began to run in the direction Gurdwynea had taken.

He fairly flew.

"I say, let's have tea!"

Soon he heard a hot voice burning through the night, and he knew it for his lover's.

"Tea", she was screaming desperately, "tea!"

THE ADOLESCENT ODYSSEY

I

SO it came to this: life had a meaning only when you exalted it beyond mere breath, mere earthliness; when you made of it a symbol and a goal;

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when you personalized it and identified it with the throbbing ego within you.

"For", he told himself, "we live fully and significantly only when we know we live. The majority of mankind is irrational; they do not possess the power of association, the capacity to see all things interlinked and interactive. He who refuses to accept life in ugly isolated fragments, who blends it all into a reasoned, compact entity, holds the secret of happiness within him."

He told himself a great deal more. He was an excellent listener.

II

"— and furthermore, Bernard Shaw says —" the young girl was saying.

"His mother bolted the door"

Shaw? Who was that? She had mentioned a number of other authors equally foreign to him. He felt ashamed of his ignorance.

That year he read Shaw, Ibsen, Hardy, Conrad, Galsworthy, Maugham, Maeterlinck, Dostoyevsky, Gogol, Phillips, and anybody else that will make this sound like an authentic literary autobiography.

III

No, there was no sympathy to be gained from his parents. Both wanted him to be a business man, practical. Practical! They were fools, crude fools who could not understand him.

Outside the dusk fell, softly, insinuatingly, like a fine rain of powder. Yes, he would go for a walk. What else was there to do? He must keep true to form, and how dare he insert anything entertaining or really revelatory when he came to inscribe the story of his youth? Nothing ever happened in a literary autobiography. He went out.

His mother bolted the door behind him three times, and clamped the windows tight. Now he could never get in again.

THE MARRIAGE NOVEL

THE soiled dishes lay dismally in the sink, piled in slipshod fashion. Helena Waynescott stared at them. Dirty dishes — dirty dishes. The words sang themselves over to her like a leering taunt. How she hated them!

No, she would not wash them. Let them stay there all day; let them stay there so long until they could no longer be scrubbed clean, until they had to be thrown away in despair.

Two years ago, when Charley Waynescott, a tall sturdy fellow with laughing eyes, had asked her to marry him, she had assented eagerly, delighted at the prospect of leaving her stolid parents and setting up a home for herself. She and Charley had been like playmates:

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friendly and happy and carefree. His loose broad smile had enraptured her. Now, after only two years, the old glamour was entirely gone. Her husband was like all other husbands — away to work for the day, and too tired at night to do anything but read the newspaper or listen to the radio. While she cleaned the house, went shopping, cooked, and sewed.

They couldn't afford a baby; Charley wasn't earning enough money yet.

Charley. Once seeming sturdy, now ungracefully hulky. Once charmingly tolerant, now absurdly lax.

Suddenly Helena realized — she loathed him. His inane conversation, his constant talk about buying a motor car, his maddening habit of stirring the morning coffee for a full half minute — everything he did was detestable to her. It was incredible, but true. Overwhelmingly true.

When he came home that night she faced him squarely at the door. "Charl. I discovered this morning that I can't go on living with you. What shall we do? It's only page thirty seven."

He smiled — that weak tormenting smile of his. "Well, how about eating your heart out for another hundred pages? And then Another Man for fifty pages? And fifty more pages of divorce proceedings? All right?"

Clenching her teeth in agony as he went through the old unendurable gesture of tugging off his coat before he removed his hat, she dumbly nodded assent.

THE RUSSIAN TRANSLATION

ALEXIS DMITROVITCH KIRISHENKOV thrust open the moldy door of Katerina Ivanovna Prokofieff's damp rooms and met the sneering eyes of Lyov Pavlovyef (who, to his everlasting disgrace, had only

"Oh, have you killed him?"
she called gaily

two names and was accordingly held in low repute). His thin lips held a wry smile.

"You might have knocked at the door", he said acidly.

"The door?" muttered Alexis in confusion. "Oh, the door — there. Well, then. So. The central character in a Russian novel never knocks at doors. He runs in and out of houses without order. So. Now. Didn't you know that, you earless loon?" he screamed, by now thoroughly enraged. "See here, I want you to listen. It is only a brief story, illustrating Kropotkin's — or is it Turgenev's? — theory that progressive life is founded on mutual aid. Well. I was watching a little boy near Kosciusko Square kicking about a bright pebble, and I asked him,

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'Why are you here?' Now listen. He looked up smilingly and answered, 'Even so, little father.' Do you hear? 'Even so, little father!' See here." By now Alexis was in a perfect frenzy. "Where is Rinushka?"

The sneer on Lyov Pavlovyef's face deepened. "Do you mean Katerina Ivanovna Prokofieff? So. Well, then. How is the reader to understand your quaint abbreviation?"

The question sent Kirishenkov into a raving fury. With a hoarse muffled cry he leaped forward, and seizing Lyov (who, incidentally, was afflicted with asthma, catalepsy, and hay fever; had had operations involving the removal of a goitre and a kidney, and was dying of consumption) by the throat, swiftly strangled him.

The bedroom door opened and Katerina Ivanovna peered anxiously in. "Oh, have you killed him?" she called gaily. "Thank heaven. These slavonic stories never get really interesting until an inexplicable murder occurs — afterward, of course, to be elucidated by subtle psychological processes. See here. Well, then. So. Who is your next prey?"

THE NARRATIONAL NARRATIVE

MY friend Harrison lit his pipe and began to puff with great tranquillity. After every two or three suckings he would look up at the stars and study their icy gleam. I could contain myself no longer.

"How about the story?" I broke out.

He removed his pipe, and smiled softly, as if to himself. I saw the smile hid an intense inner perturbation, so I said no more and waited in chafing silence. Soon he began — slowly, painfully, with the air of one who is working out his salvation by explanatory words.

"You know", commenced Harrison, "that all men fear each other at bottom. The mystery of human personality has never been throughly explored; modern psychology is a brave, but uncertain, beacon. No one knows what his neighbor is thinking or feeling, so we suspect each other constantly and friendship — that consummation where the soul is free of fetters — is a tragic rarity.

"Consider my young acquaintance, Alvin Lloyd. His soft brown eyes were always wide with frustration and surprise. 'Why', they seemed to ask, 'are men strangers to each other? Why can they not unite simply and unquestioningly?' One night, when I was reading in my library, he came in. (I, you must remember, was the one person he could really call a friend, to whom he could express his inner thoughts, though as a general thing we were never more

"How about the story?" I broke out

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than acquaintances.) He began outright, as was his wont. 'Do you know', he said, 'I've come to believe we are meant to be alone, separated. It is in the nature of man to seek to assert himself above others, and that alone makes for different ranges. Today my mother said: "Alvin, you will always be unhappy because you seek brotherhood. Brotherhood is a wild dream, possible only among creatures void of desires and ambitions. When I was a girl at school, the teacher told us: 'Each man must struggle for himself if he wants to get anywhere. As the Bible says, "God helps those who —"'"'"'"'

"Stop!" I shrieked. "I'll go mad if I follow your inverted commas any longer. Will you drop them, for God's sake?"

He went on, entirely without punctuation.

OLD-MAN-COYOTE CHANTS AN ENEMY TO SLEEP*

By Risa Lowie

ON the sunny side of the cherry thicket, in spring,
Blossom petals are falling, drifting,
Whirl by whirl, one by one, fluttering, slow —

Aye-aye —
And a maiden goes singing by —

On the banks of the Bighorn River, in summer,
Willows beckon the drowsy swimmers,
Green and cool tents where the waters lap low —

Aye-aye —
And a vision draws nigh —

On the sides of the long-poled teepees, in autumn,
Showers drum as we dream and slumber,
While quick-padding feet through the darkness go —

Aye-aye —
And then — the war cry —

On the crest of Wolf Mountain the winds howl, in winter,
Yet hushed lies the hunter, and lulled, under pines,
Stars in the heavens, but no trail in the snow —

. . . . . .
. . . . . .
Die.

* Old-Man-Coyote is the trickster among Crow Indian deities.

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JEREMY AT CRALE

His Friends, His Ambitions, and His One Great Enemy

By Hugh Walpole

PART IV

NO tortures, as sufferers in all inquisitions have discovered, last for ever.

A new force soon seized the Dormouse — that of routine.

There is nothing in after life so sudden as that precipitant fall that a small child, hitherto an individual and comparatively free, knows when, in an instant of time, he is caught by the machinery of a great Public School. For many boys, ignorant, bewildered, it is a relief; its penalty is that it catches personality by the throat and chokes it.

For the Dormouse, who had never found obedience to those he loved difficult, this sudden obedience to those he did not love (shadowy forms of dark overwhelming power) only dumbly increased his despair. He was commanded to do this and he did it, to be here and he was here, but for the first time in his soul there was rebellion. Had his unhappiness been less his rebellion would have been stronger. As it was he moved dumbly and blindly.

He became, for the time being, idiotic. It was as though he were moving in a foreign country whose language he did not know. He did not understand the simplest words that were spoken to him. He started with terror when anyone addressed him. He had only one thought — to escape from that horrible place at the first possible moment.

He had, however, from the very first a sense of the hugeness of the school and of his own minute size in relation to it. There was his own immediate world of the Locker Room, vast enough in itself, then beyond that was his House, then beyond that again the School itself. At the bottom of this vast bowering structure he moved, a tiny midge.

One mercy at least he was granted — the terrible Baldock was not in his dormitory. On that first night he huddled into bed, thankful beyond all possible words to escape attention. He had promised his mother that each night he would say his prayers. He tried to do so, cowering under the sheets, but could remember nothing, not even the Lord's Prayer. But no one spoke to him, no one tormented him.

He awoke to the sound of the sea. He was unaccustomed to that and for a while lay there, unable to remember where he was. Then, with an agony of apprehension, it came to him. All this coming day he would be at someone's mercy unless he could succeed in escaping. When the bell clanged he was ordered to fetch hot water from the bathroom at the end of the passage for the Dormitory Prefect. He hastened as though his life depended on his being in time and then, in the cubicle surveying what seemed to him a tousle headed man sitting up in bed and yawning, he was seized with terror again. He could only stand there and stare.

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Someone roared at him. He put down the jug and crept away. His fingers refused to clothe him. Everyone, pulling on coat and waistcoat, was rushing from the room.

He arrived in time, but the Call Over Master selected him from everyone because of his untidiness. And indeed he was untidy with his hair unbrushed, his collar torn, his trousers stained with dust.

All day confusion deepened. He was hurried here, there, everywhere — first to this classroom, then that, pushed into crowds, dragged out of them again, ordered here, ordered there, all as it seemed without either plan or reason.

Fear and bewilderment. Bewilderment and fear.

His fear was justified. In the evening after tea Baldock (shouting with pleasure) found him. A ring was made around him and the points of a Dormouse were emphasized with indecency and brutality. He was asked repeatedly as to whether he were awake or no and was pinched in every part of his body to make this certain.

Evening Preparation came and he sat, a pile of brand new books before him, hungry, cold, and desperately tired. He did not understand in the least what work he had to do and did not care. All that he wanted was to sleep. And so he slept, his head on the wooden table.

A gigantic Baldock stood over him, growing ever larger and larger. Baldock was shouting at him and then pushing him into a deep lake filled with black ink. With a cry he awoke and found that it was not Baldock who stood over him but the Preparation Master.

"What do you think you're here for?" he asked him.

Once more he was so deeply terrified that he could say nothing. This Master was the same who had taken Early Call Over. He remembered him.

"What's your name?"

The Dormouse stammered his name.

"Not made a very good beginning, have you?"

The Dormouse stared and stared.

"You're not at home now, you know."

No indeed he was not. He realized that.

"Yes, you look sleepy, I must say."

One of those small boys who never miss an opportunity of being on social terms with a master piped up:

"Yes sir. He's called the Dormouse, sir."

There was a general titter. Anything is welcome that breaks Preparation monotony.

"All right. That will do. . . . Well you'd better go to bed, Morgan. I'll tell your Form Master that I sent you."

So, publicly disgraced, the Dormouse crept away.

There came then the morning when, waking early, listening to the roar and plunge of the sea, quite suddenly he began to cry. He hadn't cried until now. Now, his head buried in the clothes, he cried and cried.

It was at Preparation on this morning that Jeremy heard him sniveling and threw him his note.

In spite of his bewilderment and fear certain figures had been made already apparent to him, and Jeremy was one of these.

There was much talk in the Locker Room about Stocky Cole and the possibility of his winning his School Colors this term. Some thought yes and some thought no. Some praised Stocky,

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some abused him, but he was a figure in the Locker Room.

When therefore the Dormouse read that fragment of badly-scrawled-upon paper something happened to him — Stocky Cole became, in that immediate and actual moment, his god.

On the preceding evening he had been involved, his luck being just now entirely "out", in the opening sheep and goat skirmish. Someone from some mirky distance had shouted "Fag" and someone close to him had given him a shove telling him it was his "Call".

He had moved blindly forward, always with that precipitate and nervous movement that was quickly becoming second nature with him.

He had been bright and sharp enough at home, but in this place it seemed that, hurry as he might, he must be always behindhand. Everyone cursed him for slowness; it was partly perhaps that, in his bewilderment, he took so many wrong turnings, moving forever in a labyrinth of indistinguishable paths. He didn't know. Indeed he hadn't time to think.

On this occasion, hearing the cry of "Fag" forever gathering volume (seeming to be, through all the murkiness, very especially directed at himself) he ran, bumping into mysterious bodies and bumping out again, knocking against corners, tumbling over boxes.

He found the Study and there, standing in front of a fire, naked to the waist, rubbing himself with a towel, was an enormous creature who shouted something that to the Dormouse sounded the wildest "Brekekek-Roax". . . .

"Yes sir", breathlessly stammered the Dormouse and started running again.

It wasn't until he had tumbled some distance into further obscurity that he realized that he did not know what it was he was going for. It might be hot water, it might be eggs, jam, hair-brushes, boot polish, white mice, or a fire extinguisher. He did not know. He stopped, his heart thumping into his legs, partly with fear of doing the wrong thing, partly with running.

A moment later the avalanche had caught him. The passage was filled with shouting and screaming bodies. Someone caught him by the hair and screamed "Baa" in his ear, and for a moment a lovely sense of battle seized him and he was happy as he had not been since his first coming to this place. He knew rage, so infinitely finer a feeling than sycophancy. In his own modest way he kicked and pummeled anything that came in his direction, uttering short, sharp, battle cries.

His part of the passage was a hot and lusty mêlée, friend and foe indistinguishable. You fought for fighting's own sake and wished it might last forever.

Swiftly, though, there were cries of "Paddy", and the Dormouse found himself, as now he was always finding himself, the last of everyone and only away just in time as the long, lean, awe inspiring figure came round the corner.

That evening he learned something of the meaning of the battle.

The small fry in the Locker Room were vastly stirred, and excited so deeply as to forget for a moment the tyrannies of caste and to admit the new boys into their confidence.

It was all, as it seemed, an outcome of an ancient quarrel between Stocky Cole and Red Staire, a really awful quarrel. They simply couldn't stick one another and it seemed that it was your absolute duty immediately to take sides. If, in fact, Preparation had not sternly intervened, the quarrel

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would have broken out again there and then in the Locker Room.

Like the strange mediæval parties in "Sordello" you simply had to be at one another's throat, even though the purpose of your quarrel might be obscure.

It was not, however, obscure to the Dormouse, even before Jeremy had thrown his note at him. Baldock, he had already sufficiently learned, was Red Staire's friend and supporter. Quite enough for him to be at once and decisively on the other side. But *after* that morning incident — he would permit himself to be drawn and quartered (as he had read, the worst punishment of all), to be pinioned for months under a drip of water which at horrible last dug a hole into your head, willingly, yes, and eagerly for his hero.

And in fact the drawing and quartering came more swiftly than he had anticipated.

On that evening, after tea, the older boys of the Locker Room were to be observed passing mysteriously from group to group.

The shifty eyed new boy, whose name was Ellys-Roberts, whose character, it was at once apparent, was as shifty as his eyes, informed the Dormouse that he would soon have to declare on whose side he was, on Staire's or Cole's — "and it doesn't much matter which side you're on — you'll get whacked anyway. I think Staire's side is safer."

Staire's side, whether safe or no, was on this evening first in the field, and Baldock had, of course, very soon detected the Dormouse. He advanced toward him, as he always did, with a joyous friendly air as of one who loved his fellow men. And he *did* love the Dormouse, who added yet another zest to his already extremely zestful life.

And the Dormouse was even more lovable than he had been three days ago, being now quite thoroughly awake even though dazzled by the new light. His disheveled, tumbled, blinking downiness was an admirable subject for torture. Such a little twist of the arm, such a minute threat, brought so swiftly that look of terror into the eye, that shrinking of the quite defenseless body.

So Baldock grinned, caught the Dormouse's arm and twisted it, and then explained to him that his name was now being added to a dirty tumbled piece of paper in Baldock's hand as of one who swore death to Stocky Cole and all his filthy crowd of sheep!

The Dormouse blinked and Baldock, with further twists of the arm, explained his purpose.

Then the Dormouse, pulling together all his scattered wits and defying his aching arm, his trembling knees, and the threat of tears, said:

"I won't."

"Won't what?"

"Won't say what you want. I'm on Cole's side."

Amazement robbed Baldock of words. At last he gasped:

"What!"

"I'm on Cole's side."

"I say listen! Here's the Dormouse says he's on Stocky's side. He defies us! The Dormouse defies us! *Our* Dormouse defies us! . . . Oh my! Oh crikey! Ye gods and little fishes!"

A pushing, laughing crowd surrounded the Dormouse and informed him as to what would happen if he persisted in this. Crumb, a worse fellow than Baldock, white and puffy of face, white and puffy of body and soul, gave a minute description of the following tortures, the torture of the Electric Eel, the torture of the Fizzling Pants, the torture of the Twisted Towel, the torture of Jumping Frog . . .

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The Dormouse listened in silence.

"Well", said Baldock, smiling at him. "You see what'll happen to you if you stick to Cole. He's in a Study now. He won't be able to protect you. Besides, he wouldn't bother anyway. Nobody knows or cares what goes on in the Locker Room."

The Dormouse blinked but said nothing.

Baldock, slightly irritated because it seemed that he was being made a fool of before his friends, repeated:

"Will you swear death to Cole and all his set?"

The Dormouse, to his own private surprise, gulped out firmly:

"No, I won't."

What might have happened then no one knows. A sudden shout from another direction carried everyone away.

The Dormouse remained, his teeth chattering, ready for martyrdom.

On the third Saturday of term there were two matches, the First Fifteen at home against Merripath First, the Second away at Raddan.

The two teams were posted up on the Wednesday and Jeremy, joining the little crowd around the boards, found that he was in the game against Raddan.

At first he was conscious of a sharp stab of disappointment. At the beginning of last season the sight of his name in the Second Fifteen had swelled him with pride and joy; now he was chagrined. Then, looking again, he saw that Stevens's name was down with his at Half.

Then that chance remark of his in the Changing Room had borne fruit!

Not wishing to risk a new experiment in a First Fifteen match, they were going to see, in the comparative safety of a Second, how it was likely to work.

How it was likely to work! He became of a sudden strangely apprehensive. This had, after all, been only his idea, come upon him from the Lord knew where! He had never encountered Stevens personally, had no idea what he thought about it!

Then turning, he saw that Stevens himself was at his side, also looking at the board. Rather shyly he approached him.

"I say, they're playing us together in the Second."

"Yes. What's the idea?"

"Don't know. Suppose they thought they'd try it."

They looked awkwardly at one another. In all the many years' football relations they were to have together Jeremy was never to know, beyond the football itself, any more of Stevens than he knew at that moment. There was perhaps nothing more to know. He was a thin, sandy haired, pale faced, spindle shanked boy with colorless eyes and a receding chin. He was to prove himself a great artist in one thing, Rugby football, and in that he was an artist, as Cortot on the piano, Casals on the cello. An artist of that order — reserved, delicate, strong, and furiously self controlled. Well, one art is enough, but Rugby football does not, alas, last forever. . . .

Stevens, later a clerk in the Foreign Office, may have permitted Mrs. Stevens and the little Stevenses a glimpse of his divine fire — no other ever perceived it. But at once Jeremy achieved with him football intimacy. During all their times together they never spoke of anything else, never thought of anything else. Even here Stevens never betrayed either excitement or enthusiasm. He had, as no other footballer ever known to Jeremy had (and before the close of his footballer career there was no type of foot-

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baller unknown to him), an inner, inspired wisdom in the game. He had a foreknowledge of movements, developments, crises, that was nothing less than supernatural. He had no conceit — that would be for him too exciting an emotion — but he played like a prince among commoners.

He was, at the moment of this game against Raddan, almost unknown at Crale. He had, as I have already said, come late to the school. To the last he remained impersonal, colorless, uninteresting. He had genius in this one thing; and, as it is so often with genius, it came upon him as something exterior in no way transmuting the stuff of his personality.

Jeremy's alarm, however, grew as the three days passed. How did he know that this experiment would work? And if it did not work, if they failed as a pair at Raddan, then it might well be that he would be condemned to the Second Fifteen for the rest of the season.

Oh well, he could wait, but he did not want to wait for another season. Waiting was always for him a difficult thing.

Saturday was a beautiful day, one of those milky-warm, golden days of early October that are among the best in England.

Jeremy thought of the weather, however, technically. It would be a dry day with little wind, and that suited him.

It should not be a difficult game. Raddan was a school only half the size of Crale, and Raddan's First always played Crale's Second. Crale had lost last year and Jeremy remembered the game very vividly. It had been his first game in the Second and he had received a nasty kick in the thigh, which had hampered him for weeks afterward.

His spirits were not raised at all when he heard that Bunt was going over to Raddan with them. Bunt was all right, but he thought he knew more about the game than he did (Rugby football had changed since his day and he had not kept pace with the changes), and then he always wanted the boys of his own House in the team.

If Jeremy played well Bunt would be honest enough to applaud him (and indeed his enthusiasms were frequently absurd); but let Jeremy play badly and no one would hear the last of it. One game was enough for Bunt, and let him make up his mind, he was as obstinate as a mule about changing it.

Then, Bunt was a roaring, noisy kind of fellow, like a bull in face, figure, and temper. He had a hearty way with him, when he was in good spirits, of clapping you on the back, hitting you in the stomach, and roaring with merriment. A man of little dignity.

Twelve o'clock struck and it was time to be off — a short drive to Crale station, half an hour in the train, and then another half hour in the wagonette to Raddan.

Jeremy surveyed the rest of the team and didn't think much of them. The Three Quarters especially were weak. What was the use, even though Stevens and himself played like angels, if the Three Quarters didn't know what to do with the ball when they got it? A forward, Merriman, was Captain, a big bullock of a boy in Bunt's House, a decent chap with a baseless optimism founded on perfect health. There would be no very intelligent commanding from his direction.

Then, when they climbed into the school wagonette and started down the hill to the station, Jeremy's spirits rose. After all it was a wonderful day, the sea was singing like a happy baby, and little clouds like feathers fluttered good

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luck above their heads. Going away for a match was always a kind of holiday. One suddenly saw things in proper proportion, and worries like the row with Staire and Paddy Leeson's patronage and Parlow's eccentricities dwindled into their proper size. Bunt, who swelled in his place like an image of prosperous British agriculture (he was got up in a wonderful red-brown tweed — why will fat men always wear such gay colors?), was in the finest spirits and everyone laughed at his jokes and said eagerly "Yes sir" and "No sir" and thought him the most awful fool.

Then there was the little Crale station like a deserted packing case left by someone in the middle of the sloping hill, and beyond it the sea, encircled by the gorse-flaming moor, purple as Homer's warriors loved it to be. Then you might look ba k up the hill and see Crale piled high, pearl-grey, nobly commanding the world. You had, in spite of yourself, a thrill of pride that you belonged to it. Inside you were lost in the bowels of it and too deeply occupied to have time for pride about anything, but standing outside it and yet being of it you were allowed your haughty satisfaction.

Then, crowding into the train, boy on the top of boy, shouting heads out of window, the train starting, the wind rushing past, the trees bending their heads, the colors of the fields and the gardens running up into shapes and patterns — yes, this was life, and life at its best and finest.

Bunt was in one compartment and Merriman in the other. Jeremy was with Bunt.

Bunt was one of those men who, after many years of schoolmastery, have yet never learned to be finally sure of their authority. It is always difficult for a man who cares for popularity to take risks and, without taking risks, no one has ever yet been a true commander of boys. Bunt was not a true commander of anything because he adored to be liked, had created for himself a portrait of himself, genial, wise, far seeing, generous, and strong, and whenever this portrait was threatened he quailed because the destruction of it meant death to his peace of mind.

There is nothing that boys detect more sharply in their elders than complacency, and nothing that they punish more mercilessly. They did not always punish Bunt; there were times when his rubicund stout personality fitted the occasion, when his geniality was exactly what was required. Then boys, always acutely aware of the fitness of things, liked him and approved of him. But he must be backed by scholastic paraphernalia. Stripped of them, he was too obviously an ordinary weak and noisily nervous individual.

So now, trying to be authoritative, he failed. As with all masters who are not certain of their authority, he fastened on the weakest boy for his target, the target that the other boys would join with him in shooting at. But today they did not join. They were banded as one man against him. A boy, Colborne, Full Back for the School Second, a grave solemn boy with a grand and ceremonious sense of humor, asked him questions of great absurdity with an anxious and friendly manner. Bunt knew that the questions were absurd, but did not know how to escape without either loss of temper or of dignity.

"Have you been in Switzerland, sir?"

"Yes, Colborne, yes. Why not?"

"And what is the highest mountain you have ever climbed, sir?"

"Ah well — let me see. I can hardly claim any very great height."

"Never mind, sir, a little one will do."

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"Well, let me see, let me see. I really rather forget — "

"Oh sir, *do* remember. *Do* tell us —"

The whole carriage was intensely eager, leaning forward, serious faces, seriously waiting . . .

Nobody enjoyed the occasion more deeply than did Jeremy. Nothing he loved better than ragging anybody or anything.

"I suppose you didn't go up in a railway, sir?" he asked with intense and eager interest.

Now this was cheek and Bunt knew it. But he smiled and tried to make a joke and failed. Everyone laughed too heartily, as he also realized. He turned the subject, told an anecdote about a visit to India, a bath in tropical waters and an approaching shark, and, at the end of it, Colborne remarked:

"I knew an old lady once, sir, who kept a shark as a pet" — and began then a long and romantic story. At this, as everyone knew, he was a master, being able to work into his narrative a sequence of topical and even personal allusions which Bunt recognized but did not dare to drag into the open lest there should follow flat rebellion.

A miserable half hour Bunt passed in that carriage, and yet that evening he would be describing to Mrs. Bunt, "A delightful day, my dear. In the train? . . . Oh yes, behaved like angels. They always are with me. We understand one another."

They understood Bunt so well that on arrival at Scolar-Morton, the station for Raddan, everyone was in the highest spirits. Only over Jeremy a little cold shiver crept once again as they climbed into the Raddan wagonette. All right for the others, but for himself, yes, this game was of terrible importance. Bunt might be a fool but he was able, all the same, to carry sufficiently authentic nerve back to Crale. He wouldn't love Jeremy any the better for that gentle jesting in the train. And, there was no mistake about it, he did not feel in his true playing form. It was always so at the beginning of a season. He hadn't had practice games enough. It would be a week or two yet before he was in proper shape.

Raddan received them in a spirit of great excitement. This was one of the most important games of the year for them. It was true that it was only Crale's Second Team, but Crale was a school of so far greater an importance that Raddan's pride was not offended. After all, there would be more than one boy in the Crale Second who, before the season was over, would be tried for the First. The Raddan boys were both younger and smaller. Such a boy as Merriman was a giant to the youngsters of Raddan. The whole school would be there in force to cheer their heroes onward — and last year they had won, eleven points to five. This year they should win by more than that.

The Crale team were received with first class honors. The Raddan headmaster, Neilson, greeted them in his drawing room and Mrs. Neilson shook them all by the hand. They were taken round the school, shown the chapel, the library, and the gymnasium, and small boys stood as they passed and stared and whispered reverent comments.

Then at luncheon they all sat at the High Table (stared at throughout the meal by the school seated below them), were tempted to eat more than was good for them (a plot this, they were persuaded, to spoil their game), and

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were forced to talk in a false, polite society murmur.

Greatly relieved were all of them when this was over and they were taken by school Prefects into Studies where they swapped anecdotes, masters' characters, and holiday experiences.

In spite of all this hospitality, the Crale team were never entirely off their guard but behaved rather as a tribe of Indians entertained by a hostile tribe to discuss terms of peace.

Jeremy, in especial, was reserved, dignified and taciturn. As the great moment approached he found himself becoming ever more nervous. He did not remember that he had ever been so nervous before a game. He looked again and again at the chilly and imperturbable Stevens. How was that going to turn out? Suppose that Stevens played gloriously but that himself let him down? Then would he be more than ever disgraced. . . . Oh, what was he bothering about? Why *should* he play badly? And yet there were days, as he so very well knew, when simply *nothing* went right, when he could not hold the ball, when the opposing Scrum Half was always there first, when the oncoming Forwards seemed so fierce and gigantic that to go down to their rushes was nothing less than suicide.

Yes, the prospects were poor. . . . He went to change as though he were going to his execution.

Bunt, who had eaten and drunk splendidly at luncheon, came along to cheer them all up —

"Now then you fellows — how do you feel, fit?"

"Yes sir."

"That's good. Remember what I've told you. Don't let the ball out in your own Twenty Five. Keep the ball moving. Use your feet. Use your feet."

"Yes sir."

He came upon Jeremy, who was struggling into his football boots.

"Ah, Cole. Don't try too much on your own. Your job's to get the ball quickly off the ground and out to Stevens. You're a bit too fond of trying to cut through. No use being too clever, you know. Overreach yourself."

Jeremy, who was bent double and purple in the face over his boot tying, answered nothing.

Bunt, who always talked on until he encountered a reply either propitiatory or complimentary (silences made him uncomfortable), continued:

"I don't know what they're playing you and Stevens together for myself. I was against it. However, in a match like this it doesn't matter much. Do your best though. Do your best. Play for the School and not for yourself."

He looked up and waited and Jeremy said:

"Yes sir!"

Bunt passed on. "Silly old fool", thought Jeremy. "That's a nice sort of way to cheer a fellow up just before a game." He walked to the field sulky and silent. He was aware of mysterious aches in his body, his boots did not fit, his head hurt, he had a tickle in his nose. As he ran onto the ground with the others he was a rebel, a traitor, anything disgraceful and lonely. He hadn't a friend in the world.

(To be continued)

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THE LONDONER

The Twenty Fifth Anniversary of a London Publisher — The Price of Books — Attempts to Cheapen Books — A Home for Invalid Journalists — Autographed Books and the Prices They Fetch — A Literary Woman on Shakespeare's Heroines — "Things Happen, of Course"

LONDON, *February* 1, 1927.

I DO not know whether other people share my interest in the beginnings of things, but I believe that if we could know how all the enterprises with which we are familiar began we should be amazed at the amount of accident in the world — of lucky accident, as well as of unlucky accident. Take, for example, the astounding success of "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes". How many could have foreseen this? And that equally great success, "The Young Visiters" — am I betraying a confidence when I say that I believe the first edition of that book (in England) consisted of fifteen hundred copies? I do not absolutely guarantee the figure, which, if it is true, should make first English editions of "The Young Visiters" scarcer than ever; but I am not far wrong. These are two instances with enormously successful books. Any publisher could supplement such things from his own experience. Unfortunately he could also point to numerous cases of overprinting. He could say, after due time for thought, that "Here I was timid. Here I was reckless." Which reminds me that the motto for all publishers is the motto that I found somewhere long ago in a fairy story. It is "Be bold! Be BOLD! But not *too* bold!" All of this brings me to the point from which I started, which, although I have not yet mentioned it, is more important than any of the illustrations I have been furnishing. The starting point, then, is the twenty fifth anniversary of the house of George G. Harrap and Company, the London publishers. I had no notion that Messrs. Harrap had been in existence so long, although I have an impression that when I was a boy I used to see Mr. Harrap when he called upon the firm for which I then worked. But there is no question about the period, for there has been a grand dinner in celebration of the event, and it is the speech of Mr. Harrap upon the occasion of this dinner that I purpose quoting. This I do as illustration of the accidents which make up in our lives for an absence — an inevitable and wholly excusable absence — of deliberate plan. Mr. Harrap said:

> My earliest remembrance of publishing goes back to an occasion forty four years ago, when at the age of fifteen I stood in a queue on Ludgate Hill, an applicant for an advertised post in the publishing house of Isbister and Company, Ltd. At that time my ambition did not soar above a desire to earn a living — honestly, if I could — and I cannot claim to have chosen my profession. However, the profession chose me, and when I was permitted to place my feet upon the bottom rung of the Isbister ladder I found the work congenial and I spared no effort to make good. Every morning I came to the office a quarter of an hour before the stipulated time to prepare the mail for my superior, and I believe my keenness was responsible for advancement, which came in a couple of years or so, when I was placed in charge of a department.

Mr. Harrap proceeded to tell of his meetings first with Mr. D. C. Heath,

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the American publisher, and then with Mr. Irving Crowell. Through these meetings, which led to his becoming associated with both the American firms named, Mr. Harrap became in a quite special sense the representative of the two houses in question. The result of such apparently casual associations was that when Isbisters, who were not particularly enterprising publishers, although they had some admirable books in their list, were compelled through failing trade to close down, Mr. Harrap rose, as it were, from the ashes, and upon the basis of his American agencies was enabled to establish what has become an interesting and active business. Mr. Harrap said in the course of his speech:

> I had prepared four books with which to open my campaign. Of these, one has sold to the extent of over a quarter of a million copies, in all its forms; of another nearly 150,000 copies have been sold to date; and of the third some 35,000 copies were sold last year, twenty four years after its birth. The fourth was a failure, and we made over the plates to the Government during the War. Possibly they were converted into bullets!

The fourth book, you see, was a failure. I remember another publisher's telling me a similar story some years ago. He said that he began with two books. Of one of them, a short novel, which the firm bought for twenty five pounds, no hopes were entertained. For the other, also a novel, the publishers anticipated such terrific success that they sat chuckling at the prospect of assured glory and riches. Need I say that the fate of the two books was the reverse of what had been forecast? The despised book shot away to an instant success; while as to the other, I can only quote Oliver Goldsmith, and say

> The dog it was that died!

I believe, as I have said, that many publishers, if not all of them, could tell a similar tale — not perhaps in relation to the beginnings of their activities (though even here there may be parallels), but certainly as to the fate of different books in their lists. But not all publishers are yet in a position to celebrate the twenty fifth anniversary of the foundation of their businesses; and in congratulating Mr. Harrap upon his success I should also like to say that his words may well bring comfort to the hearts of other houses, who are engaged in weathering the storms of the present day. It is for this reason, in part, that I quote the happy speech which Mr. Harrap delivered.

* * * *

Now, here is another point. I see it reported — though I have missed the article itself — that Arnold Bennett has recently been protesting against the high price at which books are published. Here, as usual, Mr. Bennett is certainly right. Books are published at prices which are much too high. But why is this? I wonder whether we all remember the great outcry which was made in London some twenty odd years ago when Messrs. Hooper and Jackson, announcing in their turn that prices were too high, began publishing books at prices strictly in accord with the individual costs of production. I certainly remember it. I remember, too, that the enterprise did not persist. Why was that? It was because when a publisher prices his books strictly in accordance with their costs of production he expects to sell all the copies he prints of those books, and he expects that he will have no failures at all. The failure he has is that of his own business. It is quite true that the prices of books are too high — for the purchasers of those books. There is no doubt at all that if prices were

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lower we should all buy more books than we do. But we should not spend any more. We should only get more for our money. And getting more for our money would be a satisfaction for us, but it would result in the cutting down still further of the number of publishers. More and more of them would go out of business. Because, in selling more cheaply, they would be feeding us by pecking at their own breasts. Our books would be covered with the blood of dying publishers! Mr. Bennett would not mind that, perhaps, nor would many other authors, to whom the sight of the blood of publishers would be a gratification rare indeed. To the author, in fact, the publisher is a vampire. But while I am an author I have some sympathy for publishers. I see them as men who make large incomes, indeed, but as men who make these incomes very precariously out of the farthings and fractions of cents which are left from the takings of all those who contribute to the making of books for sale to the public. I see them as men who are always in distress — some of it real distress — over the heavy charges of those who supply paper and print, those who supply the bindings, those who undertake to sell what is printed and bound, those who insert advertisements of books, and those who do the actual clerical work of charging the booksellers for the books which are actually sent out of the publisher's establishment. I say nothing — or next to nothing — about the man who makes the smallest profit out of the publication of books — I mean the author — because it is notorious that novelists are the only persons who accept royalties upon the books they write, while real authors, such as Lord Birkenhead, receive any payment as a sort of surprising insult to their æsthetic love of literary composition. In face of all the people who have to be paid by the publisher, it seems to me that books cannot be made cheaper unless the respective payments are materially reduced. I read, for example, the other day, that a firm of American publishers was offering a forty per cent discount to the trade upon the published price of a popular book, provided the booksellers would take a large enough number of copies of that book. Now, I do not know what royalty the author of the book was being paid, but it was probably not less than twenty per cent. Most publishers reckon that what are called "overhead" charges are never less than twenty five or thirty per cent of the total turnover of their businesses, and in America thirty per cent is certain to be nearer the mark, if it is not an underestimate. Upon this book, therefore, we see that ninety per cent of the publishing price is already absorbed before a cent has been paid for the production of the book or put in the private purse of the publisher. Ten per cent of the publishing price is all that remains for paper, print, binding, advertising, and profit! True, the book was a five dollar book, and the opponents of the present prices may say that all these prices and expenses and so on might be cut down by half without anybody's being any the worse. But the fact of the matter is that what publishers live on, what they grow wealthy on, is the fraction; and upon a cheaper book the fraction is so small as to be invisible to the naked eye. Why, indeed, should publishers impoverish themselves for the sake of making a Roman holiday? No, I do not see how books can be cheaper. The real remedy for the whole situation lies in the limitation of books. The limitation of the number of books. I have said this before, and

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I shall say it again. And nobody has ever taken any notice of me and nobody will take any notice of me in the future. Living, as he does, upon fractions, the average publisher prefers that there should be a large number of these fractions. His attitude is that if he did not publish all the books he can get other people would publish them. So it appears to me as if the cure for present ills is to publish books at so high a price that nobody can afford to buy them at all. When that is done, we may have a return to small establishments, and to books published because they are really good books which have some interest for the publisher. As long as the present fractional system continues, publishers will continue to publish for turnover; and while they are in this way killing publishing, it is useless to ask them to sacrifice what appears to themselves to be their one chance of present survival and enrichment.

* * * *

A writer in the "Daily Express" asks, in connection with the problem of the prices of books, why it is that many novels, especially shorter novels, should not be published in the first instance at cheaper prices. He is speaking apropos of Martin Secker's beautiful little "Adelphi Library". Well, the reason why is that nobody in England buys new novels. That sounds very sweeping, but it is not much of an exaggeration. Only when books have attained to some sort of vogue will people spend money upon them. It will be said here, by those who do not agree, that nobody has ever tried the experiment of publishing novels cheap. The contrary is the case. About twenty years ago, Messrs. Chatto and Windus made the experiment of publishing novels at half a crown. It was a failure. The experiment was not repeated. Then Mr. Heinemann began to publish novels by very good and in some cases famous writers in a form smaller than crown octavo, and at the price of, I think, three shillings a volume. This experiment also was a failure. One of the books, in fact, written by a very famous writer indeed, was known familiarly in the bookselling trade as "The White Frost". Other experiments have been made of publishing novels in paper covers, in the style so well established upon the continent of Europe. All these experiments have been failures. When a book is well known and well tried, when it has attained to the position of being a semi-classic in its own generation, it can be published at a cheaper price; but upon such cheap editions the author's royalties are much reduced, the publisher's profits are negligible, and the sales are so small that the writer in the "Daily Express" would rub his eyes if he were to hear them. I doubt if he would believe the figures if they were given to him. But he may take it from me — if he should chance to see these words, which is unlikely — that nobody makes any money out of cheap publications, unless they are of such a character as to appeal to the widest possible public. Even so, when one thinks in hundreds of farthings, the results can be vaguely computed by such as will sit down with a ready reckoner.

* * * *

Let us turn to a more agreeable subject. I refer to the new fund for the foundation of a home for invalid journalists at Oak Hill, near Ipswich, in Suffolk. A house and estate has actually been presented to the Institute of Journalists by the present owner, Thomas R. Parkington, who has also undertaken to maintain the grounds in

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a state suiting the importance of the institution. The reports I have read of the luncheon given by Walter Rivers, of the "Reading Standard", for the purpose of founding the home, do not give any indication of the extent of the grounds, but it will at once be clear to all who hear of the gift that this is a truly admirable scheme. Journalists are by the nature of their work handicapped in the making of any provision for periods of illness. They are working at strange hours, and their work is exacting, precarious, and exhausting. I have known several journalists in my time, and I have found them the reverse of rich men. They are not, as a class, well paid. And, with taxation as high as it now is, and as it will continue to be, in England, the effort of any writer to prepare for the coming night when no man can work is inevitably discouraged. He is too busy earning enough to pay his bills and his taxes to have the wherewithal to lay money aside for the future. That is, unless he is exceptionally lucky or exceptionally determined. Moreover, journalists have a habit of waking up one morning and finding that they have no strength left to get on with their jobs. I do not say that we are not all of us occasionally in that situation, but with the journalist the sensation is a perfectly genuine one, whereas with us it may sometimes be mere feigning. Hence, of every class in the community the journalists are the men who most require just such an opportunity as is provided here. The money needed for the foundation of the home is fifty thousand pounds, and I think this ought to be gathered with fair ease, although it is a large sum. I notice that several of our wealthy newspaper owners were present at the luncheon. I hope they subscribed, after lunch, to the fund. Judging by the printed reports, they ought to have done something considerable, for the level of the speeches and the jokes uttered upon the occasion was puerile. Any working journalist, in my opinion, could have done better, and each and every speaker should have been required to pay very heavily indeed for the distress which he must have inflicted upon those present.

* * * *

I notice the following item in my newspaper, and think that it should be preserved:

> Books autographed by their authors fetched the following prices at an auction held in connection with the University College, London, Arts Department Bazaar: Rudyard Kipling, 24s.; G. M. Trevelyan, 21s. 6d.; Sir Oliver Lodge, 21s.; Lord Darling, 21s.; Philip Guedalla, 15s.; Sean O'Casey, 13s.; Ramsay Macdonald, 12s. 6d.; Dean Inge, 9s.; Walter de la Mare, 8s. 6d.; Gilbert Frankau, 4s.; William Le Queux, 2s. 6d.

As authors — and particularly novelists — are in receipt of almost daily letters from those who promote bazaars, asking for autographed copies of works by the said authors (I have at this moment upon my desk, stimulating me as I write, a demand of this kind which was sent to me unstamped by the applicant, so that I had to pay double postage upon it), I think it is of interest to see how prices for these things rule. I remember being told — I think it was by Montague Glass — that the author was once led to purchase for a couple of dollars one of his own works for inscription and presentation to a bazaar; that he visited the bazaar upon its last day and saw his own book, still unsold, lying upon the stall and marked down to 50 cents; and that as he lurked in the neighborhood, drawn by the morbid emotion which causes criminals always to resort to the scenes of their late crimes, he saw a woman pick up the book, scrutinize it,

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and make as if to buy it. Her friend, however, plucked the intending purchaser by the arm. "Oh, no", she said. "Don't buy that one. Somebody's been writing in it!" My own notion is that authors are rather good-natured persons; but I wonder whether the bazaar as an institution is not something of an imposition.

* * * *

I see in a quotation from Edwin Valentine Mitchell's "Book Notes" that one Muriel Stuart, who is said to be an English poet, has been writing upon the subject of Shakespeare's "Dull Women". She says, among other things, that they were "beautiful ice cream blocks", that Desdemona "was the prototype of E. M. Dell's sugar-coated dolls", and "anything so spineless, so futile, demanded a pillow on her face". The one exception, according to the extract I have seen, was Cleopatra, the reason for this one success being that Shakespeare preferred the "splendid male-female, fellow fighter, fellow roysterer, fellow drinker; a tiger in her passions, a great royal jade". It may have been so. It is not my idea of Shakespeare, but he is for all time and presumably for all styles of judgment. I only quote the words because they are typical of the sort of stuff that is written by many literary women of today regarding the female characters in modern books. I do not really find among men any preference for the tiger and royal jade, but I do notice a great readiness among certain women writers to prefer the trollops to the decent women. Why it should be so I cannot understand. I wish the average literary woman did not write such a lot of silly guff about her own sex. We should be able to admire women, and love them (as we do), without having all this stupid propaganda rammed down our throats. It shows an obtuseness, an insensitiveness, among our feminine literary lights (such as indulge this pernicious habit) which is disconcerting to their warm supporters. Moreover, this preference for the trollops, to which I refer above, is responsible for a good deal of that falseness in literary judgment which such women bring to the task of criticizing current literature. It is now becoming difficult to put a decent woman in a novel, for example, without calling down the curses of one of these trollop lovers, who finds decent women colorless. She wants the adventuress and the *demi-vierge* all the time. But all women are not either adventuresses or demies. Surely it is time to check this silly convention. I recommend a dose of Jane Austen. It is a dose — or rather, a grand adventure — which I have been relishing since Christmas. I suppose I reread the works of Jane Austen entire each year, while "Pride and Prejudice" and "Persuasion" I read several times a year; and there is so much sanity in these supreme novels that all the folly of the sex propagandist becomes extraordinarily tiresome by contrast. Is it not strange, indeed, that with all their talk the literary women of our day have never succeeded in giving us a new Jane Austen? Let the thought be pondered. I say nothing about Shakespeare's heroines, who are good enough as women, and vital enough as women, for most of us. But I can think of several women writers at this moment, in England and America, who are taking such a line as Miss Stuart does, not out of a desire to shock the conventional, but from real egomania.

* * * *

By this time H. M. Tomlinson's work of fiction — he will not let me

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speak of it as a novel, because he says he now has too great a respect for the novelist's craft to intrude there — should be finished. It is called "Gallions Reach". I will just draw attention to the respect which Mr. Tomlinson feels for the novelist's craft before I go on to tell you any more about "Gallions Reach", because such words are unusual. Novelists are not accustomed to them. Novelists are accustomed to be spurned. The famous passage about the camel and the needle's eye has now been rewritten, so that instead of a rich man we have a novelist entering the ranks of his own critics. "Only a novel", etc. (see chapter five of "Northanger Abbey", which may be read and reread for solid sense) is quite common form nowadays among the dilettanti. So I draw attention to the fact that H. M. Tomlinson respects us! But that is because he is the most modest of all men, and is no dealer in the envies of the sterile, and I am prepared to find "Gallions Reach" far superior to any novel of the day. Let me tell you something of what it is about. It begins in London. It contains a murder. Its action hurries us to the tropics. As Mr. Tomlinson carelessly (and maddeningly) says, "Things happen, of course." Of course they do! But won't that be a fine change! The phrase stirs the blood, as much by its carelessness as by its explicit promise. *Such* things, in fact! Such things as dreams are made on. "Things happen, of course." Do you see? Are not those the words of a man who has written the book that you and I are dying to read? They are. Treasure is found. And Mr. Tomlinson says that "Gallions Reach" is a straightforward story. I can believe that. I can believe that there are many thousands of people who will find it a jolly good yarn, and nothing more. But for those of us who know what writing is (for even I know that, at a distance), there will be the author's manner; while for those of us who have any taste for things that are finer even than style there will, I am convinced, be rewards yet greater. Do not forget. If you see the words "Gallions Reach" upon the cover of a magazine, do not wait but get the magazine at once. "Things happen, of course." You'll find they do!

SIMON PURE

MIRACLE

By Roberta Swartz

TEN thousand musics never could
Stir an image out of wood,
But let love knock at the church door
And saints in niches, grey with lore,
Step from their halos to the floor,
And laugh, and are alive once more.

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THE NEW YORKER

Lo, the Poor Mother! — Life in Russia — Sanger's Circus on Broadway — A Revival — What Never Dies — Some Musical Plays — Twelfth Night and New Year's Eve

IT seems to be a Sidney Howard year. Last month the Theatre Guild produced his "Ned McCobb's Daughter", and following closely on that event the same organization offered "The Silver Cord". While the former was in many ways admirable and found favor, this new piece bids fair to be a hit, and it is by all odds the better of the two. "The Silver Cord" is that tenuous bond between mother and child which, often unbroken at birth, continues through the later years growing in strength until it has the power of a cable and is about as inescapable. In the good old fashioned days we used to call it apron strings, thereby saving sensibilities and lending an atmosphere of the kitchen rather than the clinic to the subjects; but times have changed and outworn metaphors must be changed with them. In this play Mr. Howard has leaned heavily on Freud and his contemporaries. The result is altogether excellent. The only trouble with Mrs. Phelps was that she loved her sons too much. That seems almost a virtue, but the playwright promptly goes about making a most damning case against the poor woman. She coddled them to a degree that was nauseous, she planned their lives serenely if not sensibly, and she interfered with their love affairs to such an extent that she nearly created a tragedy. David, the eldest, had to go to Europe to find a wife, and his brother Robert was having hard sledding with his fiancée when the married pair returned to the old homestead on a visit which they had intended to be brief, but which the mother intended to be permanent. In the space of one short evening she showed her new daughter-in-law her place and broke off the engagement between Hester and Robert. More than that, she engulfed both sons in such an ocean of mawkish love that by some hocuspocus they came to believe she was the finest and most self sacrificing woman who ever gave a dose of soothing syrup. She admitted that the boys were the proudest jewels in her maternal crown, and it was not until poor little Hester floundered into the duck pond in her efforts to escape this Cornelia and her Gracchi that Christina, the wife of David, turned and rent her mother-in-law in fine style. Even then Mrs. Phelps won half a victory, for while David was borne off to New York and a new life, Robert elected to remain behind, the victim of his mother's devotion.

Mrs. Phelps is brilliantly played by Laura Hope Crews who must revel in this rôle, so rich is it. Her acting is unerring, sophisticated and witty, and when in the end she makes her speech of rebuttal against Christina one is tempted to believe she has the better of the argument, so convincing is she. Elizabeth Risdon is admirable as the daughter-in-law, and Margalo Gillmore gives a poignantly lovely performance as Hester. We feel like cheering for this young actress. Miscast in "Ned McCobb's Daughter", she here has a

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part which shows what she can do, and that is a great deal. Elliot Cabot as David and Earle Larimore as Robert do not have quite so happy a time of it. It is difficult to portray men as weaklings and at the same time make them good fellows, which was obviously the playwright's intention. In particular we were sorry for poor Mr. Larimore who had to go around arranging flowers in vases and then stand off to judge the effect, indicating thereby that he had the leanings of an interior decorator, whatever they may be. Some of the verisimilitude of the play has been sacrificed for sheer farce, especially when Christina comes into her husband's bedroom and his mother hustles him into a wrapper while the bride stands with downcast eyes. Elliot Cabot in striped pajamas is not such a fascinating sight as to cause instant havoc in the heart of maid or matron, but evidently his stage mother thought him so. That the play presents a living problem, however, is evidenced by the fact that we began making a list of ladies we could not take to it. It was considerable and consisted entirely of married women with children. Were it not for the lesson that it teaches we should advise advertising "The Silver Cord" as "For Men Only".

The Theatre Guild again, this time offering "The Brothers Karamazov", based on Dostoyevsky's great novel, presents a wild Russian evening with all the emotions, but mostly despair, running riot. It certainly seems as if the Russians go out of their way to stir up trouble for themselves. Time and again we felt that all would be well if only a little common sense were used or, failing that, if only a kind friend would give a word of advice. We ached to give that word. If Feodor had been a little decent to Smerdiakov he would not have had his skull crushed by an iron weight; if Katerina had not been so busy paying a mythical debt she might have married Ivan at once; and if Dmitri had only taken the trouble to prepare his alibi he would not have been sent unjustly to Siberia. But if Dostoyevsky had made his characters rational, or western perhaps, then we should not have had this tense, moving play overflowing with emotion and gusty with passion. There is a force, a crude vitality, about it that holds you breathless on the edge of your seat. It is really not necessary to rationalize about the characters, but only to realize that here are people suffering as intensely as people may suffer, buffeted about by an unknown fate which has us all at its mercy although we try to hide the fact of predestination by futile little gestures. In a very large cast we particularly admired Edward G. Robinson, George Gaul, Dudley Digges, Clare Eames, and Lynn Fontanne, all of whom played with marvelous restraint. In fact we liked everybody but Alfred Lunt, who as Dmitri seems to have substituted yelling for acting. It is unfortunate; so noisy was he in his opening scenes and thereafter that when the times came for an outbreak into frothing emotion he had nothing left but the same shouts, which did not sound greatly different from those that he had uttered before. Jacques Copeau has directed the production beautifully, and the settings by Raymond Sovey are superbly done.

After a great deal of ballyhoo Margaret Kennedy's famous book "The Constant Nymph" at last appeared as a play, only to find the critics and public much divided over it. There were those who liked it and those who didn't. For ourself we found much good and some bad in the production,

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which after all might well have been expected. "The Constant Nymph" must have been no easy thing to dramatize. In the first place, a play creates or is supposed to create in its opening act an atmosphere that thereafter remains the keynote of the piece. Naturally, when one is jumped from Sanger's Circus in the Tyrol to the music room of a London home, from there to a concert hall, and finally to a bawdy house in Brussels, the continuity of the play is apt to become somewhat confused. It is not only the locale that changes but the characters as well. Antonia, from being a naughty little girl, "no better than she should be", is metamorphosed into a respectable young matron; Florence Churchill develops a temper conspicuous for its absence before; and even the famous Tessa changes from a nymph-like creature all airs and whimsies to a pathetic drudge-like little soul not unlike June Walker's interpretation of the girl in "The Glass Slipper" a year ago. The fun and naive sophistication, if there is such a phrase, of Sanger's Circus fails entirely to come off. The part showing this musical and temperamental family at home in the Tyrol is merely confusing, and we had much difficulty in understanding the lines. In the novel it is all quite convincing and logical, but the stage is after all limited in ways that a book need never be. There are some lovely scenes showing Tessa's awakening love for Lewis Dodd, and her death in the pension at Brussels is as poignant a thing as the stage has had to offer this year. Beatrix Thomson made a beautiful rôle of Tessa. She was brought over from England after the producers had sought diligently here for someone adequate to fill the part, and after some thought we agree with them. We know of nobody on the American stage who could do it half so well. We wish they had taken as much care with the part of Lewis Dodd. Glenn Anders, to whom it was handed, makes his selfish musician a thoroughly unconvincing affair. You may like the play or you may not. It is neither all good nor all bad. What is all bad, though, is the singing which interlards the first act. It must have contributed much to the death of the musical Sanger in his room offstage.

An ancient and honorable member of the order of well tried plays was brought to town when Otis Skinner was presented again in "The Honor of the Family". This play, which has served the star these many years, is now unhappily a little out of date. Times have changed, for it does not ring quite true. When Balzac wrote "Un Ménage de Garçon" it was impossible to conceive of Flora, the darling of an old man while she loved a young one, as anything but a villainess well steeped in sin. But today there is a good deal

THE DRAMA SHELF

"Little Theatre Organization and Management" by Alexander Dean (Appleton). This handbook, sponsored by the Drama League and introduced by Walter Prichard Eaton, contains a history of the amateur drama as well as practical suggestions.

"The Wood Demon" by Anton Tchehov (Macmillan). S. S. Koteliansky has translated the four act comedy which the dramatist later revised as "Uncle Vanya".

"The Plays of Richard Brinsley Sheridan" edited by Iolo A. Williams (Dial). A one volume edition containing for the first time the text of "The School for Scandal" as approved by Sheridan.

"Gilbert and Sullivan" by A. H. Godwin (Dutton). G. K. Chesterton writes an introduction to this excellent analysis of the famous partnership.

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of sympathy for Flora; one wishes she could get her lover either with or without the old man's money, even though the honor of the family is well nicked and chipped in the getting. Family honor was something to conjure with in those days, however, so Max gets a sword thrust where it will permanently quiet his ambitions and Flora is turned out of doors. If twenty years ago you enjoyed Otis Skinner ramping and r'aring about the stage as the fiery Colonel Bridau you will probably enjoy him today, and you are bound to like Jessie Royce Landis who plays Flora with great ability, and who is beautiful in the bargain. The rest of the supporting company was generally quite miserable and did no credit to Mr. Skinner at all.

David Belasco sought to freshen his wilting season by producing a surefire play with a surefire star. So he selected "What Never Dies", a comedy translated from the German by the gifted Ernest Boyd, and into this vehicle he projected E. H. Sothern as the lead. The results were a little unexpected to everybody. In his efforts to give us our money's worth Mr. Belasco permitted the production to run on for so long that it seemed likely to be the permanent attraction at the Lyceum Theatre in more senses than one; and while the translation was quite delightful still there were strange interpolations which we feel assured could never have come from the pen of Mr. Boyd. He is a subtle artist and not given to wise cracks. More than this, Haidee Wright, who is at most a featured member of the cast, calmly picked up the piece and ran away with all the honors. Mr. Sothern's smiles as he acknowledged his indebtedness to her in curtain calls may have had a hint of wryness about them. "What Never Dies" is all about love of course, and how it can remain fresh and virile at almost any age. To prove this Tiburtius, himself a grandfather, runs away to Italy, marries a pretty girl, and has a child. But he reckons without his mother, Frau von Dollereder, and all his sons and grandchildren. They hurry from Vienna to Rome in order to free him from this entanglement, and they probably would have succeeded if the girl had not thoughtfully provided herself with a wedding ring. That defeats them, and the great grandmother decides that if love can perform such miracles then they had better leave well enough alone. Disciples of Steinach in the audience could be heard giving their thoughtful approval. In staging the piece Mr. Belasco had evidently decided on two dominant notes. The first should be gloom, and the second gaiety. In consequence, the first act was so dark that we mistook Mr. Sothern for a chair for twenty minutes. The other acts were so bright that we were almost sunburned. Every time someone rang for a maid the glad young thing would come tripping in backward, waving her hand to singing lovers in the garden where trees dripped vines and flowers. All this may prove something — possibly that life is gayer in Rome than in Vienna. We wish we knew.

To one who found the much vaunted "Student Prince" and "Countess Maritza" wearisomely inane as to plot, "The Desert Song" came as a restorer of faith in the operetta as a form of entertainment. Here is good music wedded to a swiftly moving story. What is more, here is a cast whose members combine acting ability with real singing or, as in the case of Pearl Regay, with sinewy oriental dancing. Vivienne Segal and Robert Halliday make you willing to believe in the love story. Eddie Buzzell as the American

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reporter astray among the bold bad Riffs enlivens matters considerably. And a tall basso named Lyle Evans in his majestic rôle of harem lord reminded us of no less a person than Chaliapin. Scenes in mountain, desert, and harem give opportunity for beautiful settings. There is a chorus of good male voices, and a squad of energetic female steppers. What more can one ask?

We saw "The Desert Song" — one hundred per cent American as to origin — just in time to save us from the statement: "It takes the French to do it." For we came to it fresh from an enthusiastic matinée with the Opéra Comique, or such of it as was loaned to Broadway for a brief period. "La Fille de Madame Angot" was the particular subject for jollification, but we had the feeling that this spirited troupe could have instilled life and mirth into a far duller contraption than this old standby of the light opera stage.

Old standbys continue to be the fare which Cécile Sorel metes out to enthusiastic devotees. We went to see her a second time, in Dumas's "Le Demi Monde". And we came away with the treasonous thought that her mannered acting throws into pleasant relief the charming naturalness of her gifted company.

A number of musical plays came to town. Besides "The Desert Song" we saw "Peggy-Ann" and "The Nightingale". "Peggy-Ann", which is starring Helen Ford, is quite bad. It is noted neither for music nor for costumes, the latter being unbelievably garish. Such humor as there is provides nothing sensationally new, and we were saddened by the sight of Betty Starbuck in a comic rôle. Until now we had always admired her greatly. Here, however, she seems miscast.

"The Nightingale" made up for our disappointment. Based on the life of Jenny Lind while in America, it gives the Shuberts a splendid opportunity to dress their pretty girls in hoops and ruffles. Their young men are garbed for the most part as West Pointers and they make a brave showing. But this is not all. The music is delightful, the book is funny. Stanley Lupino, who lately languished with Mitzi, has full scope for his talents and he makes the most of them. The high light of the evening for us was the discovery of Violet Carlson, as amusing a comédienne as we have seen this season or last. We should like to have carried her away in our vest pocket — she is about that big. Eleanor Painter sang the arduous rôle of Jenny Lind delightfully, and Ralph Errolle's voice is always lovely. We enjoyed "The Nightingale".

Eva Le Gallienne's Repertory Theatre presented "Twelfth Night" in a performance which ranged all the way from very good to quite terrible. At least this theatre is ambitious, and on the whole successful with its productions. We have seen Shakespeare not so well done up town.

New Year's Eve, wisely avoiding cabarets and night clubs, we went to the opera, where "The Magic Flute" was being sung, selected we suppose for its festive music. We did not think the voices extraordinary with the exception of Marion Talley, who seems to have gained greater skill if not more quality since last year. It shocked us to find Mozart's tinkly music being sung against many scenes distinctly Russian in character. We hoped it did not provide a portent for the New Year — Mozart and a Russian décor! Coolidge voting Democratic — Wayne B. Wheeler getting drunk. What an anomaly!

LARRY BARRETTO

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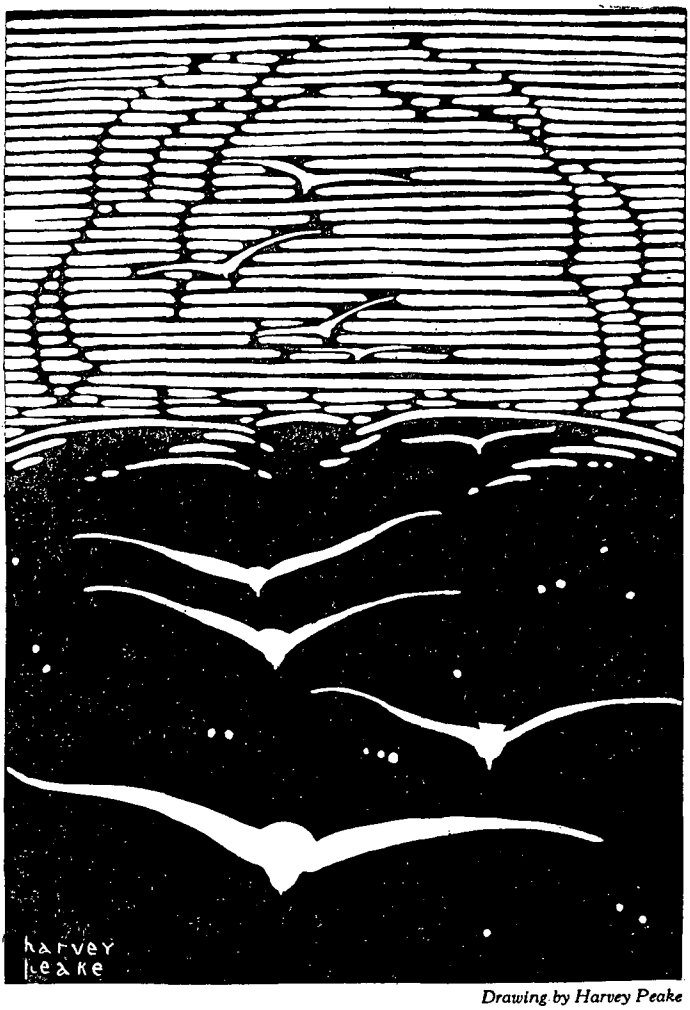

Drawing by Harvey Peake

WHITE GULLS

By Charles Norman

YONDER are the islands, and the sea behind them,
There are the drowned men where no one will find them.
There pace the snorting, dark, ponderous stallions
Trampling the coral decks of drifting galleons.
Spray flew up into their sails when men began to go there,
White gulls are crying, and the old winds blow there.
The sack of many splendid towns is strewn beneath the waters,
Red weeds on the kings' brows, and queens' daughters.

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THE BOOKMAN'S GUIDE TO FICTION

THE BOOKMAN *will present each month tabloid reviews of a selected list of recent fiction. This section will include also the books most in demand according to the current reports in "Books of the Month", compiled by the R. R. Bowker Company, The Baker and Taylor Company's "Retail Bookseller", and* THE BOOKMAN'S *"Monthly Score". Such books as the editor specially recommends are marked with a star.*

O. HENRY MEMORIAL AWARD PRIZE STORIES OF 1926 — *Doubleday, Page.* Such staples as Wilbur Daniel Steele, Sherwood Anderson, Booth Tarkington, Ben Ames Williams, together with a sideline of novelties.

REVELRY — Samuel Hopkins Adams — *Boni, Liveright.* Picture of a presidential administration which has stirred up much comment, ethical as well as literary.

FANTÔMAS CAPTURED — Marcel Allain — *McKay.* One more link has been added to this lengthy chain of cinema scripts.

GLORY — LÉONIE AMINOFF — *Dutton.* Latest in the series of Mme. Aminoff's lively fictional treatment of Napoleon, in which he reaches the summit of his career and is crowned Emperor.

CHARITY'S CHOSEN — Ruby M. Ayres — *Doran.* No man is proof against a woman's love, according to this swift romance.

BEHIND THE FOG — H. H. Bashford — *Harper.* Breaking up an international white slave ring involves a chivalrous gentleman in unusual perils among the most desolate islands of Norway.

THE HIDDEN KINGDOM — Francis Beeding — *Little, Brown.* Another international conspiracy, the scene this time laid in the wilds of Mongolia, fulfilling prophecies handed down from the time of Genghis Khan.

THE CITY WITHOUT JEWS — Hugo Bettauer — *Bloch.* What might have happened in Vienna if the anti-Semites had had their way is described in readable, though journalistically superficial, fashion.

THE BELATED RECKONING — Phyllis Bottome — *Doran.* The beauty of Miss Bottome's writing displayed in a tender and characteristic theme.

* EARLY AUTUMN — Louis Bromfield — *Stokes.* The third of a splendid trilogy; a New England family decays but Olivia Pentland and others remain very much alive.

* HER SON'S WIFE — Dorothy Canfield — *Harcourt, Brace.* A successful giftbook for mothers-in-law, because the portrayal of Mrs. Bascomb is sympathetic and revelatory.

* THE MYSTERIOUS AFFAIR AT STYLES — Agatha Christie — *Dodd, Mead.* Better than "The Murder of Roger Ackroyd". A tightly knit and absorbing mystery. (*See page 79.*)

A CHEQUER-BOARD — Robert Clay — *Lippincott.* Wild days on a pirate ship, and a love story in the bargain.

* GREEN FOREST — Nathalie Sedgwick Colby — *Harcourt, Brace.* With subtle cleverness the whole action of this transatlantic voyage is delineated in musings of the principal character.

THE BLACK HUNTER — James Oliver Curwood — *Cosmopolitan.* An historical novel — more novel than historical — dealing with the French conquest of Canada.

SORRELL AND SON — Warwick Deeping — *Knopf.* A curious admixture of sentimentality and reality which leaves the reader wondering how he liked it.

THE KAYS — Margaret Deland — *Harper.* Wherein a son inherits an adamantine code of morals from his austere mother and they suffer beautifully together.

THE MINISTER'S DAUGHTER — Hildur Dixelius — *Dutton.* A Swedish minister's daughter who only starts to run true to the proverbial form.

* AN AMERICAN TRAGEDY — Theodore Dreiser — *Boni, Liveright.* Our ambassador to the literary court of St. James. American life at its worst — but American life none the less.

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FLYING CLUES — Charles J. Dutton — *Dodd, Mead.* Murder and cocaine smuggling in the suburbs. Good if you relish this type of excitement.

* INTRODUCTION TO SALLY — Elizabeth — *Doubleday, Page.* Beautiful Sally, the grocer's daughter, will not be circumspect, and the effort to keep her from her votaries forms a delightful yarn.

* GALAHAD — John Erskine — *Bobbs-Merrill.* The Holy Grail in tinsel, and the doings of knights and ladies in terms our age can appreciate.

THE PRIVATE LIFE OF HELEN OF TROY — John Erskine — *Bobbs-Merrill.* The social philosophy of Mr. Erskine peeps ingratiatingly from behind the draperies of the pretty Helen.

* SHOW BOAT — Edna Ferber — *Doubleday, Page.* An excellent tale of the Father of Waters which has become the father of libel suits.

* THE SILVER SPOON — John Galsworthy — *Scribner.* Continued doings of those magnificent Forsytes, set in the English drawing room of 1924.

* TRAIL MAKERS OF THE MIDDLE BORDER — Hamlin Garland — *Macmillan.* A striking account of antebellum and bellum days in the then west; worthy to follow its predecessors.

* LABELS — A. Hamilton Gibbs — *Little, Brown.* Soldier, nurse, pacifist, and patriotic papa meet in the confusing world which the war made safe for democracy; their strivings form a superb spectacle.

* YOUNG ANARCHY — Philip Gibbs — *Doran.* Modern youth in a situation both exciting and memorable.

* THE ROMANTIC COMEDIANS — Ellen Glasgow — *Doubleday, Page.* Daddy Browning and Peaches Heenan — more or less — as seen by Miss Glasgow's extraordinary mind.

* LITTLE PITCHERS — Isa Glenn — *Knopf.* A sensitive boy's growth in understanding of his parents, subtly imparted by suggestion.

UNDER THE TONTO RIM — Zane Grey — *Harper.* Foiling desperate villains, saving and winning the lovely heroine, furnish the usual foreground for some most attractive descriptions of wild western scenery.

ODALISQUE — L. M. Hussey — *Knopf.* Panchita Ramírez lives her life in Caracas and New York without fatal or other exciting results.

* SPELL LAND — Sheila Kaye-Smith — *Dutton.* Farm life at its most glorious. (*See page 79.*)

DEBITS AND CREDITS — Rudyard Kipling — *Doubleday, Page.* Short stories and poems which prove that age has not yet emasculated the genius in Rudyard Kipling.

THE UNDERSTANDING HEART — Peter B. Kyne — *Cosmopolitan.* A woman becomes a covert from the tempest and her heart merits the title of the book.

LILIECRONA'S HOME — Selma Lagerlöf — *Dutton.* A lovely fairy tale of modern Swedish country life, with a wicked stepmother and all the other necessary ingredients.

THE BIG MOGUL — Joseph C. Lincoln — *Appleton.* The armored male discovers the supple strength of woman and his heart melts admirably.

THE RIVER FLOWS — F. L. Lucas — *Macmillan.* A somewhat neurotic and not very appealing story of a modern triangle.

THE CURSE OF THE RECKAVILES — Walter S. Masterman — *Dutton.* A very pretty murder, a missing heir, and wedding bells, all baffling.

THE WISHING CARPET — Ruth Comfort Mitchell — *Appleton.* One of Dixie Land's most attractive daughters is finally won after a stormy wooing.

* CHEVRONS — Leonard Nason — *Doran.* The doughboy novel that has swept the country, provoking laughter and tears.

HILDEGARDE — Kathleen Norris — *Doubleday, Page.* A sort of "Private Life of Cinderella"; dramatic, adroit, likable.

THE BEST SHORT STORIES OF 1926 — Edward J. O'Brien — *Dodd, Mead.* A collection which may be enjoyed as well as appreciated.

THE TERRIBLE HOBBY OF SIR JOSEPH LONDE, BART.; THE CHANNAY SYNDICATE; THE ADVENTURES OF MR. JOSEPH P. CRAY; MADAME AND HER TWELVE VIRGINS — E. Phillips Oppenheim — *Little, Brown.* There is an undercurrent of humor in even the most scary of these four "Pocket Thrillers".

SIR PERCY HITS BACK — Baroness Orczy — *Doran.* The eternal Pimpernel as gaily disarming as always.

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THE DARK DAWN — Martha Ostenso — *Dodd, Mead.* A young man with an Œdipus complex marries a demoniacal wife, so to say, and melodramatic tragedy ensues.

THE GIANT OF OLDBORNE — John Owen — *Houghton Mifflin.* In the poor, overgrown body lodge the soul of a poet and a heart capable of noble self sacrifice, a combination that naturally leads to tragedy.

THE PACER — Viola Paradise — *Dutton.* In which a perfectly nice girl has to choose between a poet and a pickle king.

THE REBEL BIRD — Diana Patrick — *Dutton.* Proving that lawless love does not debar the sinner from noble self sacrifice.

SHOOT! — Luigi Pirandello — *Dutton.* He was just a hand to turn the crank of a movie camera, but he took an active part in some lively passages among members of the company.

PANDORA — Arthur B. Reeve — *Harper.* Craig Kennedy, the popular scientific detective, upsets a world wide chemical conspiracy in his wonted spectacular fashion.

28 HUMOROUS STORIES OLD AND NEW — Ernest Rhys and C. A. Dawson-Scott — *Appleton.* The American stories will probably seem funnier than those by the English authors.

CHERRY SQUARE — Grace Richmond — *Doubleday, Page.* A neighborly novel of a quiet eastern town, by the author of "Red Pepper Burns".

EAST SIDE, WEST SIDE — Felix Riesenberg — *Harcourt, Brace.* Another of those composite pictures of New York and another young man making good.

BELLARION — Rafael Sabatini — *Houghton Mifflin.* The warrior finds his conquered world insipid without the delectable princess. So he adds her to the menu.

ONE, TWO, THREE — Paul Selver — *Doran.* Provocative, piquant, amusing love story, told with skill.

THE CITY IN THE SEA — H. deVere Stacpoole — *Doran.* Buried treasure as the focal point for highly colored romance.

GRAIN — Robert Stead — *Doran.* Powerful drama in the waving wheat fields.

* THE PLUTOCRAT — Booth Tarkington — *Doubleday, Page.* Babbitt on a cruise around the world. Seen in a better light than he was in Zenith. (*See page 19.*)

FOAM — Mary Dixon Thayer — *Dorrance.* Frothy surface treatment of a substantial undercurrent of plot and character drawing.

KINGDOMS OF THE WORLD — Margaretta Tuttle — *Putnam.* One of the most eligible of the Roman nobility meets his fate in the person of a charming American girl.

TRANSFIGURATION — Sergeev Tzensky — *McBride.* Brilliant characterization and conversation in a typically Russian novel that discusses the subtleties of a dramatic situation of power.

A WOMAN IN EXILE — Horace Annesley Vachell — *Stokes.* How the marriage of an English aristocrat with a son of the American west leaves her with a fine appreciation of the true values of living.

* HARMER JOHN — Hugh Walpole — *Doran.* This brilliant character study is the author's best book in years.

THE KEY ABOVE THE DOOR — Maurice Walsh — *Stokes.* A moderately entertaining idyl of a Scotch scholar tramp and his mysterious lady love.

THE NOT IMPOSSIBLE SHE — Arthur Weigall — *Frank-Maurice.* Thoroughly modern characters in a clever plot use frankly Elizabethan expressions.

THE RUIN — Edward Sackville West — *Knopf.* Unholy passions of a neurotic and tragic family described with glittering virtuosity.

BEAU GESTE — Percival C. Wren — *Stokes.* A cinema on paper. Brightly colored and stuffed with adventure and enigma.

* BEAU SABREUR — Percival C. Wren — *Stokes.* Moves with the velocity of light; an exemplary novel of its kind.

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THE EDITOR RECOMMENDS—

BOOKS THAT MAY HAVE ESCAPED YOU

1. "The Story of Mankind" by Hendrik Van Loon (Boni, Liveright). The thirty second edition of this history for children of all ages has an added chapter bringing the tale up to date.

2. "The Autobiography and Memoirs of Benjamin Robert Haydon" edited from his journals by Tom Taylor (Harcourt, Brace). Aldous Huxley's introduction whets interest in this fascinating mirror of the early nineteenth century, reprinted after many years.

3. "Voltaire's 'The Age of Louis XIV'" translated by Martyn P. Pollack (Dutton). One of an interesting new series of volumes in Everyman's Library.

4. "Max Havelaar" by Multatuli, translated by W. Siebenhaar (Knopf). D. H. Lawrence in his introduction gives reasons why this Dutch "Uncle Tom's Cabin" of 1860 should be more widely known.

5. "Nightmare Abbey" by Thomas Love Peacock. If you have enjoyed "The Orphan Angel", look up this charming and far too little read novel.

The Mysterious Mrs. Christie

IS it an index of what people really like to read in their off moments that there are no mystery stories whatsoever left in my library? Someone might reply, "No, it is only an index of the sort of person who visits your house?" By way of retort I could offer a guestbook if my wife believed in one; but she doesn't. Be that as it may, I have during the past few months spent a small fortune in the purchase of copies of "The Murder of Roger Ackroyd", and now have spent a fortunate morning in the perusal of "The Mysterious Affair at Styles". Mrs. Christie of late has been much in the public prints. Just what the truth of that disappearance may be, I do not know. It does not seem to me to matter. She writes mystery stories rather better than any other woman except Mrs. Rinehart. That's enough for me. "The Mysterious Affair at Styles" (Dodd, Mead), as I understand it, was her first novel. This is extraordinary, if so; for it is a better novel than "The Murder of Roger Ackroyd". The method is somewhat the same, since Poirot is used as a detective foil to the hero and to Scotland Yard. However, whereas it is possible, I think, to guess who murdered Roger, the question of who murdered Mrs. Inglethorp remained inexplicable to one reader, at least, until the author chose to unravel her knots. What more is there to say of a good mystery story than this—that it is written so as not to insult the intelligence, and that it is mysterious? I wish that you would tell me some old mystery stories that have delighted you. I think I am about to make a collection of them as insurance against the boredom of old age. There are never enough good ones in one or two seasons of book publishing to satisfy this insatiable appetite.

The Spell of Miss Kaye-Smith

"SPELL LAND" (Dutton) is a book of Sheila Kaye-Smith's imported some years ago but never before printed in America. It is a good book, a fasci-

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nating book, with its quiet pages of measured prose, its appealing characters, its tragic progression. The triangle which Miss Kaye-Smith uses is not a new one, but one capable of many developments, and she has not neglected her chances to use them. The shy, groping, but outwardly egotistical youth is placed over against the carefree, gallant, fundamentally egotistical youth; and the triangle is completed by the mother-mistress woman who, loving the first, is convinced of the love of the second for her. In her rural English background, the author tells her dramatic tale with shrewdness mixed with poetry. It is a novel for those who appreciate the novel in its fullest proportions. It has neither the pungent sexuality of much recent fiction, nor its swift brilliance; but it has something more important, and less fleeting, a deep understanding of humanity and a regard for the method commonly known as that of the novelist. I was much impressed recently by an article written by Compton Mackenzie, addressed to the Roman Catholic public but applying, to be sure, to any public. It was published in "America" as part of a series by various Roman Catholic writers. I quote part of it to show, not only what Mr. Mackenzie thinks of the progress of the modern novel, but also what seems to me a sound view for all of us to take:

By the way, before the invention of photography what was the stigma that critics cast upon photographic writers? Aristophanes would certainly have called Euripides a photographic dramatist if there had been kodaks on the Areopagus in those days. I have often been assured by American "intellectuals" that "Main Street" and "Babbitt" are no more than clever photography. Yet I have no doubt that both these novels will be read one day to find out what America was like in this tumbledown time of ours. My own opinion is that no novel which does not reflect sanely and with some catholicity of mind its own age has any chance of life hereafter. Every age will have its own intimate novelists. The coprolites of the great saurians have an interest for geologists because even a coprolite from the vast unknown past is something; but the coprolites of contemporary cerebration will never be noticed by the trillions that swarm ahead of us in the abysm of futurity.

This Stream of Poets

THERE seem to be few books coming across the desk this time of year. Some of the more important ones, like "The Plutocrat" — which, by the way, amused me intensely — I have handed on to others to review. All that is left is a thin pile of poetry volumes, and a fine piece of criticism, "Robinson Jeffers" (Boni, Liveright), by George Sterling, whose death was so great a shock recently to lovers of his exquisite lyrics. Robinson Jeffers is one of these poets that I must take on faith. I am willing to believe all that my friends say about him, and I have enjoyed some of his magnificent lines, yet he still puzzles me. So also does Archibald MacLeish, whose new volume "Streets in the Moon" (Houghton Mifflin) has been issued in elaborate and distinguished format. Mr. MacLeish was at his best in "The Happy Marriage". In this new book he is seeking fields somewhat remote. He is feeling the influence of Paris where he is sojourning, and he is flirting with modernity. Mr. MacLeish is not a modern. When he ceases trying to be one, he may become the great poet that critics and his friends have long awaited. As for "Verses New and Old" by John Galsworthy (Scribner), they are nice for those who admire Mr. Galsworthy's other work. They offer no great vistas of imagination or peaks of poesy; yet they are pleasant if not memorable. Dorothy Parker in "Enough

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Rope" (Boni, Liveright) collects some of her fragile verses, and the effect is devastating. Singly, they are lovely. As a volume they are terrifying; but only as they reflect what seems to be a fiery, discontented personality, a lovely personality withal. "Enough Rope" is, in effect, one of the most interesting little volumes that have come this way in a long time. Mightily disturbing, too.

The Happy Gardener

ALL those who knew Amy Lowell, either knew her amazing self or had a glimpse of that amazing self through her work, realized what an integral part of her personality was the garden, her garden, any garden. It was as much a part of her inheritance as her love of books, or of New England. Gardens were a family tradition among the Lowells. The publication of an exquisite little volume, a single essay originally appearing in "The North American Review", brings this characteristic delightfully to mind. It is called "The Happiness of Our Garden" (Rudge) and it was written by Mrs. William Lowell Putnam, Amy Lowell's sister. It is a lovely piece of writing, for it tells simply and beautifully the history of a passionate love of nature bearing fruit in an exquisite thing. Mrs. Putnam is herself an artist, and knows the joys of color arrangement and also of sentiment in color. Let me quote a part:

This garden at "Sevenels" is the one my sister, Amy Lowell, loved so well and spoke of so often in her poems. The place was named "Sevenels" because with my father and mother and five children — as we became at Amy's birth, seven years after my father bought the place — there were seven of us, and all naturally being named Lowell, there were seven L's living there. The place has many fine trees, especially some grand beeches. There were also once a number of beautiful old white pines, which alas! gradually died, and one directly in front of the house we especially missed when it had to be cut down. I have tried to describe the family's feeling for this tree in the following poem:

Throughout my childhood and for some years more
There stood before the house at "Sevenels"
A tree one of us children called "the singing tree".
It sang the whole year through before the door,
But mostly in the autumn, when woodbine
Hung its bright clusters down amid the pine,
Seeming the fruit which the old pine tree bore.
It thrust one great branch out too high to climb,
And from it swayed gay leaves in childish glee,
Singing like birds throughout the summer time;
But winter made the songs seem more like spells.
How often I have painted that dear tree
With brush filled full of tone of evergreen
Mingled with gayety of crimson sheen,
Whose sharp swift flash was like a peal of bells.
Though many years have passed since the old tree died,
Its soul still lives to sing, at eventide,
Those songs that life and death have justified —
Death after life! Life after and before!
With death an interlude just in between.

—*J. F.*

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A SHELF OF RECENT BOOKS

TWO MEN OF POWER

By C. Hartley Grattan

EMIL LUDWIG has just published in Germany a biography of Bismarck that takes the bad taste of the Kaiser book out of his readers' mouths. It is not at all surprising, for Bismarck is by far the most pleasing and interesting figure in "Wilhelm Hohenzollern: The Last of the Kaisers". It is common gossip that the latter book succeeded in pleasing no one in Germany except certain Kaiser haters. It displeased the socialists because they believe that so thoroughgoing a condemnation will inevitably produce a reaction in the Kaiser's favor later on, and it displeased the monarchists because it covered their hero with obloquy.

"Wilhelm Hohenzollern" is more in the nature of a diatribe than a balanced study of a difficult man. In spite of the fact that the whole indictment is based on the Kaiser's own words, or the opinions of his intimate and approving associates, the resulting picture is undoubtedly false. For one thing, Ludwig makes several assumptions that are by no means true. With a curious humility that is not necessary he assumes that Germany was always wrong in her policies, and consequently the Kaiser was wrong because he controlled policies. In other words, we have the amusing situation of a German writing the history of his own nation through the eyes of the enemy. Another extremely unfair assumption is that the Kaiser always had the worst and silliest motives for his conduct.

As a matter of fact, Germany had one of the most difficult situations in the Continental puzzle. Just because she lost out is no reason for postulating that she was wrong in either her contentions or her actions. It is altogether probable that the Kaiser and his partners were more tactless than their associates in the Great Game, but certainly an acquaintance with the revisionist studies of war guilt should make one hesitate to condemn them so unsparingly. Over and against this book on Wilhelm II, I advise every reader to set at least one of the following books on Poincaré: Marchand, "Condemnation du Régime"; De Toury, "Poincaré a-t-il voulu la Guerre?" and Dupin, "Poincaré et ses 'Souvenirs Politiques'"; and the following book on Isvolski, "Isvolski and the World War" by Frederick Stieve.

With Ludwig's conclusions about the Kaiser's personality I have no disagreement. His most conspicuous traits may have been "vivacity, vanity, arbitrariness, instability, charm, extravagance". And I quite agree that these traits unfitted him for the position of ruler of a great and powerful nation. That he came to the throne was undoubtedly a great misfortune to Germany, but was a more or less inevitable result of the hereditary system. Yet while the Kaiser had his serious faults, and made mistakes, and talked and acted nonsense, he was not a complete ass and devil, and no one of balanced intelligence will believe him so.

Ludwig's "Napoleon" is quite a different matter. It is a beautifully proportioned book, excellently written, and presenting as fine and clear and sane a

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picture of Napoleon as has yet been written. For one thing, it gives the reader a marvelous picture of the life of a man eaten up by ambition and lust for power. Of course the idea that Napoleon and ambition and power are synonyms is very deepseated. We speak inevitably of men of Napoleonic ambitions, Napoleons of industry, and whatnot. But no book that has come to my attention has so completely shown the consuming nature of Napoleon's ambition, and so clearly demonstrated just how it determined his astounding life.

Other men have lusted for power but few have achieved so much. An important element in Napoleon's career was the fact that he had no deep national attachments, and consequently could figure things out in a cold blooded fashion. This capacity for being above the battle is quite extraordinary and unusual. It is the entanglement of great minds with the preoccupations of small minds that ruins them. Napoleon was gloriously free of that major handicap of a world conqueror, patriotism.

It does not seem to me that the fact that Napoleon suffered eventual defeat and exile is of any moral significance. There are no morals to be drawn from the lives of men or from nature. Shakespeare was talking his customary nonsense when he wrote of "sermons in stones", etc. There is no moral to be drawn from Napoleon's life. He may well have been a stench in the nostrils of God, but to one who is not omniscient, and whose seat in the grandstand gives him but a partial view of the drama of life, Napoleon's career simply appears to be one of the most glorious episodes in human history. Ludwig shows his reader the inside and outside of the man, his actions, motives, words, and wisdom. He pictures a mighty man, and does it superbly.

Wilhelm Hohenzollern: The Last of the Kaisers. By Emil Ludwig. Translated by Ethel Colburn Mayne. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Napoleon. By Emil Ludwig. Translated by Eden and Cedar Paul. Boni and Liveright.

MISS MILLAY GOES OVER THE TOP

By Charles W. Ferguson

IT will be difficult to keep this commentary upon Edna St. Vincent Millay's latest piece of copy from reading like an intemperate blurb. The poet has shown herself capable of so much more than poetry; she has evoked so many pleasant reactions, ranging from those of the viscera to those of the brain; she has exhibited such a winsome mélange of the rugged and the fragile, the incult and the polished; in a word, she has done so many things well that the reader is left somewhat maudlin and altogether inarticulate. "Æthelwold: The King's Henchman" is one of those books of which a person resents being asked his opinion, for what one replies sounds hollow and irrelevant and a trifle uncouth. Where, pray, is there a greater insect than the man who, coat in hand, slaps your back as the curtain falls to conclude some excellent drama, and shouts, "Well, how'd you like it?" Millay's effect is wrought upon the emotions and not upon the vocabulary.

"Æthelwold" is a lyric drama in three man sized and adequate acts dealing with love and deceit in Saxon England. It is a drama conceived and erected for operatic production; Deems Taylor has written the music for the harpist's songs and the chorus of the

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soldiers and villagers, and the result is now being produced quite stupendously upon no less a stage than that of the Metropolitan. And herein is Millay's first demonstration of her versatility. There are plays which, partly because of the dialogue and partly because one has nothing else to read, are good for an evening at home with the wife and kids. These same plays prove a colossal flop and a warning investment when attempt is made to set them to music and present them before a jejune throng in full dress and balconies. "Æthelwold", largely because of the dexterous mind of the dramatist and poet, has an intensity and dramatic influence every whit as good as its candent lines and monstrous humor. If there is, from the dramatic standpoint, any desideratum, it is in the very last moments of the play when, after the death of Æthelwold, the speeches seem insufficient and unsatisfying. But I do not see how they could be otherwise, and the spell of the play is ample to carry the reader or operagoer to the end without any serious deflation of interest. The reader is satisfied because he has been satisfied throughout, and the chorus of the people makes up for anything that is lacking in the lines.

On the whole, the drama as such is great and wonderfully made. At times it is obvious that Millay has hooked characters offstage by the seat of the pants, but she has done it decorously and at the right moment. What is more, they leave with such superb speeches that their exit is made thoroughly graceful. Consider how Maccus goes out during the second act; Æthelwold must be left so that Ælfrida can find him there alone. The two travelers upon the King's mission have lost the road because of a heavy mist, and after a futile conference, Maccus decides to continue the search. Here is the way it happens:

MACCUS

(Presently)
I'll have another look about for the men.
That is to say, a grope and a smell about.
That is to say, a blind man's look about.

ÆTHELWOLD

Go not far, I beseech thee, Maccus. Bear in mind
The wood's bewitched with mist.

MACCUS

Fear not. I'll fell an oak at every step,
To mark me back.
(He goes out on the right)

Whether I have chosen a representative passage to show what I mean is doubtful. But the point I urge is this: while the dramaturgy is at times as perceptible as a figure in an evening dress, one does not object to the figure. There are comely lines and curves behind the sheen of beauty that covers the play.

Were it not altogether fatuous to assume that the story could be separated from the other elements in the drama, I should say that the yarn of itself suffices. I do not know how the story would sound if it appeared in the magazine section of the Denver "Post", but manifestly it is one which yields itself most willingly to a dramatic unfolding. King Eadgar of England wishes a bride. A goodly wind has blown him the news that Ælfrida, daughter of the Thane of Devon, is a maid of compelling parts; but Eadgar does not care to take his bride sight unseen. Hence, he dispatches young Æthelwold, his foster brother and his most trusted aid, to appraise the lady and discover if she is fit for a king, or merely three and twenty blackbirds. Now, the tale has it that Æthelwold is of all men least susceptible to feminine charm. Though not exactly a misogynist, he devotes his energies to the serious business of life; he possesses the

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most devastating quality of the male—indifference. He seemed, therefore, a reliable henchman for such an amorous mission.

But lo, the next scene is in the locality where Ælfrida holds forth. Æthelwold and his companion, Maccus, are lost in a forest greatly intensified by the mist. As hinted above, Maccus leaves Æthelwold on the stage and searches for the road in the wings. Ælfrida and her woman, Ase, appear out of the fog shortly thereafter, the maiden following the instructions of the old lady and reciting (after Ase has gone out) certain incantations which presumably have the power of enabling her to find a suitable lover. She finds Æthelwold asleep after the song is over and immediately falls, nay, pitches headlong into love with him. There is a scene of intense but pure passion before Ase and Maccus return. Æthelwold does the one thing that he can do under the stress of the moment. He crosses to Maccus:

ÆTHELWOLD

Maccus, if I may trust thee as of old —

MACCUS

Fear not, my lord.
When thou wert wise, I did a wise man's bidding.
Now thou art mad, I follow thy lost wits
A-gathering wool.

ÆTHELWOLD

Maccus, go back at once to the King,
And say to him as follows:
(*He pauses, then continues rapidly*)
That I have seen the maiden
And found her nothing fair.
A comely maid enough, and friendly spoken,
But nothing for the King.

He then marries the girl in haste; but they do not live happily. Æthelwold dwells in a house of dread, lest the King see this woman of ravishing beauty. He plans to take her to Ghent but news comes that the King is on his way to bless him and his bride. He asks the girl to put smut on her face and look like a hag, but Ase, who has overheard the request, will have none of it, and when the king appears . . . Well, read the book.

This is the way the story would appear in the magazine section. But with Edna St. Vincent Millay as raconteuse, it goes rollicking forward in a gorgeous howdah. It is hard to tell where the effect of the story leaves off and the effect of the lines begins. Whether "Æthelwold" owes its strength to the richness of its humor and repartee, the eloquence and rhythm of its lines, the variety of its moods and influence, or to the dramaturgy of the poet, I cannot definitely say. The strength is there, however, and I suspect that, when the enormity of the poet's latest work is realized, writers will quit referring to Edna St Vincent Millay as a leprachaun.

The long and short of it seems to be that those who know Millay will feel tearfully affectionate toward her when they read "Æthelwold" and those who have not made her acquaintance can do no better than be presented to her by the gainly Earl of East Anglia. She is eminently worth knowing. Forsooth, methinks it could be said that she hath been Apollo's henchman in the sordid land of the Philistine and that she hath not betrayed her trust.

Æthelwold: The King's Henchman. By Edna St. Vincent Millay. Harper and Brothers.

WAR BIRDS

By Sidney Howard

FIGHTING in war cooks up in men an excessive state of mind and spirit. Flying to fight holds them in a state of continued ecstasy. "War Birds" is the diary of one of those American youths who learned flying to fight in

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the World War and lost his life over the German lines. It is an ecstatic chronicle, not of the flying alone, but, also, of the living between flights.

It is a diary, written at sufficiently regular intervals and with an unrelaxing energy, by a lusty, fantastic, romantically elevated young man, who possessed a seeing eye, an excellent brain, and a good deal more of courage, wit, and charm than he knew what to do with. It stands out from war books by the frankness of its record, alike of war enjoyments and war disgruntlements. It is a lyric harlequinade of West Point silliness, of food and drink, of crashing aeroplanes, of intimacies broken off by moving orders and by sudden death, of enthusiasms technical, personal, and international, of hangovers and wild women, of the whole incalculable adventure of excursions and battles in the air.

Austerely minded readers will find in it reason to wonder at its author's taste in recreation. Flying is not the only significant aspect of aviating. Aviators matter, too. I was one, once, and I feel strongly on this point. Between flights matters most intensely to aviators. Between flights has to be kept keyed to the excitement and the unreality of flying. Otherwise flying would be unendurable.

"War Birds" embarrassed me. It charged at me, for all the world, like an old war buddy and seemed, for all the world, to get me drunk again and, then, to laugh at me for my headache afterward. It is the most complete picture I know of the men who flew in the war. It will make more than one survivor uncomfortable on the threshold of middle age. It made me sad to think that our war generation, imbued once with such a giddy glory of nonsense, has turned, so young, to such an aggregation of stuffed shirts. I have forgotten who coined the "wasted generation" epithet, but I have long been convinced that it is in the war's survivors, more than in its dead, that the waste is to be seen. "War Birds" depicts the boyhood of a generation which has let the world down hard, and makes clear that such a boyhood merited a livelier maturing. The wages of the unchastened is self importance.

"War Birds" is a foolish, vainglorious, offensive book, a wholly unreflecting, unselfconscious book, a book of profound and most nostalgic beauty, a book brave with the gaiety of death around the corner, brave with that very special death-inspired gaiety that makes the dionysiac most of its brief chances and, not infrequently, the aphrodisiac most, as well. Its author could not have intended it to be read, would certainly not want it to be read, and its publication seems to me as tonic a piece of publishing vulgarity as has been thrown in the teeth of these tiresome times. The volume itself is a most pleasing one. Clayton Knight, the illustrator, does better at black and white than at color. In his black and white drawings he has done quite magnificently by aeroplanes in action.

War Birds: Diary of an Unknown Aviator. Illustrated by Clayton Knight. George H. Doran Company.

POETRY — GOOD, BAD, AND INDIFFERENT

By Virginia Moore

WHATEVER poetry is — and we are too cautious to attempt a definition — it does not consist of long grandiloquent speeches from Lee, Mrs. Lee, Arimanius and Ormund (a tire-

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some un-Greek chorus), the State of Virginia, the South, the Republic, the Northwest, the Sea, and Echoes. When Edgar Lee Masters wrote "Spoon River Anthology", he was in possession of the form and poetic material best suited to his undeniable talent; when he wrote "Lee: A Dramatic Poem", he possessed neither. The old zest is gone. In its place we have a great admiration for Robert E. Lee imperfectly translated into verse, a diligence which deserves more inspiration to back it up, and a certain heaviness which we recognize as the Legal Mind. Even though we share Mr. Masters's enthusiasm for General Lee, it takes a stout heart to read 139 pages of this slow and sober eulogy. We steel ourselves to follow the platitudes of Ormund and Arimanius; we draw back, troubled, when the brilliant Lee talks like a garrulous schoolmaster. Only Gettysburg and the death of Lee move us, and then we suspect that dramatic qualities inherent in these historical scenes — and in no sense contributed to by Masters — are the cause of our emotion. William Rose Benét once remarked that poetry is a matter of "pitch and intensity". "Lee: A Dramatic Poem" is pitched low. As for intensity, we fail to discover it — unless there is such a thing as "intensity of intention". Which brings us to the old, old question of how much a man should be judged for intention and how much for achievement. As a monument of intention, "Lee" ranks high; as an example of poetic achievement it is almost negligible.

How sorrowful to pass from Edgar Lee Masters to Vachel Lindsay, both of them members of the "old guard" and both of them poorly represented by their latest volumes. "The Candle in the Cabin" is a collection of Rocky Mountain verses and delicate pen and ink illustrations. It would be kinder to the genuine poet who wrote "The Chinese Nightingale", "The Congo", and "General William Booth Enters into Heaven" if we glanced appreciatively at the feathery flower designs, read (not too carefully) one or two verses like "The Mohawk's Buckskin Door" and "The Golden Orchids" — and closed the book. Otherwise we are forced, against our heart, to a painful conclusion. "The Candle in the Cabin" gutters and goes out.

In contrast to these diminishing adults, Nathalia Crane, the child poet, is all the more astonishing as an unprecedented phenomenon in literary annals. Lindsay and Masters are bright but falling stars. Nathalia is a rising meteor — or maybe a comet. At any rate her new book of poetry, "The Singing Crow", is a worthy successor to "The Janitor's Boy" and "Lava Lane". The title poem alone would warrant a volume. A long narrative poem such as few American poets are even attempting these days, it condenses into terse couplets the life story of a crow who achieved a voice, the worship of a rookery, and a bride — all after his beak had been mercilessly torn away.

> They drew together, two in jet,
> A destiny in silhouette.

Some of the shorter poems combine a profundity of conception with humor, "swing", and a curious new emotional maturity which tells us, without quibble, that Nathalia is growing up: "The Witnesses", "The Stylists", "The Prayer", "The Dust", "The Rose is Red", "The Cup Bearers". The volume, it goes without saying, is not all on a level. Several of the inclusions add nothing; one or two actually detract. But the average is so high that we find it difficult to believe that

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Nathalia is not the veteran of at least three wideawake terrestrial existences. She has an uncanny and beautiful faculty for "seeing into the life of things".

The proof that age does not necessarily beget power (any more than youth precludes it) may be found in "Eve Walks in Her Garden" by Louise Ayres Garnett, and in "The Silver Stair" by Abbie Farwell Brown. Mrs. Garnett has a hundred prototypes writing poetry today. Some of her fancies are pleasant, some of her imagery is deft. But that drive of the imagination which we associate with important poetry — where is it? Anyone who talks about Death, Youth, Loveliness, Beauty, all in capitals and all in one poem ("Immortal Death"), lays herself open to harsh words. Anyone who collects seven little dabs into a section and calls it "Petals", proclaims her own limitations. Still, "Silhouette" is a neat characterization, "Death at Childbirth" is excellent material for a poem if not a poem, and the last three lines of "Mary-of-the-Snows" exhibit a cool charm.

Abbie Farwell Brown writes competent, unexciting verse in the magazine manner. Nothing in "The Silver Stair" offends, nothing delights. The themes are varied; the tone is conservative; there is a predilection for nature. Miss Brown's lighter subjects are more pleasingly handled than her serious — witness "Extra!", "Robin the Thief", and "The Road to the Dressmaker's House".

Although his weight as a poet is not great, Ralph Cheney apprehends with his five senses, his mind, and his active heart authentic raw material for poetry. There the matter seems to end. With the exception of a few outstanding verses in "Touch and Go" — the first set of "Dedication", the last set of "Villager to His Lady", all of "A Lover for Death" and the miniature "From the 5:15" — none of these impressions "come through" into poems. The satire overshoots its mark and becomes, more often than not, mere bombast.

"From the Book of Extenuations", by Edmund Vance Cooke, is equipped with a double edged humor which makes these re-characterizations from the Bible decidedly worth reading. The Serpent, Adam, Noah, Moses, Ruth, Jezebel, Lazarus, Pilate, Seven Devils, the Pale Horseman — they are all present with their scriptural extracts and their surprising attempts at self justification. The archness of Mr. Cooke's prose explanations and the jolly irreverence of many of the poems (an irreverence which usually comes with the sly end twist) spice the volume considerably. Once in a while a poem transcends cleverness, as the admirably executed "Cain". Very obviously Mr. Cooke had a good time thinking up these extenuations. Our "good time" is proportionate.

Cleverness abdicates in favor of sentiment in Sara Teasdale's anthology of love lyrics by women, "The Answering Voice". We wonder why this reprint from a 1917 volume was not revised, for surely tastes in the matter of love poetry have changed in the last ten years. But was there ever a time when the love verses of Elsa Barker, Julia C. R. Dorr, Zoë Akins, and Williamina Parrish (to name only a few) were anything but mawkish and sentimental? We could wish for more from Emily Dickinson, Christina Rossetti, Anna Wickham, Edna Millay, Lizette Reese, and Adelaide Crapsey. We could wish for poems by other contemporaries — Léonie Adams, Elinor Wylie, Louise Bogan, and Sara Teasdale herself. As it is, we leaf rapidly

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past the poorer pieces and give double time to the twenty or thirty exquisites which redeem the volume. "Dirge" by Adelaide Crapsey is surely the smallest and perhaps the loveliest:

Never the nightingale;
Oh, my dear,
Never again the lark
Thou wilt hear.
Though dusk and morning still
Tap at thy window-sill,
Though ever love call and call,
Thou wilt not hear at all,
My dear, my dear.

Lee: A Dramatic Poem. By Edgar Lee Masters. The Macmillan Company.
The Candle in the Cabin. By Vachel Lindsay. D. Appleton and Company.
The Singing Crow. By Nathalia Crane. Albert and Charles Boni.
Eve Walks in Her Garden. By Louise Ayres Garnett. The Macmillan Company.
The Silver Stair. By Abbie Farwell Brown. Houghton Mifflin Company.
Touch and Go. By Ralph Cheney. Henry Harrison.
From the Book of Extenuations. By Edmund Vance Cooke. George H. Doran Company.
The Answering Voice, One Hundred Love Lyrics by Women. Selected by Sara Teasdale. The Macmillan Company.

PRESENTING EUGENE FIELD

By Hilton Gregory

SLASON THOMPSON'S study of Eugene Field derives most of its importance and interest from the fact that the author played Boswell to Field, both facetiously and seriously, throughout the columnist's life and, in consequence, amassed an imposing amount of data anent his goings and comings. It was, in fact, Slason Thompson who, when he joined the staff of "America", took with him the original copy of "Little Boy Blue", which appeared in the first number of that journal. While the two were associated on the Chicago "News", Field would daily hand Thompson envelopes labeled, "For My Memoirs". These "were regarded by the 'Morning News' staff as another Field joke. They generally contained items of the most ephemeral nature", for Field entered heartily into the spirit of a game in which he was being treated as a lordly fellow who might conceivably interest posterity. But it was through this device that Mr. Thompson gathered much of the valuable material that enriches his book.

I say enriches; yet, as a matter of fact, it is the material which makes the book. There is, so far as I can detect, nothing else that will appeal to the average reader, whether he be in search of data for a club paper or merely a well hung tale. Mr. Thompson has not made the best use of his opportunity, and in a day when biographies are appealing for the treatment as well as for what they uncover, "The Life of Eugene Field" falls a league or two short of the ideal. A great part of the introduction, in which the author sets forth ponderously his qualifications, should have been put on the jacket or else sent out in a publicity letter by the publishers. The opening sentence reads:

> Before undertaking to write anything in the nature of a definite study of the life of any man who in his time has attracted something more than the fleeting attention of his time, it behooves the writer to present his credentials.

This he does, laboriously and pedantically, and the same officiousness which mars the opening pages of the book continues more or less throughout. He attributes, by the manner of his attack, a certain exaggerated importance to the most trivial papers and events. One gets the impression quite frequently that Mr. Thompson is writing a doctor's dissertation on Antiochus Epiphanes with emphasis upon the finding of long lost papyri and

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ostraca. What he is really writing, of course, is an intimate narrative of a personal friend who died in 1895. Such a work calls, not for the sepulchral mustiness which pervades Mr. Thompson's cavern of information, but for a few rays of light to disperse the gloom. He would, I believe, have written a much better book if he had written more unrestrainedly and with a less earnest belief in the extraordinary importance of what he was doing.

To be sure, the study of Field was eminently worth doing. He and "Little Boy Blue" are indissolubly joined in the public fancy, and there's an end on it. Like Francis Thompson, he has achieved a certain notoriety for one poem. It is probable, however, that most Americans have him confused with Sidney Lanier. Hence, Mr. Thompson has done well to make his biography informing and documentary. I am sure that no man can follow the author through 400 pages and remain in ignorance of what Field did or didn't do.

Whatever the work's imperfections may be, there emerges from this testament a certain trinity altogether worth the American reader's attention. More than three facets of the man's character are treated, yet three or four strike me as particularly important because they have not been beaten into the heads of the land's schoolchildren. Perhaps the discussion of Field as columnist and newspaper man makes the most interesting reading. He placed so many tacks in the chairs of the great, he had such a serious sense of humor in his column, he was such an ardent baseball fan and votary, and he maintained such a superb cleverness throughout his service, that this phase of his life takes on a high importance and appeal. A surprising amount of his attention was given to baseball. 'Twas in those days of King Kelly and the greatest team in history. Field said in 1888:

> Benjamin Harrison is a good, honest, patriotic man and we like him. But he never stole second base in all his life, and he could not swat Mickey Welch's down curves over the left-field fence. Therefore we say it again, as we have said it many times before, that much as we revere Benjamin Harrison's purity and amiability, we cannot but accord the tribute of our sincerest admiration to that paragon of American manhood, Michael J. Kelly.

"Sharps and Flats", his column in the Chicago "Morning News", was lively and Field wrote his copy without inhibitions. His work in Denver and Chicago is well reported. It is interesting to note that Field refused an offer from Dana of the New York "Sun" because he felt that it would be better to stay out west and grow up with the country.

Then, too, the man had a sense of humor which motivated him. His fun, often raucous and occasionally injurious, was something that he lived by; he did not put it on as a clown puts paint upon his skin. In fact, some of his best quirks are those which he threw quite casually and during the tedium of daily existence. He did not confide all his funny thoughts to his column. He seemed to have salted experience with the flavor of his humor, and the result is a man who seemed bored by the thought of what posterity or his contemporaries might chance to think of him. When Stone of the "Morning News" asked him to come to Chicago from Denver, he wrote regarding salary:

> I will contract with you for two or three years, to do the work you specify, for $50 per week the first year, $50.50 per week the second year. If you choose to contract for three years, I shall want $55 the third year.

If there was anything which characterized the man it was his inordinate taste

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for practical jokes. Some of these were infuriating, others seemed to lack a few of the essentials of humor, but all of them he pulled earnestly and with great gusto, as though moved by some heavenly madness which made him irresponsible and therefore amusing. His escape from life he sought, not through religion, but through the pleasant business of amusing himself.

Mr. Thompson also has a deal of illuminating information about Field as a performer. He appeared with Bill Nye, James Whitcomb Riley, and other forerunners of the Chautauqua plague. The qualities of his personality fitted him singularly for this sort of work. He did it with the same ease and apparently the same spirit in which he played tricks upon celebrities and friends, though he tired of the existence which it entailed and burned up his bodily energy long before he should have. It is in his treatment of Field as a performer that Mr. Thompson writes with great perspicacity, and here he gets the man before the reader most satisfyingly. He shows admirably that the man's performances, like his jokes, sprang from within, and they reveal a versatility and charm which even his published works do not possess.

Innumerable facsimiles appear in the volume, and the humorist's works are properly discussed in connection with the events which gave rise to them and went toward their completion. The last chapter is devoted to an estimate of Field's writings.

By and large, the "Life of Eugene Field" will well repay the purchaser. The incidents and facts of an interesting man could hardly have been set down more scrupulously than they have been here. Despite what may appear an unfinished quality in the work, the biographer has managed to breathe the breath of life into his character and give us a vital acquaintance where once was pretty largely a hypostatic poet. That's about all one biography can do.

Life of Eugene Field. By Slason Thompson D. Appleton and Company.

NOCTURNE

By Paul Francis Webster

THE hooded nuns bent over their stitches,
The hours passed in a solemn row;
Night oozed into the statued niches
Waving the Saints' arms to and fro.
(Immortal and beautiful, moonlight's spell.)

But far away, far from this room,
Youth clung to youth in a rapt embrace,
On a poppied hillside under the moon,
Mortal and beautiful, face to face.
(Ring soft, ring low, sweet cloister bell.)

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IN BRIEF REVIEW

THE disagreeable truth is told about our World War allies, their diplomatic chicanery, their unscrupulous aversion to payment of loans, their secret treaties in regard to sharing conquered territories, and their present undisguised hostility to the United States, in Frederick Bausman's masterly study, "Facing Europe" (Century). Basing his arraignment on the most reliable historic sources, Judge Bausman openly assails certain of our late friends abroad with the charge that they are again threatening to unsettle the peace of the earth. He goes exhaustively into the policies, prior to and after our entrance into the conflict, of the Wilson administration; the futility, as a private adviser to the executive, of Colonel House; the disastrous betrayal of the President at Versailles. And he persuasively argues that Great Britain, following the numerous precedents in her past history, will eventually attempt to obliterate us from our position as a rival to her commercial supremacy. The book is a rational patriotic outburst against the attitude toward our nation held by our thankless alien debtors.

There can hardly be any question of disappointed purchasers of the two volume "Fifty Years of British Parliament" (Little, Brown) by the Earl of Oxford and Asquith. The title and the name of the author adequately define the work. Writing with the classic decorum, quiet charm, and the occasional wit which distinguished the more literary phases of his Liberal leadership as Mr. Asquith, Lord Oxford gives a most readable if naturally biased account of the years from 1868 (death of Lord Palmerston) to 1914, including portraits, good stories, judgments of the great national idols, and, of course, the salient facts of his own career as Home Secretary, Chancellor of the Exchequer, and Prime Minister. It is characteristic of Lord Oxford's method and perhaps significant in a deeper sense that on his final page he attributes to Napoleon one of his favorite catchwords: "My day is done — but *Wait and See.*" One notes that this was Napoleon at Elba, not at St. Helena.

In a little book of intimate and loving reminiscence, "Joseph Conrad as I Knew Him" (Doubleday, Page), his wife tells us of Conrad the man, his home life, his amiability, foibles and fancies, with sidelights on the conditions under which his famous works took shape. It is, moreover, not a mere pious tribute, but a book which will give wholehearted satisfaction to every Conrad lover in view of its illuminating glimpses of his human and mental reactions.

Harry Kemp continues the story, begun with "Tramping on Life", of his ill ordered but apparently exciting existence, in a second volume, "More Miles" (Boni, Liveright), which is mainly the candid record of his earlier years as a leading spirit in Greenwich Village bohemian circles of a decade and more ago. The book is crammed with the poet's robust enjoyment of living, with vastly amusing anecdotes, and with clearly recognizable (to the initiated) portraits of ridiculous people

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transparently disguised under pseudonyms — anarchists, socialists, mediocre artists, versifiers, fiction writers, poseurs — among whom strides the virile Kemp, nude, honest, uncompromising, like a symbolic figure of the complete natural man in his finest flowering.

Edith M. Thomas, who was hailed in the eighties as a sister to Keats, is practically unknown today among young poets. Jessie Rittenhouse, in the "Selected Poems of Edith M. Thomas" (Harper), has collected and edited both her published and unpublished work and prefaced it with an ecstatic memoir. The first thing that strikes one in looking through the volume is the great difference between the poetry of yesterday and that of today. Miss Thomas depended upon nobility of sentiment, not style, upon conventional verse forms and words in their old, encrusted meanings. Love seldom appears without a capital "L" and "mystic dawns" rise often in "Sylvan glades" and over Olympus, Home of the Gods. But there is the charm in this work of a past generation, and pathos in the knowledge that much of modern poetry that now appears so clear and beautiful will likely, in twenty five years or so, have the same affectation and pretentiousness.

"Famous Trials of History" by the Rt. Honourable the Earl of Birkenhead (Doran), should be looked into, we think, by the jaded reader of fiction. This person will not find there his thrills served up to him with romantic or sentimental syrups — such is beyond the purpose and the dignified position of the Earl of Birkenhead who is a lawyer of renown. But he will find the Earl's rare qualities of impartiality and clarity of statement in dealing with historical matter sufficiently compensating for, let us say, the lack of love interest. In these days of intensified emotionalism and inversion, the emotional understatement of the case of "The Man Who Stole the King's Crown" (a prize and most interesting villain) should have great appeal. While one is always conscious of a certain legal unfamiliarity with imaginative rhetoric, and the consequent monotony, drabness, and podginess, the Earl's treatment of his subjects occasionally has the effect of great impersonal art.

"The Adventure of Man" (Harcourt, Brace) by F. Crossfield Happold of the University of Cambridge is a brief history of the human race set down in story form. Beginning with the first period of known historic events, Professor Happold concludes with the recent war and the establishment of the embryo League of Nations. The book is profusely illustrated and pleasantly instructive. It is written, furthermore, in a simple and direct manner which permits it to be read with the utmost ease.

This being a day and age of political confessions and one in which it seems to be decidedly *au fait* to publish the intimacies of gubernatorial and presidential idiosyncrasies, one is not too hopeful upon opening another cross section of politico-personal history. Yet there be those who successfully achieve what they set out to do. David F. Houston is one. "Eight Years with Wilson's Cabinet" (Doubleday, Page) somehow reaches a definite objective where other works of fully as pretentious a nature fall short. It is just as anecdotal, colloquial, personal, and spasmodic as many of its fellows, yet it gets there. Perhaps the fact that Wilson is the dominating figure

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makes it impossible for the book not to create a lasting impression. Whether or no we be lovers of Wilson, it is too platitudinous for argument that no person of recent years had such an infinite capacity for causing either profound respect or profound hatred. This book is a very remarkable contribution to Wilsoniana, and will undoubtedly have a strong effect upon future historiographers. It is pungent, clear, and not too studied in style.

The seventieth century is an excellent vantage point from which to laugh at the foibles of the twentieth. "The Sacred Giraffe" (Harper) is the record of various occurrences in the African land of Ebon some fifty centuries hence. In that time women rule the land and archæology is deeply concerned with the remains of a half fabulous civilization in a vanished Europe. Salavador de Madariaga has a merry tale to tell but he loads it down with too cumbrous a mechanism. If it were all up to the level of the best parts, it would surpass "Penguin Island".

The national cooking of some peoples is so much dominated by a single condiment that all their dishes taste alike. Irish verse is in much the same state. "More Songs from Leinster" by W. M. Letts (Dutton) is a case in point. When Miss Letts is not too much concerned with flavoring her poems with Irish greens, the results are often original and distinctive. Otherwise they are just a few "more songs from Leinster".

With the prevailing interest in Americana, an important book might have been made out of the story of "Wild Bill Hickok" (Doubleday, Page). Frank J. Wilstach, his latest biographer, however, has missed his opportunities of writing a thrilling account of the exploits of this good bold man of the pioneer west. His book is a collection of facts, not very well arranged, destroying legends that are current about the famous sharpshooter, detailing incidents of his life, and carefully accounting for sources of information. It is all, no doubt, very accurate, but it is also very dull.

As an English observer who has lived in virtually every country of the earth, J. H. Curle, the author of "Our Testing Time" (Doran), is immeasurably well fitted to interpret the problems, now slowly and steadily forming, which civilization of the future must meet and master if it is to maintain supremacy of the world in generations to come. With profoundly liberal erudition and logic, he builds his conclusions upon the incontrovertible evidence of nature, evolution, scientific record, and racial history. He foresees in the undermining processes already at work, but little heeded, of factors common to all branches of the white race, economic crises that will shake to their foundations the lands which today seem impregnably sound, prosperous, and secure. An intensely reasonable and stimulating book, one of its most gratifying features is the absence from its pages of sensational exaggerations and nationalistic prejudices.

"Man and Beast" by Samuel Scoville, Jr. (Harcourt, Brace) is for both young and older readers, since it tells the dramatic and exciting lives of wild animals in a style sufficiently vivid and interesting for adults. Mr. Scoville appears to know wild animals thoroughly, and is to be congratulated for keeping them wild animals instead of

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attributing to them human thoughts and motives.

Whether readers of William Kay Wallace's "Thirty Years of Modern History" (Macmillan) will feel he has always extracted "the ore of relevant facts" from his material must depend in some measure on the point of view they bring to its reading. Books I and II are excellent studies of European thought, political creeds, fallacies, and inhibitions before the World War; and Book III deals with the "Background of the World War" and that event itself. The author's concluding "Toward a New Synthesis" is a scholarly summarization of social development in the past, and the hope that "nationality will fade into obscurity" and be replaced by a fuller international "humanity" as a social motive. He seems to think that the League of Nations might be a means to this end; though he admits that "so long as the sovereign State remains the centre of social authority, the League of Nations cannot be expected to play any very important part".

Some day there will be a comprehensive anthology of English translations of French poetry. A taste of what a delightful book it may be is to be found in "Few, but Roses" (Brentano). Here Alfred Brickell has arranged a few translations of poets from Villon to Paul Fort. The English versifiers are generally as notable as the Frenchmen they interpret. The compiler has gone as far into the past of English literature as Sir Thomas Wyatt and Edmund Spenser. Others he includes in his bouquet are Keats, Andrew Lang, Rossetti, Chesterton, Gosse, Aldous Huxley, Thomas Lodge, Arthur O'Shaughnessy, and Arthur Symons.

In the third edition of Professor Fred Lewis Pattee's "Century Readings in American Literature" (Century) one finds the old volume enlarged and brought up to date in a more representative manner than before, through the addition of material that formerly, because of copyright laws, could not be included. The book has all the virtues and some of the limitations of a good school text. It is very thorough in dealing with older writers, perhaps not quite thorough enough in dealing with later ones. Some of its material is in the literary sense decided deadwood, but in a book like this one must make allowances for its historical value. Authors for the most part are represented in proportion to their greatness, though one cannot help feeling that Emily Dickinson and Edwin Arlington Robinson deserve a great deal more space than they are given.

Truthful James had a rather low opinion of the heathen Chinee. But "A Girl from China" (Stokes) demonstrates that kind hearts are more than coronets and simple faith more than Manchu blood in the East as well as in Belgrave Square. In this book B. Van Vorst transcribes the personal story of Soumay Tcheng, a daughter of an aristocratic Cantonese family. A sort of oriental Pollyanna, in childhood she reconciled estranged parents, saved the family honor by racing across China to replace government funds lost through a brother's peculations, and at sixteen, patriotically hating the corrupt Manchu court's "antiquated passion for money", became a revolutionist, joining the secret Kwo Ming Tang. Followed intrigues, bomb smugglings, the uprisings of 1912–13, plots and assassinations, and then, more peacefully, legal studies at

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the Sorbonne during the European War and since. All these events are told with an identical bright trust in machinery and modernity that makes pretty reading.

"A Study of Swinburne" (Doran) is a charmingly written appreciation. T. Earle Welby is perhaps a trifle overtender toward the glaring faults of this eccentric, passionate poet, whose temper antagonized many of his contemporaries. Yet the volume merits all respect for its plain, candid statements; its revelations of certain aspects of Swinburne's nature which have always provoked controversy. Seldom has a fairer, more faithful biography of an interesting literary character appeared.

> And spectral dance before the dawn,
> A hundred vicars down the lawn;
> Curates, long dust, will come and go
> On lissom, clerical, printless toe;
> And oft between the boughs is seen
> The sly shade of a rural dean. . . .
>
> *Rupert Brooke*

It is a far cry from these dignified shades of ancient, rural England to the etherized spectres of today. Yet Joseph Lewis French spans the years in his compilation of awesome ghost stories entitled "Ghosts, Grim and Gentle" (Dodd, Mead). In this volume are assembled representative stories by Algernon Blackwood, Katharine Fullerton Gerould, Gustavo Adolfo Becquer, Sir Walter Scott, H. G. Wells, Pedro Antonio de Alarcon, Ralph Adams Cram, Montague Rhodes James, Richard Middleton, Oscar Wilde, Ambrose Bierce, and Guy de Maupassant.

As is usual in the case of books attempting to stir up an interest in things classical, "Famous English Books", edited by Amy Cruse (Crowell), is one which enables the reader to discourse in any company concerning the life and works of the world's great authors. True, the conversation, if derived solely from this work, will be confined to glittering generalities or to imaginative details. Still, if one wishes to create an impression of being extremely well read without going to the trouble of boring through a lot of classics, this is the sort of thing to read. Personally we take the arbitrary attitude that if we can't chaw our own grub, we won't eat.

There is a great deal of unevenness in the verse of Wilbert Snow; there is much that cannot properly be called poetry and much that can be admitted across the borderline only by a stretching of definition. But while he never mounts to lyric passion and fervor, he does occasionally give us a piece that is authentically poetic. His second volume, "The Inner Harbor" (Harcourt, Brace), is distinguished in places by the acquaintance it reveals with the New England coast, and in places by its picturesqueness; and in at least one poem the author essays the philosophic not without success.

"Collector's Luck in England" (Little, Brown) is another of those books by Alice Van Leer Carrick that will make all the antique hunters gnash their teeth. This time Mrs. Carrick has gone to England, apparently with the express purpose of antique-ing, for sightseeing seems to have absorbed little of her time and attention. She avoided the tourist season and the tourist towns, and just spent her days diving in and out of one antique shop after another in a sort of Collector's Ideal Tour. And the bargains she found! Chippendale chairs and Empire mirrors and tea caddies and

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silhouettes, for prices that will fill anyone who shops for these things in America with poisonous envy. She tells you in shillings and pence exactly what she paid for everything. And in the back of the book she gives you the names and addresses of all the shops mentioned. How prices will soar in those shops next summer, by the time we all get there!

It is not easy to say what a book of criticism of modern novelists should be, but, by example, it is possible to say what it should not. "Novelists We are Seven" (Lippincott) by Patrick Braybrooke strikes us as a poor set of portraits, done with dull colors and a lack of values throughout. We may forgive a conscientious critic if his thesis proves uninteresting or his subject remote. But to write badly of such artists as May Sinclair, Hugh Walpole, Rebecca West, and W. B. Maxwell seems unforgivable. If Mr. Braybrooke's pedestrian style concealed a great revelation of understanding, we might justify it. But it reveals nothing new or important, is patronizing and pompous where it should be humble, and effusive where it should be reticent. It is astonishing to see Mr. Braybrooke, in a jacket note, called "the perfect critic".

Japan, her first seven ages, to date. In effect, James A. B. Scherer, director of the Southwest Museum and like Lafcadio Hearn once a teacher of Japanese youth, thus rereads "The Romance of Japan" (Doran). Claiming audience of "The Man in the Street" and not of the specialist in "economic interpretation", this outline realizes with the early Japanese Shōtoku that "we are not unquestionably sages" nor others "unquestionably fools". Simplified spelling, Chinese puzzles, are not lost sight of in developing "the native-hive of Japan"; Japan, like other nations, is seen sacrificing native "ease and simplicity" of conduct to empty "richness and dignity" of mien. In manner recalling Hearn himself, Mr. Scherer goes tripping beneath centuries of cherry blossoms, and not a few have fallen on him. Illuminative anecdotes, "lilliputian odes", oriental axioms, descend. Taken all in all, this book is ballasted with enough beauty and humor to make companionable its moment of our journey down "the stream of time".

"Canadian Poets", edited by John W. Garvin (McClelland and Stewart, Toronto) contains the work of seventy five poets, with a portrait of each author, a biographical sketch, and a criticism of the poet's work. For many years Mr. Garvin's "Canadian Poets" has been regarded as the standard anthology of Canadian verse. The familiar names are Bliss Carman, Robert Service, John McCrae, Charles G. D. Roberts, Gilbert Parker, L. M. Montgomery, Arthur Stringer, and Wilson MacDonald, the author of "Whist-Whee".

Often the finest poets do not write formal poetry. Both exquisite poetry and realistic vigor are to be found in Rex Clements's book, "A Stately Southerner" (Houghton Mifflin), which sketches life in clippers on the many seas. The tang of salt air, the dip and heave of the barque, the adventures to the men — all these weave a magical spell about the reader. Read this classic of the seas for romance, haunting tales of a bygone day, from the pen of an author who has captured it all and set it down in a thrilling way.

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THE BOOKMAN'S MONTHLY SCORE

Compiled by Frank Parker Stockbridge, Life Member of the American Library Association, in Cooperation with the Public Libraries of America

"There is a constantly increasing call for books devoted to the subject of increasing one's personal efficiency", writes the librarian in one of the country's largest factory towns. That is merely another way of saying that in this literate age people look more and more to books to help them fit themselves for life. It is a phenomenon worth calling attention to every little while: the remarkable fact, unparalleled in history, that here in America the book reading public is almost coextensive with the adult (and adolescent) population. Never before could so large a proportion of the people of any nation read anything, even newspapers. Nowhere does so large a percentage of the populace read books. And, apparently, never did any people strive so hard to get from books a working rule for their own lives. Not, at least, since the days of the Covenanters and their ilk, who formed their lives on the precepts of the Book which, according to Mr. Barton, nobody nowadays knows. Then it was the Book; now it is books. That is the difference. — F. P. S.

FICTION

1.	Show Boat	*Edna Ferber*	DOUBLEDAY
2.	The Silver Spoon	*John Galsworthy*	SCRIBNER
3.	The Private Life of Helen of Troy	*John Erskine*	BOBBS
4.	An American Tragedy	*Theodore Dreiser*	LIVERIGHT
5.	The Romantic Comedians*	*Ellen Glasgow*	DOUBLEDAY
6.	Her Son's Wife	*Dorothy Canfield*	HARCOURT
7.	Beau Geste	*Percival C. Wren*	STOKES
8.	The Dark Dawn*	*Martha Ostenso*	DODD
9.	Sorrell and Son	*Warwick Deeping*	KNOPF
10.	Beau Sabreur	*Percival C. Wren*	STOKES
11.	Galahad*	*John Erskine*	BOBBS
12.	Hildegarde*	*Kathleen Norris*	DOUBLEDAY

GENERAL

1.	The Story of Philosophy	*Will Durant*	SIMON
2.	Why We Behave Like Human Beings	*G. A. Dorsey*	HARPER
3.	The Book Nobody Knows	*Bruce Barton*	BOBBS
4.	The Man Nobody Knows	*Bruce Barton*	BOBBS
5.	The Revolt of Modern Youth	*Lindsey and Evans*	LIVERIGHT
6.	Abraham Lincoln	*Carl Sandburg*	HARCOURT
7.	This Believing World*	*Lewis Browne*	MACMILLAN
8.	Our Times	*Mark Sullivan*	SCRIBNER
9.	Microbe Hunters	*Paul de Kruif*	HARCOURT
10.	The Royal Road to Romance	*Richard Halliburton*	BOBBS
11.	The Arcturus Adventure	*William Beebe*	PUTNAM
12.	The Mauve Decade	*Thomas Beer*	KNOPF

* This title has not before appeared in the Monthly Score.

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THE SEVEN SEAS

Mustafa Kemal's Reminiscences — The New Goncourt Prize Winner — Maurice Maeterlinck Goes to the Ant — Jean Richepin — President Ebert's Memoirs — The Fischer Verlag

WITH the possible exception of Mussolini, there is no more romantic and striking figure in the post-war world than Mustafa Kemal. His memoirs, which are now in preparation, will run to some six hundred pages in Turkish and to about 150,000 words in English. I am able to give the following preliminary survey of the book:

The first chapters deal with Kemal's early years, his army service, his association with the Young Turk movement and the events which led up to the Great War. The outbreak of the war found him as Turkish Military Attaché at Sofia. He demanded to be allowed to go to the front and was appointed by Enver Pasha to command the Nineteenth Turkish Army Corps — which did not exist. Nothing daunted, he created and equipped a division which he led at the Dardanelles. After his successful defense of Anafarta, von Falkenhayn sent him a box full of gold coins. Kemal sent it back — and asked for a receipt for the returned money!

In the middle years of the war Kemal accompanied the Turkish Crown Prince to German Headquarters. His observations on the Kaiser, the German command, and the German war policy make interesting reading in the light of subsequent events. It is clear that Kemal was pessimistic of German victory from the outset. General Liman von Sanders, who controlled the Turkish forces in the early days, asked Kemal whether Bulgaria were likely to join the Central Powers. The German general got little satisfaction out of his reply: "Yes, if the German victories are genuine."

So convinced was Kemal of the certainty of eventual German failure that he urged the Turkish Crown Prince to plan the overthrow of Enver, Talaat, and the government; but this project was frustrated by the untimely suicide of the Crown Prince.

Appointed to command an army in Palestine, Kemal firmly established his reputation as a military leader. After the débâcle of September, 1918, he proved the only commander to extricate from the field any substantial portion of his command. With the coming of the Armistice (against the terms of which he strongly protested) Kemal ends the first part of the book.

After the Armistice Mustafa Kemal had command of a big military district in Eastern Turkey. With the Allied occupation the Turkish forces were reduced to cadre strength. Arsenals existed in various parts of the country, but the equipment was old and in poor condition. From the time of the Greek occupation of Smyrna in May, 1919, Kemal began to be impatient of Constantinople's control. The Allies ordered his removal from command; but if the orders were sent they were never obeyed.

The decisive step was taken when the Allies effectively occupied Constantinople in March, 1920. Mustafa Kemal and the irregulars who had gathered

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round him then proclaimed themselves independent and the National Assembly came into being, with headquarters at Angora. The skeleton regular troops at Anatolia placed themselves under his orders. Thus equipped, Kemal attacked the British and compelled them to withdraw from Anatolia. "Straight to Smyrna" was Kemal's battle cry, and he began the tremendous task of reorganizing his resources, disciplining the irregular bands, and coordinating the resistance to the Greeks.

In spite of the inevitable success of the well equipped Greek army, the Turks retired unbroken. Meanwhile Mustafa Kemal skilfully enlisted moral and material support from Russia. Then he proceeded to drive a wedge between the Allies. He secured Italy's good will and induced France to sign what is known as the Franklin-Bouillon agreement in 1921.

The tide definitely turned in the summer of that year, when the Greeks spent themselves in a desperate effort to reach Angora. It was due to the tenacity with which Kemal held on to his positions that the Greeks were finally repulsed. In 1922 the last Greek forces were thrust into the sea. Dealing then with the Allies, Kemal engineered the Mudania agreement, by which Turkey regained Eastern Thrace, followed in 1923 by the Treaty of Lausanne and the liberation of Turkey from all forms of occupation.

In barely three years Mustafa Kemal had reintegrated Turkish rule over the whole of that part of the Turkish Empire inhabited by the Turks. The most eloquent tribute to the strength of the government he created is its existence to this day.

Kemal's memoirs are, in brief, his own account of the astonishing career which has raised him from the son of a Macedonian peasant to become head of the republic which has displaced the most absolute and romantic monarchy of modern times. Mustafa Kemal is the force which has created the modern Turkish state. By his own daring, he defied the Allies with success; by his own military ability, he routed the Greeks; and by his own courage and no little wisdom, he has since maintained his position. Only those who know the Near East can appreciate the significance of this sustained achievement.

* * * *

One of the main topics of recent discussion in the literary world of Paris has been the twenty fourth award of the Goncourt Prize. Literary prizes are taken much more seriously in France than in America or England. The merits and prospects of various candidates are widely discussed for many months beforehand. The extent of public interest is reflected by the immediate effect of the award on the sales of the book. The general indifference of English and American authors to such literary honors might well be replaced by a lively interest if their award carried with it so profitable a sequel.

It was to honor young authors of originality that Edmond de Goncourt founded, in 1884, the prize which bears his name. This year, as for several seasons back, the Prix has gone to a novelist whose works are beginning to attract attention among *les lettrés*. Taken from a truly remarkable list of romances brought out by the Nouvelle Revue Française, which includes Pierre Bost's "Crise de Croissance", André Gide's "Si le Grain ne Meurt", J. Kessel's "Les Captifs", Guy de Pourtalès's "Montclair", and Armand Lunel's "Nicolo-Peccavi", the winning work, whose classical title matches its

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theme, is Henri Deberly's "Le Supplice de Phèdre".

M. Deberly is a young provincial of bourgeois origin, apprenticed to the law. A business man by day, from seven o'clock to midnight he becomes a man of letters. His life is not unlike that of many modern French writers. Assuring his independence by working at two professions, he yet reveals a true psychological insight and a fine sense of craftsmanship which astonish the old practitioner of long literary experience.

In turning to a subject already crystallized in classic form by Racine, M. Deberly has wilfully evoked a dangerous comparison. His Phèdre, however, is a modern woman, Parisian, wealthy and *mondaine*. Her adventures, ending happily after an attempt at suicide and after a very, very narrow escape from the threatened catastrophe, are especially interesting because they picture a new aspect of a society profoundly disturbed yet inevitably righting itself. Following such names as Proust, Maran, Béraud, Fabre, Sandre, and Genevoix, that of Deberly occupies on the Goncourt list a place of no small significance.

* * * *

Maurice Maeterlinck, long silent, has spoken once again. His new work is called "La Vie des Termites", published by Eugène Fasquelle; it is already acclaimed as equal, or even superior, to "La Vie des Abeilles", which has now passed its hundred and twenty first thousand.

It has recently become fashionable to comment upon various aspects of French life with the full force of satirical wit. M. Boulenger, in "Mœurs de Jour" (Plon), and M. Marsan, in "Savoir Vivre en France" (Editions de France), have recently played with light sophistication upon the uses and abuses of their contemporaries. Now it is the turn of more serious critics. M. Ferdinand Bac, who has written many volumes derived from wide travel and profound reading, has just published, *chez* Louis Conard, a sort of Gulliver's visit to this terrestrial planet called, after its hero, "L'Extraplanétaire". Having enjoyed the distinction of winning the Prix Montyon in 1906, and seeing his work on "Vieille Allemagne" (Fasquelle) crowned by the Académie, M. Bac looms large — a satirist informed and trustworthy.

What he accomplishes with his strange adventurer from another world, Maeterlinck accomplishes with creatures from another race. This time he has gone to the ant, not the common red or black varieties but the tropical termites, or white ants, which display a degree of organization surpassing even that of the bees, while their intelligence, or instinct, surpasses man's own in certain respects. Were they not creatures from whom an accomplished imagist might draw infinite counsel and warning, the termites would still be interesting because they are man's most inveterate enemy in those warm countries where they live. In a night they can eat out the heart of a tree or devastate a hut.

Depending for nourishment upon a silica-dissolving protozoan which lodges comfortably in its intestine, and fleeing eternally from the onslaughts of the normal ants, this destroyer is fortunately compelled to live underground, sheltered from the rays of a sun which would kill its life giving parasite and hidden from the scavengers which would feed upon its tender defenseless flesh. Pursued by chill, by heat, and by myriads of animal foes, the termite has been forced to abandon its life as an individual insect and become a social creature like man, who is probably

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gregarious for similar reasons. But what a hideous future awaits mankind if its evolution follows, as Maeterlinck fears it may, that of the termite! Utterly devoid of personal liberty, not even permitted those intoxicating flights among the flowers and perfumes of spring which recompense the bee for her life of sacrifice, the termite is confined to the routine of a chain gang and to the exorbitance of a communism which makes the Bolshevik régime appear so capitalistic as to come under the antitrust laws. These workers, toiling incessantly, without eyes to see or wings to soar, are the most debased of insects. These warriors, lopsided because of their giant offensive nippers, have to be fed like infants by the sightless community, which can thus starve them off at will or, facing attack before some breach in their cemented hives, can force them to resist the invader while behind them the wall is restored. Thus they are left outside to inevitable massacre, unwilling Spartans at Thermopylæ, inglorious Horatii. Most pitiable of all, the "reigning" queen, condemned to lay her eggs at a fixed and prodigious rate, is deposed when exhausted and eaten by her subject multitudes. Cannibalism is surely not in store for humanity. Yet blindness, ingratitude, lopsided armaments, and group control — these are already features of our democracies! Those who deplore the great symbolist's abandonment of drama to pursue strange insects into their dark homes and darker secrets, may find in "La Vie des Termites" a symbolism more impressive than that of "Pelléas et Mélisande", expressed less subtly, yet more tragically.

* * * *

The death of Jean Richepin gave an unhappy timeliness to the selection from his lyric poetry recently published. Poet and friend of the open road, wanderer, individualist, Jean Richepin was the last romanticist. His classical training at the Ecole Normale, that mother of authors and statesmen, gave him a respect for form and for language which abides in his most furious or most rhapsodic outburst. His heart, however, governs his poetry as it governed his madcap, healthy, generous life. Abandoning college because its routine galled him, he passed through the most arduous manual labor in order to gain his bare living — and perhaps, too, to be nearer that mother earth, that parent sea, which live in every line that he has written. In 1876, already twenty seven years of age, he published his first volume of poems, "La Chanson des Gueux", expressing so candidly his sympathy for the outcast and the rebellious that an absurd tribunal launched him and his volume on the way to fame by condemning him to thirty days in prison. His detestation of the bourgeois is a queer mixture of snobbery and anarchy. At one moment he expresses a voluptuous or æsthetic disapproval of middle class love and middle class standards; at another moment he flings at the closed door of respectability the curse and menace of hunted and hungry men:

Nous prendrons, quand nous serons las,
Leurs cadavres pour matelas!

The poet who wrote that couplet died a member of the Académie Française and a Commandeur de la Légion d'Honneur! His career was in no wise limited to revolutionary songs, but from the same vagabond spirit came hymns to the open fields or dangerous seas; "Caresses" which suggest, though they do not attain, the immortal immorality of Baudelaire; and a "Chanson de la Glu" which evokes most poignantly the finest

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ballad literature. In the theatre Richepin produced a translation of "Macbeth" and a "Falstaff" all his own. Like Edmond Rostand, he perpetuated the tradition of a stage where verse might still be spoken worthily. His "Don Quichotte", his "Flibustier", his "Truands", his "Chemineau", and his "Belle au Bois Dormant" created for him a brilliant place in the theatre of a generation ago. His reputation, then at its zenith, extended to America. At his death, modern France suddenly becomes aware of the great ancient whom she has lost. As Paul Bourget says: "He will be seen to have been, with Flaubert and Baudelaire, one of the French authors of the second half of the nineteenth century who practised most happily the maxim formulated by Chénier: '*Sur des pensers nouveaux, faisons des vers antiques.*'"

* * * *

Among the papers of the late President Ebert was a page and a quarter sketch of his career, written by himself in the third person. Consistently averse to publicity, the first President of Germany avoided the use of the first person even in this "autobiography". The whole history of the German revolution is covered in a few lines. Edited by his son, Ebert's memoirs have been published in Dresden by Carl Reissner. The two volumes contain a few letters in addition to this interesting document, but consist for the most part of Ebert's speeches on various occasions and his journalistic writings. The preface to the collection throws new light on Ebert's activity as a pioneer of women's freedom in Germany. The son of a poor tailor and one of eight children, his father a Catholic and his mother a Protestant, Ebert was born when Bismarck's fight for strict Protestantism in Prussia was at its height — a domestic complication which may account for his broadmindedness and tolerance in later life.

* * * *

The famous publishing firm of S. Fischer, still directed by its founder, has issued an interesting almanac in celebration of its fortieth anniversary. The contributions include a provocative essay by Herr Fischer himself, and a number of extracts from hitherto unpublished works by authors associated with the Fischer imprint, notably Bernard Shaw. Thomas Mann, Arthur Schnitzler, Gerhart Hauptmann, and Jacob Wassermann are among those represented. Ever since 1886, when the Fischer Verlag was publishing Ibsen, Zola, and Tolstoy, distinguished names have adorned its list. The early works of Hauptmann and Thomas Mann, Max Halbe, and a number of others were published under this imprint, which today is identified with many of the most notable of the younger German writers and a large percentage of eminent foreign authors. Maeterlinck, Knut Hamsun, D'Annunzio, Selma Lagerlöf, and, among English writers, Bernard Shaw, Laurence Housman, Lytton Strachey, and George Moore were introduced to German readers by Fischer. The complete works of Joseph Conrad, each volume to have a foreword by a well known German writer, are now being added to the already impressive list.

MICHAEL JOSEPH

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THE GOSSIP SHOP

AS I write this note, the snow is a foot deep and all my lady assistants terrify a poor editor by announcing their traveling plans. Eyebrowpencil has saved enough money to go to Bermuda — or is it Hawaii? — the assistant editor leaves us for the West Indies, and my very new and jolly secretary has been invited on a Mediterranean cruise. What to do? What to do? Join E. Phillips Oppenheim in Palermo, I presume, where he has gone to write a novel of diplomatic intrigue. No one knows, he says, how serious the situation is down on the frontier. There are small fights nearly every night, and the French have moved large quantities of guns during the last few weeks down to Mentone. While we wait breathlessly for Mr. Oppenheim's new novel, we can read "The Oppenheim Pocket Thrillers", his short stories published as small books to be carried about in overcoat pockets. He also has a travel book just out, the first book of nonfiction he has written in years. "The Quest for Winter Sunshine" is a record of the author's playtime along the sunny coasts of the Mediterranean. Yes, I feel I shall have to join the Oppenheims in Italy if the office force deserts en masse. If you hear no more of THE BOOKMAN you will know that we are either snowed under or have migrated south. Irving Henry Brown, whose time is usually spent wandering with the gypsies in Mexico or in Spain, is restlessly settled with Mrs. Brown, Betty and Billy, near Columbia, where he is professor of romance languages. At a dinner for their friend Rollo Peters, who is rehearsing for an all star production of "Trelawney of the Wells", the Browns related stories of Zuloaga and "Gypsy Fires in America". Dr. Brown was born in the middle west and Mary Sullivan, his wife, used to act with Sothern and Marlowe. Dr. Brown says he has never had anything taken by a gypsy, but that not long ago he left his best new coat in his seat at Carnegie Hall and returned to find it gone. Which reminds me that Anne Morgan, at her reception to literary New York, is said freely to have sprinkled the place with fierce detectives. Two admiring friends of mine who went about her beautiful house in great excitement, becoming especially agitated over the Venetian leather, were followed from room to room by one particularly burly fellow. One of our editorial assistants applauds Miss Morgan's caution, for at her own New Year's party of celebrated and not so celebrated writers many things disappeared, especially the bills from the ladies' purses. Next day, when she telephoned her friends to make sure their pockets had not been picked, each one contributed his suspicions about the particular book reviewer or poet he happened to dislike. Since no two suspected the same person, she has given up the case.

"Shadows Waiting", a first novel by Eleanor Chilton, is out this month, while the author sits in the next office reading the virgin efforts of countless hopeful novelists. Miss Chilton went to Smith with Margaret Petherbridge of cross word puzzle renown. Although her publishers will continue their policy of no book blurbs on the jackets, their

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enthusiasm for "Shadows Waiting" is high. Its author is worried for fear the sales will not live up to their expectations. She does not think anybody will buy a book characterized as an "intellectual melodrama with a touch of madness". I have tried to find out what Charles Brackett is doing, since the publication of "Week-End", when he is not being funny about the theatre. I have seen him at Eyebrow-pencil's favorite Parisian restaurant, a place where one sees all smart New Yorkers. He writes short stories for "The Saturday Evening Post" and I do not doubt that he has another novel in the offing. Lipstick, a fellow editor of Brackett's, wants Eyebrowpencil, in the interests of Art only, to change her name to Mascara, but Eyebrow-pencil demurs. Lee Wilson Dodd, after one glance at her, fell in love with her. I don't care much for her myself — she's a bit too frivolous. There is this to be said for her, though; she hasn't what Mr. Dodd calls "The Golden Complex". He has come to the defense of the poor inferiority complex. It has its points, and Mr. Dodd intends to see that it is not, in the future, scoffed at. There is one man we all know who had no such affliction. That was Theodore Roosevelt, whose valet has written a biography of his more intimate life. James Anas for many years was Roosevelt's personal attendant and a nurse for the children. He saw a Roosevelt the political world never saw — a tender, playful Teddy.

"Who is Foster Johns?" will be the spring song of 1927. "The Victory Murder" is his first novel and he has taken a pseudonym because he is better known as editor, dramatist, professional epicure, newspaper man. Is it George Chappell? Is it Alexander Woollcott? No. No. This is worse than finding that synonym to fill in the ten letter word. I'm against all noms de plume. I have never — well, hardly ever — used one. Charles Caldwell Dobie, who used to be an insurance man, is back in San Francisco, writing short stories. They are to be collected within the next few months. He is, as usual, represented in the "O. Henry Memorial Award Prize Stories of 1926".

We dance on the glass floor of Roger Wolfe Kahn's night club, sliding over it as on a glacé nut, while Otto Khan (note to F. P. A.: this spelling represents our quaint notion of humor, not a typographical error) subsidizes Hart Crane, the poet, known to readers of "The Dial". There seems to have been a glorious wrangle because the editor changed a title, "Wine Menagerie", to "Again?" Mr. Crane has gone to the Isle of Pines to complete a volume of poems. His friend, William Wright, who wrote a poem for us about a shallop and cast us all into such gloom because we did not know a shallop from an oyster, says Mr. Crane may be dead, for no word has come from him since the hurricane which swept Nueva Gerona where he has been living with an old Negro housekeeper. Bill Wright tells me that I used to dislike Hart Crane when he visited the old homestead. I do not even remember him — that is the impression poets made on me in those days. Bill has just come across a first edition of Chatterton's poems and a 1797 set of "The Spectator" which his grandmother gave him. Also a 1694 first English (Urquhart) edition of Rabelais and a Vulgate Bible, 1604. Such is treasure trove in the foothills of the Alleghenies.

I wish I could write the Gossip Shop as Isabel Paterson does her "Turns with a Book Worm", filling up the space

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with three periods like this . . . and with frivolous comments on the colors of my socks. Mrs. Paterson is not fooling, though, when she says her

Isabel Paterson

stockings are traffic signals, the green ones in particular. I am glad she is such a popular literary lady, for it keeps her column a cheerful one. I always turn to it eagerly of a Sunday when I have been bored to drowsiness by the real estate and radio sections of the "Herald-Tribune", the "World", and the "Times". St. John Ervine writes delightfully about Mimps and the radio. A Mimp is something more than a moron, I understand. A Mimp has a brain but he doesn't use it. He thinks anything which he hears over the radio must be wonderful because it comes over a mechanical device. That isn't quite true. Our favorite grandmother was listening to a sermon one Sunday morning when she had a cold and could not go to church. I was in the other room, trying not to be disturbed by the gentleman who seemed to be telling his parishioners how he had solved the problems of the devil and the world. Suddenly this very religious old lady came to me and requested that the radio be shut off. "He has too good an opinion of himself", she said crisply. "I can't listen any longer." While Isabel Paterson fills up her columns with parties, I have to get down to brass tacks and tell what I know about these authors who are always doing something new. Dwight Taylor was one time employed by a certain very smart weekly to supply it with gossip of what goes on in the social, theatrical, and literary groups in New York City. He quickly relinquished the job, because like so few of his contemporaries he is not given to spying. As a matter of fact, he does not need to report the bright sayings of the literati in order to earn his bread. He is a very fine artist in his own right and is kept busy doing book jackets and illustrations for the publishers. He has a macabre and lacy quality, best suited to fantasy, horror, and fairy stories. He writes well, he draws well, and apparently he knows how to live well.

On with the news, then. In the literary notes of his publisher we find this doubting statement about A. S. M. Hutchinson: "A son has been born to Mr. and Mrs. A. S. M. Hutchinson, it is announced in the London press." Announced or not announced, it seems to be true. We'll know by the next sitting something about Mr. Hutchinson's literary plans, because Herbert F. Jenkins is now in London, from which Mr. Doran has just returned. Elliot Holt has gone there too, "trying to get ahead of Mr. Doran", as Charles Bayly put it. But Mr. Doran was al-

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ready on his return voyage by the time Mr. Holt arrived. Charles Bayly is Elliot Holt's publicity editor, and he has also done a translation of the Life of Chopin by Guy de Pourtalès. M. de Pourtalès is a young Parisian nobleman, not a musician himself but a connoisseur of music and books on music. This biography is said to be a sort of "Ariel". The month of March will see another Romain Rolland novel, "Mother and Son", but there is no exciting news of the author. To most people, it is exciting enough that he has written another one of this new series. Louise Closser Hale goes about lecturing to women's clubs, putting on her makeup for them, and leading them into that land of enchantment, the theatre. She has written a novelette, "The Canal Boat Fracas", with its setting in France. Which reminds me that the Negley Farsons also have a son. Stephen Graham writes that he has met them in London and found them "charming gypsies from Chicago". I have not read Negley Farson's "Sailing Across Europe" but I have been ordered to do so by my more adventuring mother, who is acquainted with the author's sister at the New York Public Library.

The winners of the Pulitzer Prize for the best biography, Laura E. Richards and Maud Howe Elliott, who wrote the story of their mother Julia Ward Howe, are as active as usual: Mrs. Elliott with art and politics in Newport, and Mrs. Richards with her new novel which she is writing in Gardiner, Maine. A lady who says that Cape Cod, pictorially, is more like Japan than any other place in America, and who has the quaint name of Theodate Geoffrey, is writing a history of Falmouth, Massachusetts. And the author of "The Big House", Mildred Wasson, is back home in Bangor writing a new novel in which she says she will continue "playing Boswell to Maine aristocrats". All this news comes from Boston, which has returned to normalcy after a round of farewell entertainments in honor of Sir Gilbert and Lady Mary Murray. Morris Gordin, who escaped from Bolshevik Russia with the manuscript of "Utopia in Chains" written on cigarette papers and hidden in his shoes, is safely living and writing in Chicago. The wonder is, he thinks he is safe in Chicago, after all they say and all the play of that name reveals. Anne Douglas Sedgwick, now that "The Old Countess" has made its appearance, has gone to the Riviera to escape the English fogs. And Dale Warren, who spends his mornings sending us this useful information, has taken over the apartment of a poetess and is immersed in her two thousand volumes, most of which were acquired in no less a place than Oxford.

"One of the last young men of the old school of private gentlemen" is the way one might characterize Foxhall Daingerfield, whose celebrated aunt is known for her fine stables and for Man o' War. Mr. Daingerfield is living now in Washington, D. C., writing novels of mystery and novels of the early south. About five years ago he became a friend of the Rinehart family and eventually caught the spark of writing from Mary Roberts Rinehart, who has encouraged and advised him during his apprenticeship. "Ghost House", you already know; and he has just finished a romance flashing with the flowers and silks and silver of nineteenth century Virginia, a period when a party was a party, a feast a feast, a horse race a horse race. There is so little description of this south which seems authentic. DuBose Heyward was discussing

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the situation the other day. He had started on a Civil War novel and, finding the atmosphere of New York too alien to the glory and warmth of that period, he had given it up and begun another Negro novel. It will be a long novel, so he and Mrs. Heyward have buried themselves in their writing, just off the Boardwalk. They find Atlantic City quiet and invigorating in the winter and not too near New York to make New York a temptation. The author of "Navaho Tales", William Whitman, has left his publishing connections to "pursue a literary career", but he will continue to edit "The Piper", so much admired in this department in January. Esther Forbes used to serve tea in the offices of "The Piper", using a picture covered with a napkin in default of a tray. She is in Philadelphia now, nursing a sick husband. If the advertising of her books begins to look fantastic to you, it is because Mr. Linscott has just come back from Europe where he spent much time with Havelock Ellis, T. S. Eliot, Martin Armstrong, H. D., Ernest Hemingway, John Bishop, and James Joyce. A young earnest got me cornered the other day at a tea and would know my opinion of Joyce. Since I have read only two pages of "Ulysses" I cannot call myself an authority, but I know what I think. I think I agree with William McFee who says elsewhere in this number that "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes" is a far profounder book, better written. I have a little shadow who extricates me from such difficult positions. The shadow says that when people ask you about James Joyce or his ilk, say anything that pops into your head. Say, for instance, that James Joyce is the greatest living romanticist. With this statement, John Farrar strongly protests, he does not agree.

Snowbound at Ossining, or almost, Mary Roberts Rinehart, 2nd, tells me that she is enjoying school; and her friend little Miss Burroughs tells me that Mary shows signs of becoming an arithmetical genius. This is, of course, marvelous to one who never did learn how to add. Miss Rinehart also plays the piano — with both hands now — and reads with avidity. She is entranced with "Winnie-the-Pooh", although it somewhat spoiled her New Year's dinner to see the pig come on with an apple in its mouth. Her mother has taken to writing, and an article of hers will soon appear in "Cosmopolitan".

Mrs. Waldo Richards, whose literary studio, or the Magic Carpet Book Room, was well known to her friends and to all lovers of good books, died suddenly soon after New Year's at the home of her sister in Boston. She was an anthologist as well as a very fine reader of poetry, and as part of her bookshop program she had meetings at which many prominent poets appeared and took part. It is a great shock to me to know that the Magic Carpet Book Room, except for the cheering warmth of the books she has left there, will no longer have the peculiar charm which her pleasant smile and her enthusiasm used to give it. I am reminded by the new Brentano Bonne Santé book boxes, very gay orange in color, of the great care with which Mrs. Richards used to make up boxes of books for all occasions. I always thought her peculiarly suited to do so. One must know a great deal about literature to be an anthologist and to have a flair for the right book at the right time. George Looms, also, is dead. I have a note from a friend of his in Denver where he was forced to stay and where he did most of his writ-

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ing, saying that his last words were of his most recently finished book. George Looms's long letters about books and life used to encourage us all here. He was a gentle, philosophical man, and I am glad for the visit he paid me last summer and sorry that he will not make the trip east again. The poet laureate of Georgia, Frank L. Stanton, died on January 7 in Atlanta. He was 70 years old, but his column in the Atlanta "Constitution" appeared regularly. No one will forget "Mighty Lak a Rose" or "Just A-Wearyin' for You". The lyrics were written by Mr. Stanton, or rather they were poems which were later set to music. I presume there is no American home where they have not been sung in the same mood that brings out "Just a Song at Twilight" or "Sweet and Low". In fact, I think I shall ask my wife to sing these for me this very night.

Long before editorial duties claimed me I was noted as a singer. To be precise, my début took place at the age of two and a half when I arose in the church to which a pious nurse had taken me and in clear, ringing tones demanded: "Daisy, Daisy, give me your answer true!" You will realize therefore that I am of the vintage to which Sigmund Spaeth addressed "Read 'Em and Weep". I was charmed to renew my acquaintance with "A passing policeman found a little child . . . " which I haven't heard since I myself warbled it with Pagliacci sobs. Yes, they're all there. I now resolutely push the large volume aside, for if I begin to quote there will be no end to it. And I must mention Dr. Spaeth's other masterpiece, "Words and Music". Here are "Jack and Jill" gone Wagnerian, Puccini, Schubert, etc.; words and music of "The Great American Opera"; and other means of gorgeous parlor entertainment. A. A. Milne fans — in other words, everyone — will be pleased with the third book of songs made from "When We Were Very Young" by H. Fraser-Simson. The collection opens with "James James Morrison Morrison", but bears the title "Teddy Bear".

Title Page of a Temperance Song Composed by Sousa in 1877. From "Read 'Em and Weep"

For children and teachers comes a formidable array, the "Universal School Music Series", by Walter Damrosch, George H. Gartlan, and Karl W. Gehrkens. It consists of graded books of songs, exercises, and valuable musical data. Frank La Forge's endorsement launches a small textbook, "Singers' French", by May Laird-Brown of the staff of the magazine "Singing". All of which avalanche makes me wonder whether there is a concerted drive on the part of publishers to have singing replace cross word puzzles as the national indoor sport. Lest you think that these puzzles have gone by the board, let it be known that the sixth

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"Cross Word Puzzle Book" is holding its own on the current list of best sellers.

When I asked Samuel Hopkins Adams how he happened to write "Revelry", he answered: "Why in thunder didn't someone do it before me? There the story was. As dramatic as anything. But I suppose there are too many clouds of incense for one of the newspaper men down there to have tackled the job." Like Rex Beach, Mr. and Mrs. Adams were on their way to Florida for the winter. They stay in their summer home up here until they are snowed in and then they go either to California or the south. They have recently spent six weeks in Hollywood, where Mr. Adams worked on a movie. He finds Hollywood rather quiet, rather dull, most unexciting. He is a man who at the age of fifty six likes his daily exercise. In Hollywood he couldn't find anyone with energy enough to play tennis with him more than once a week. Altogether a discouraging picture. Mr. Adams, I suspect, is going to tackle Washington again — or Hollywood — when he starts on his new novel. Being a newspaper man of many years' standing, he sees what the press can do in building up myths and he knows what goes on behind the newspapers. He told amusing stories of Theodore Roosevelt — how he had once known him well and had found him a very poor athlete and an indifferent horseman, although indefatigable and with real enthusiasm for sports. He cannot say as much for the presidents of the past fifteen years. While he was reminiscing about his early days on the "Sun" and with the McClure syndicate, a request came from Grant Overton for permission to include the first short story he wrote in a collection of "the worst or the best short stories — I don't know which he said", as Mr. Adams put it. "It was a dog story and was published in 'McClure's' magazine, with a demand for a whole series of 'em. I didn't know enough animals to make a series, but I went on writing. I have failed to sell only two of my stories in all the time I've been writing." He told me the plot of a story — a true story — which a very dear friend of his, a bond salesman, wants him to write. I asked him what he thought about using other people's ideas. He claims that the minute anyone says, "Here's a great story, because it really happened" — he knows it isn't any good for fiction. Yet curiously enough, he picks his characters and events from life. Inez Irwin, however, has given him one or two plots which have worked out because, he explains, she is a fiction writer and thinks the way he does. Here is a warning to ordinary mortals with a penchant for lavishly bestowing their ideas on novelists. It is also a lesson to people who are forever suing writers for plagiarism.

Mr. Adams should be highly gratified at the miniature civil war which "Revelry" has been occasioning. In the internals of the New York "World" office F. P. A. started the ball with some pleasant commentary about the book in his "Conning Tower". Harry Hansen, the official literary editor, followed this up with a strongly eulogistic review. On the very next day the editorial page of the paper proceeded to read "Revelry" into the discard. The story was "scurrilous", "indecent", "scandalmongering", and ought to be withdrawn at once. Mr. Hansen snapped back a prompt and tart rejoinder. Upstairs the "Evening World" took issue with its morn-

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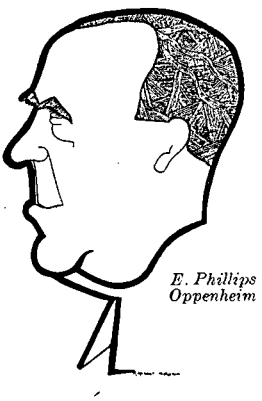
ing congener by approving the novel editorially. Several correspondents voiced lively protest against the attempted ban. "The Conning Tower" gave the book some more indirect but effective boosts. After this sharp-shooting Heywood Broun trained the big gun of his column upon the topic and, either forgetting or ignoring the editorial censure, went on record to the effect that "Revelry" is "fundamentally a truthful document" and took some side shots at the book's critics. Finally, Harry Salpeter published in the Sunday "World" a sympathetic interview with Mr. Adams about his ideas and purposes in writing the book. The editorial page, after one faint secondary peep in answer to a letter of protest, has lapsed into silence. It would be interesting to know what it thinks of the literary rebellion.

This magazine exists for the purpose of maintaining, among other things, that books have a great influence on our daily lives. Along comes "Ventilation and Health" by Dr. Thomas D. Wood and Ethel M. Hendriksen, and at once the staff rushes to throw up windows hitherto hermetically sealed. If there is a jagged note to this batch of town topics you will recognize it as the rhythmic accompaniment of chattering teeth. I am tempted to join E. Phillips Oppenheim in "The Quest for Winter Sunshine". He is speaking of the Riviera, more specifically Hyères:

> Here is a good place to repose for a time, to lie down in a corner by the side of a grey stone wall — choose the corner where the wild violets are growing, and a little tuft of narcissi is blossoming in a crack between the grey stones. A good place to lie down with your hands clasped behind your head, to feel the warmth of the sun creep through all the nerves of your body, and give thanks for that spirit of wandering which bade you leave behind for a time the fogs and grey skies, the necessities of work, the daily passage along the sloppy pavements, or in the musty taxicab along the muddy streets. . . .

But enough! Stern duty calls, so I turn up my coat collar, blow on my purplish hands, and turn once more to Jenny Remington. Apparently the Penn Publishing Company is going to see to it that we stay-at-homes are equipped for right living and thinking. Here come three little red handbooks,



E. Phillips Oppenheim

entitled "American Etiquette" — addressed to those "who dwell within the broad zone of the average" — "Errors in English", and "American Letter Writing". A larger volume houses "The World's Best Book of Games and Parties". Let us add to these the new "Style-Book for Writers and Editors" which C. O. Sylvester Mawson, editor of Roget's Thesaurus, has just put out; the new "Chambers Biographical Dictionary"; the numerous volumes of "A Dictionary of Anonymous and Pseudonymous English Literature"; and "The World Almanac for 1927" — "a million facts in its 900 pages"! Except for Heywood Broun's friend who learned perfect French through the three months' correspondence course, no one should now be able to get the better of us.

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I am pleased that the public mind has at last been turned by Percival C. Wren's "Beau Sabreur" to my favorite poem, "Abdul, the Bul-bul Emir". An avalanche of inquiries has brought a whoop from the publishers crediting impromptu singers among Texas cowboys with its origin. It might well be attributed to more pretentious writers; Edna St. Vincent Millay, in my haughty judgment, ought to be glad enough to own it, for it does more honor to its composers than most songs with which I am acquainted. I heard it first in the wilds of Texas, but I am sure it is of Russian origin, for its melody has in it all the terrifying loneliness of the steppes and howling wolves. One verse is here set forth, and other verses will be supplied as long as they last to those enclosing a stamped envelope for the return of manuscripts.

Said the Bul-bul, "Young man, is your life then so dull
That you're anxious to end your career?
For, infidel, know — that you've trod on the toe
Of Abdul, the Bul-bul Emir!"
The Bul-bul then drew out his trusty chibouque,
And shouting out, "Allah Akbar!"
Being also intent on slaughter, he went
For Ivan Petruski Skivar.

In my favorite version Ivan slew the Bul-bul, and any which recount the triumph of Abdul over Ivan are doubtless garbled, if not spurious.

Eyebrowpencil has a new hero — "Pop" Gibson of the Hearst offices. It is he who watches over the destinies of the pictures which illustrate the stories in "Good Housekeeping", "Harper's Bazar", "Hearst's International Cosmopolitan". He is the friend of all the well known artists in New York and is noted, not only for his pictorial accomplishments, but for his whiffet races as well. Mr. Gibson's whiffets are always with him. He takes them out of his pockets and they are off at a great pace, galloping, galloping. He follows the sports sections of the newspapers for reports of whiffet races all over the world, but he has found none so lightning quick as his own two pedigreed pets. It was at the second night of "Oh, Please", whither I went in company with Charles Beahan, that I heard a gushing and beautifully gowned lady gasp: "Do you know what has happened? The most thrilling thing! William Beebe has just asked me to go with him on his next expedition. Isn't it won-der-ful?" The blonde beauty with her also gasped at their two startled escorts: "How wonder-ful! I would go to heaven or hell with William Beebe!" I looked around for Beebe and could not see him, but presently there he was, just visible over the shoulder of a third matron. Charles Beahan, who is doing the dramatization of "Dry Martini", is editor-in-chief of the Cecil B. DeMille motion pictures. Mr. DeMille's Christmas card carried a picture of the Last Supper, with H. B. Warner as Christ and Joseph Schildkraut as Judas. If "The King of Kings" lives up to this photograph, it should be very beautiful and most authentic. This company has taken over Lya de Putti, who did so well in "Variety" and so badly in everything she has acted since. "The Sorrows of Satan", for instance. This picture, according to the announcements, was "suggested" by Marie Corelli's novel. Its only virtue is the discouraging effect it will have on prospective book reviewers and young ladies who have to go to the city and starve and write short stories. My vision is not perfect, but I could swear that the big restaurant scene was none other than the lobby of the new Paramount Theatre.

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THE CONTRIBUTORS' COLUMN

WILLIAM McFEE is traveling again, as always. He lives among the clever writers and artists of Westport, Connecticut, and spends most of his time elsewhere, lecturing and whatnot. RAYMOND P. FISCHER comes from the same town as Red Grange. He was born this century and is a lawyer by profession. DR. JOSEPH COLLINS, author of "The Doctor Looks at Love and Life", has been added to the staff of "The Literary Review" of the New York "Evening Post". He recently went south, and it is rumored that he contemplates a trip to Egypt. LEON KELLEY lives on Long Island and spends most of his energy on advertising and in the entertainment of his three children. The latest success of ELINOR WYLIE is "The Orphan Angel". Now she is about to seek the society of witches and Puritan preachers in Salem, where the scene of her next novel is laid.

MARK VAN DOREN, literary editor of the New York "Nation", has just published a new volume of poems called "7 P. M." FREDERIC TABER COOPER is at present working on a new volume in the "Fremont Rider Guides". He lives in New York City and is planning some day to produce a book of memories of New York from 1870 downward. EMANUEL EISENBERG is a frequent contributor to "Life" under the name of "Simonetta", and his poetry appears in "The Conning Tower" of the New York "World". RISA LOWIE teaches in New York; she has contributed to "The New Republic" and other magazines and she was one of the authors of "Everychild's Language Book". At present she is working on a group of poems taken from Crow Indian themes.

HUGH WALPOLE, author most recently of "Harmer John", is still in New York, after a sojourn in Texas. ROBERTA SWARTZ has been doing work at Radcliffe College toward her M. A. "Lilliput", her book of verse, has lately been issued. LARRY BARRETTO needs no introduction to the readers of THE BOOKMAN nor to the box offices of New York. CHARLES NORMAN is another New Yorker. C. HARTLEY GRATTAN has departed for Australia. CHARLES W. FERGUSON, a Texan, lives in Rye, New York. He is at present henchman to the editor of THE BOOKMAN.

SIDNEY HOWARD is author of two successful current plays — and deservedly successful at that. Both "The Silver Cord" and "Ned McCobb's Daughter" have met with the plaudits of the throng and the praise of critics. VIRGINIA MOORE has been sick and is rusticating up in the country. She complains that she *couldn't* find a copy of THE BOOKMAN *any*where in town. HILTON GREGORY has turned to hack work as a relaxation after a long, arduous life spent on the New York Stock Exchange. He is a picturesque, gruff old figure. A number of years ago he was active in the New York Yacht Club but now his chief interest is in golf, at which he plays an excellent game. PAUL FRANCIS WEBSTER is a student of New York University whose stationery bears the imprimatur: "Office of the Advertising Manager, New York University Daily News".

A recent note in these columns regarding the abandonment of the course at Harvard of instruction on "The Printed Book" has brought an interesting bit of information from Rollins College, Winter Park, Florida, where Edwin Osgood Grover has been installed as "Professor of Books". A course is given in the "History of the Book" and another is a reading course in English and American literature. The classroom in which instruction is given allows the students to sit around a big table in comfortable chairs, with about 2,000 selected books on one side of the room, making a private library atmosphere in which the love of books flourishes like a green bay tree. What Harvard failed to do is being accomplished in a small college in Florida.

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THE MONTH ON MURRAY HILL

The purpose of this section of THE BOOKMAN *is to acquaint readers with the publishing activities of George H. Doran Company and their authors.*

JUST why the new books should make me think of a sumptuous menu card is a little hard to understand. Of course a publisher tries to make his month's list offer pleasing variety. But some monthly lists, like some bills of fare, are too limited to stray far from the soup-roast-beef-pie-coffee convention. Perhaps this particular Doran offering has one or two unusual accents, here an orginal entrée, there an unexpected salad — that sort of thing. Perhaps there is a tonic in March to whet the literary appetite!

In any case, the *carte du jour* begins with *hors d'oeuvres.*

You couldn't call William Rose Benét's "Wild Goslings" anything else, and you wouldn't want to. The trayful of *hors d'oeuvres* comes around only occasionally.

The nearest comparison is with certain of Christopher Morley's books, but Mr. Benét has his own flavor in essay-writing. "Wild Goslings" is like "Shandygaff" and other Morley morsels in type, nowhere in manner. There is perhaps less verse than so good a poet as Bill Benét ought to give us in a book of his. (But such verse as "The Narrative of Hard-Boiled Nan: A Theme for the Harpsichord" can't be turned out to order.) Mr. Benét ought to have reminded readers with a note that his "Dull Mornings Have Been in New York" was the result of a poetry contest in which the prize went to "Hot Afternoons There Are in Montana." All the prose is short — the essay is finished before the relish has left it. Bathroom recitation, movie scenarios, the Ten Worst Books, our he-man novelists, six specimen short stories — show me a new book of more delightfooling if you can!

* * * *

NOW for more massive food. There is a great joint of beef for those who take the literary meal with perfect seriousness. It is H. J. Massingham's "Downland Man" and I have no doubt that technically considered it is an important archaeo-ethno-paleontological treatise. In fact, I gather that some very important scientific thrust lies behind it; but these are matters I do not really understand. All I know is that the book deals comprehensively with prehistoric man in England, and is certainly keeping H. G. Wells up nights. A few years ago I should have added, in fairness, "It is not a popular work"; but nowadays I dare not. In a time when histories of philosophy and of marriage are best-sellers, who knows what may not be a popular work? If there is anything that makes me hesitate it is a feeling that perhaps Mr. Massingham has not said enough about the downland woman.

The entrée that will attract most readers, I think, is a brace of game, wonderful in flavor without being too "high." I mean "Blotted 'Scutcheons," by Horace Wyndham, author of "The Mayfair Calendar" and "Famous Trials Re-told."

Mr. Wyndham has assembled twelve distinctive, and in most instances historic, cases from English law. The best-known is undoubtedly that of the Hon. Mrs. Norton, whose friendship with Lord Melbourne made so much trouble. But, as is usual in a book of this kind, the most famous is not necessarily the most interesting. The story of that Earl of Euston who married a very shady lady has its points. The amazing Rev. Mr. Dodd, who was "hanged for the least crime he had committed" is anything but dull to read about. Sir Charles Dilke, the brilliant statesman who hid behind a woman, is in the book; so is Madame Rachel; likewise another clerical person, the Rev. James Hackman. A good book, altogether, not merely from its careful selection of subjects and its contrasts but because Mr. Wyndham is unhurried. He gives himself room to present each affair in all its aspects; justly, vividly, wittily.

* * * *

I HAVE been wondering if Newton Wethered's "From Giotto to John" is not the best book on painting I have ever encountered. Probably the fact that such a speculation could suggest itself is enough to

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indicate that the book has quality. Oh, it has! Here is a survey of the history of painting obviously written by one to whom no phase of technical appreciation is denied, but who has the gift of writing non-technically for such people as you and me. In a book of ordinary size he does somehow manage to cover the ground without the sense of gaping omissions. But I have said "a survey of the history of painting," which is inaccurate. What Mr. Wethered has written is a fascinating account of what the painter sees and how he has gone about embodying it, from the time of Giotto, or even earlier, to Cézanne, Gauguin, and the Cubist in our own day. I know now what it was that made me prize the book so high; it was the chapter on "Modernism and the Emotional." It still seems to me the only lucid account I have read of very modern art; for Wethered obviously knows what the extremists are trying to do and how they are trying to do it. You may still dislike their stuff but you will understand it. Instead of a lot of conventionally chosen reproductions of paintings Mr. Wethered has illustrated his book with a fine selection of good photographs of paintings which are, for the most part, "matched up" with each other to illustrate the points made in his text.

There are two other non-fiction books, "Redemption: An Anthology," by George Stewart, and "The Spirit of the Game," by Basil Mathews. These are among the occasional books on the Doran list of religious publications which are also placed on the general list because of a special breadth of appeal. And now for the month's fiction. . .

* * * *

TWO novels of the month are laid in especially attractive and out-of-the-way places. The first is by Stephen Graham, renowned as a traveller, the author of "London Nights." And if after reading "Midsummer Music" you choose to consider it a travel book rather than a novel I will enter into no argument. The exact, major or predominating classification of delightful books is, I insist, not important. Only the books are important — only the books and the pleasure they afford us.

One way and another, "Midsummer Music" affords a good deal. To begin with, what more charming title? If, as I sincerely hope, you are packing your trunk shortly to visit Trieste, Vienna, Buda and Pesth, Dalmatia and Ragusa, you will not ask more fun than to annex a copy of a book with a title like that. Only, in case you *are* going to those exact places, the book itself will be indispensable.

There is a risk in reading it that it may lure you to the spot. Well, why not? It really is high time you sailed up the Adriatic, past cypressed Corfu, past the enigmatical and hidden Dalmatian shore. When you get to Trieste, stop at the Excelsior-Palazza Hotel, which is on the harbor. Look out of the balconied windows in the misty morning and see all those marketwomen, with baskets so beautifully balanced on their heads, getting off the little steamer. They have come up from that hidden shore, that hilly and fascinating contour which you followed on the way up to Trieste. Yes, yes! Trieste is only forty miles from Venice. But there is more than Venice to see.

Stephen Graham makes you see it. His novel is a most fascinating arrangement in travel pictures, modern literature and art, Slav customs, the peasant mentality and the artistic mentality, and fashions, both primitive and complex, in love and marriage.

Our second out-of-the-way book has its scenes laid on the Isle of Man, hitherto nothing to me but Sir Hall Caine, tailless cats and those three legs on the Manx shield. Catherine Dodd, in "Clad in Purple Mist," makes the place as real as Ireland, as picturesque as Wales. I don't know how to convey the quality of loveliness the book holds. Will bits do anything? "Old Mrs. Quilliam wore a soft blue gown with a cream muslin fichu, edged with precious lace. Her hair was white, escaping in little soft curls from beneath her cap. She wore a gold chain and a signet ring which had belonged to her grandfather, Sir Roger Jennings." Then there is the captivating meal on page 64 — no, I cannot command the space to quote it. Quaint? You don't know the half of it. On the whole the feeling of this book about the Manx is more closely akin to Irish tales than

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aught else. It is not, if you have any capacity for sentiment, something to miss.

* * * *

THERE are three new detective-mystery novels. Which you like best will depend on your special taste in this direction. But although we all have slants in this department of our reading, these predilections are usually subordinate to a great big healthy general appetite for the thrill direct.

As to thrill, each book has plenty. William Johnston's "The Affair in Duplex 9B" is what might be called standard gauge. Big studio party of a somewhat bohemian nature. Interesting people from all the walks and walkups of life. A diplomat dies dramatically and his death is quickly realized to be a murder.

"The House of Secrets," by Sidney Horler, author of "False Face," begins with Barry Wilding's glimpse of an attractive girl in a strange place in Paris. It crosses the Channel immediately and brings Barry to the problem of an inherited family mansion in the Thames Valley. An unpleasant encounter assures the young man that his house is inhabited by a gentleman curiously loth to leave. Mystery right away — partly because a condition of the inheritance is that Barry shall stay in the house and partly from the efforts to keep him out. I am too decent to tell you the house's secrets. The story is a perfect peach.

Some like it with fun. For such as can take their mystery with a lot of laughs, humorous and satirical, Rufus King has written "Mystery De Luxe." It is all the title implies, but it is so much more than an excellent mystery story that I feel I ought to warn you. You might care little or nothing for mystery yarns and still enjoy this book for its wit and its amusing lines. If it were the poorest mystery in the world — it's anything but! — it would still be a slick humorous book. Action, in and about Southampton, Long Island, New York, but mostly on a yacht offshore. Eh? Oh, this is no mere bootlegging yarn; this is a real one.

"Pearl Hunger," by Gordon Young, who wrote "Hurricane Williams" and "The Vengeance of Hurricane Williams" and "Seibert of the Island," is straight adventure. As you will probably have guessed, it's a tale of that part of the world where the surf booms on coral reefs and where "the great full moon swims overhead to the fretful glitter of the stars." But it is realistically done; without losing any of the thrill and without lessening the spell of the Pacific Islands, Mr. Young makes you see that this is no life of dusky maidens and flower wreaths and aloha-oe. Not at all.

Adventure — adventure and romance — is the stuff as well of "The Voice of Dashin," by Ganpat, otherwise Captain M. L. A. Gompertz, who takes you to wild mountains, the Himalayas, and to Thibet in a yarn that has the quality we used to associate only with Rider Haggard. There is a Blue Devil in the story and one called the Slant-Eyed; now, honestly, you can't ask more. Captain Gompertz is one of those Englishmen who know their way around north and west of India; moreover, he is at some pains to give the sense of reality to his men and women (as well as a proper sense of unreality to his Blue Devils and Slant-Eyed Ones). The result is a yarn with a lot more substance, "body," than such tales generally manage.

I cannot link Bruce Graeme's "The Trail of the White Knight" with any of these others. Geographically, it comes closest to Stephen Graham's "Midsummer Music," since it is a story of Hungary; otherwise considered it is wholly of the adventure-romance type. In one respect it differs from any of the tales we have been discussing; it has a political interest. Bela Kun's regime in Hungary and the struggles of Whites and Reds are the background and you may pay as much or as little attention to them as you please.

Yet less than J. G. Sarasin has woven into his new novel, "Corsican Justice." It is for this reason that I have left "Corsican Justice" to the last. Here we have a full-length — though not excessively long — historical novel. As you will probably have inferred from the title, the novel is set in the time of Napoleon Bonaparte and Bonaparte is a principal figure. The action is laid in Italy; and it will interest you to know that Napoleon is not treated worshipfully by the author.

GRANT OVERTON.

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RELIGIOUS BOOKS ON MURRAY HILL

AS long as the sun holds out to burn, we shall probably be marrying and giving in marriage. There are those who insist that even in a promiscuous society we should still have a great deal of old fashioned monogamy, resting upon the same fundaments it rests upon today; a certain affinity, the care of the offspring and a relief from preoccupation with amorous matters. Men and women would still have to live together and they would still be beset by problems. Hence, THE FINE ART OF LIVING TOGETHER has both a timely and timeless quality. It is a small book which Dr. A. W. Beaven, pastor of the Lake Avenue Baptist Church in Rochester, has written, but he has filled it to the covers with happy advice and ingratiating comments. The word "advice" is used advisedly, for it cannot be denied that when the elders of the tribe speak, they speak in the role of counselors. No one resents advice half so much as it is generally pretended. Besides, Dr. Beaven advises mothers-in-law just as frankly as he lays down suggestions to budding brides, and the candor with which he addresses the various persons interested in courtship and marriage accounts in a large measure for the book's excellence. Has the boy enough money? he asks the sweetheart; and Can she cook? he asks of the wooing lad. There are essentials and the author is wise enough to set them forward as such. In consequence, readers will find in THE FINE ART OF LIVING TOGETHER material and treatment upon courtship and its results as satisfying as anything that has been written since the inimitable Stevenson's "Virginibus Puerisque".

* * * *

PROBABLY no sect or group, if the word group is preferable, enjoys such esteem among its fellow-groups as the Society of Friends. It is an open secret that the Baptists do not think any more highly of the Methodists than the Methodists think of the Disciples, or Campbellites, as the Methodists would say. Yet it seems that the Quakers have gotten themselves generally tolerated and actually liked. It is thus that peculiar importance attaches itself to THE FAITH AND PRACTICE OF THE MODERN QUAKERS which appears on the Hill this month from the effective pen of Rufus M. Jones. Years of service within the Society, together with an abundance of objective observation, has fitted the "Sage of Haverford" to speak upon the subject as one having authority. He treats, quite appropriately, those elements of Quaker faith which have caused them to be ecclesiastical pariahs, so to say, with their pacifism, their peculiar habits of worship, their insistence upon the inner light. This is a story which will prove of extraordinary interest to folk interested in the contribution of religion to practical affairs. No story in religious history is more heavily fraught with interesting and puzzling details.

* * * *

PRINCIPAL E. Griffith Jones has of late supplied us with another learned work. His earlier volume on "Some Problems of Divine Providence", as the title implies, treated what we might call the divine side of Providence. In the new volume, THE DOMINION OF MAN, Principal Jones brings out the complementary side of Providence. He analyzes with great acumen the central problem of religion, i.e., the place of man in the universe, the reasons why we may assume that he is here for some decent and worth while purpose. This is not to say, however, that the author wanders aimlessly through the kingdom of philosophy. Rather he moves toward his goal with great directness and dispatch. Here is a serious volume, provocative and intensely thoughtful, and it can be safely recommended to sober thinkers who are curious to know what modern religious thought has to offer concerning the enigma of life. The author displays a surprising (and, for his purpose, an indispensable) knowledge of history and antiquity. His volume is appetizing and meaty.

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AMONG THE RELIGIOUS BOOKS

GREGORIO D'ARCI'S "The Tragedy of Judas Iscariot" (R. Norrie, Amersham, Bucks, Eng.) lays hold upon some of the most potential scenes in the New Testament — scenes which have been exploited to a surprisingly small extent. The author states that he wants the following points to be clear, but I cannot make out any of them. He wants, for instance, to answer a question of vital "interest to thinkers" which "touches the very foundation of human conduct". Well, quite a few questions do that. Then the second point he wants to make clear is even more vague. However, greater than all the fun to be had by speculating upon the animus of Judas Iscariot is that available through the unfoldment of his drama. This drama D'Arci has made much clearer than his points. How much credit he deserves is doubtful. There attaches to Judas a certain black romance which makes his doings of covert fascination to the modern world; it is probable that a high school play could do him admirably. There is strength and vividness in D'Arci which lifts his work above the plane of the amateur, lifts it even above reliance upon the certainty of the story's appeal, and gives it an eminence all its own. "The Tragedy of Judas Iscariot" is worth an evening, or the small part of an evening that will be required to read it.

"A Man's Faith" by Dr. Wilfred T. Grenfell is one of those enormous little books that prove especially delightful in a longwinded epoch such as ours. This book is a reprint, or rather a rewritten edition, of the work which appeared some years ago under the same title. The author has taken account of the newer disturbances which have deflected some minds from the narrow way of proper Christian belief, and his message herein is addressed to a definitely modern audience. He regards faith, however, as an attitude of mind and not as an imperturbable credulity. He traces the part which faith or its equivalent plays in the commercial and intellectual world and shows that it is not merely a device of religionists. I am happy to note that the Doctor has been generous enough to include some of his experiences in Labrador, for nothing that he could write, however holy his purposes, could be half so enthralling as his stories of the frigid zone. The man has lived by faith, not only in an exemplary religious way, but in an immensely romantic way as well. In a measure, he made the polar flight before there were aeroplanes. He deserves to be read, both because of the quality of his written discourse and the courage and achievement of his life. The book is published by the Pilgrim Press.

The publishing courage of the Oxford University Press, American Branch, is comparable to that of Dr. Grenfell in other fields. Perhaps no house issues a list of higher, if not more exciting, quality. I wish them well with Dr. Herbert B. Workman's "John Wyclif, A Study of the English Medieval Church", but I do not know how far they will get with it in the land of the free. This work appears in two colossal volumes and it retails for a third of my weekly salary. Yet, when I pause to consider that Wyclif's services are rather extensively appreciated among religious people and when I remember that there are better breadwinners in America than I, it seems not so incredible that the book should sell. The workmanship of Principal Workman is inordinately good. He spent twelve years in preparing his study but it does not take nearly so long to read it. His eye has swept the historic landscape without missing a molehill. What is more, the molehills are most interesting as he sees them and as he leads the reader to see them. He is alive to tendencies and fond of characters.

—*C. W. F.*

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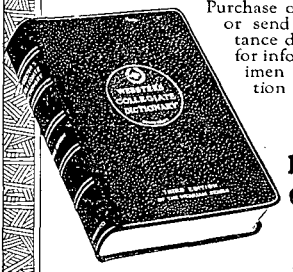

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GLOBE TROTTING THROUGH BOOKS

"CITIES OF ITALY" (Dutton), one of Arthur Symons's most brilliant prose volumes, which first appeared twenty years ago, has lately been given a well deserved reissue. Symons, of whom but little is heard nowadays, loved and knew these old world cities with an intimacy and understanding surely unsurpassed by any artist of his time. Profoundly learned in the histories of their great men, their arts, literature, undying landmarks, peoples, Symons here vividly discloses the unique soul of each city as an entity distinctive and apart from its venerable neighbors. Among the chief of those included in the twelve essays are Rome, Venice, Naples, Padua, Florence, and Ravenna.

The more humanized Baedeker has its merits and Frederic Whyte, in "A Wayfarer in Sweden" (Houghton Mifflin), gilds the pills of practical information afforded the "prospective tourist" with apposite, chatty views of Swedish art, history, and literature. Among his most enjoyable chapters are those on Whitelocke's embassy in the 1650's and the "Saga-Land" of Selma Lagerlöf.

The lover of travel books will find Edward Hutton's volume on "Cities of Sicily" (Little, Brown) to be both interestingly and picturesquely written. The author surveys all the Sicilian cities of any size and all of the smaller cities, and makes a complete tour of the island; and, incidentally, he displays a real and contagious devotion to his subject matter. The volume is to be recommended as a guidebook for those who propose to visit Sicily for the first time, but it will likewise prove valuable for those who do their traveling by means of the library. One should not fail to note, in conclusion, that the attractiveness of the book is considerably enhanced by the twelve color illustrations by Harry Morley and by the fourteen photographs.

Books on Spain have no end. Since Irving, Gautier, Ellis, and Ford wrote their famous Spanish travel books the flood has continued uninterrupted. Alice M. S. Newbigin's "A Wayfarer in Spain" (Houghton Mifflin), if in a sense a glorified guidebook, leads one pleasantly enough from Paris, down and up the Spanish peninsula back to Bayonne, by way of travel comment interspersed with practical hints as regards food and lodgings.

These Englishwomen! They have penetrated the hinterlands of the empire and have lived to tell the story. High up in their ranks is Gwen Richardson who eschewed the Sahara and went instead to Guiana in search of diamonds and other trifles. The account of her expedition is told with vigor and some charm in a physically unattractive book, "On the Diamond Trail in British Guiana" (Brentano). A shorter, more concise book would have been more to the point, but enthusiasm is bound to run away with one who has explored the Mazaruni region and triumphed alike over snakes, fevers, and gambling hells. And we cannot find it in our armchaired ease to gainsay her.

One frequently meets persons who, having lived for a period in some foreign city, are filled for life with an inspiring enthusiasm for its charms. In the rosy light of such enthusiasms these places take on the glow of romance. "Royal Seville" (Harper) is the fervor of one E. Allison Peers, who solemnly declares that there is not another place like Seville and writes a book to convince the world of the fact. What he conceives to be the picturesque life of the people is not that of its two most famous citizens, Carmen and Figaro. It is of the flow of life in and out of the great cathedral, the quiet enjoyment of public gardens, rather than of intrigues behind barred windows and clamor at the bull rings, that he speaks.

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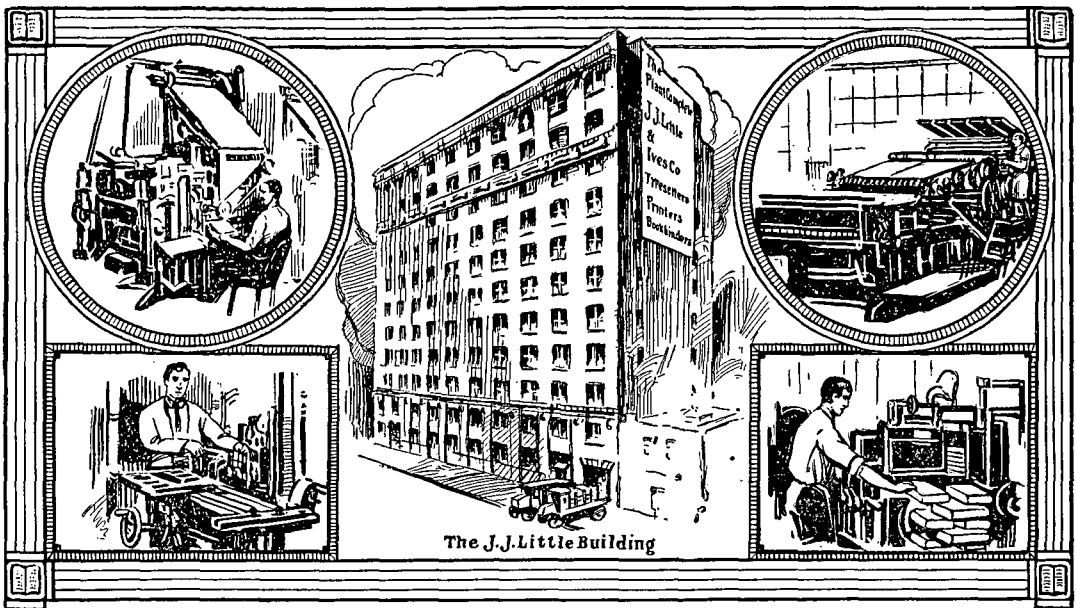

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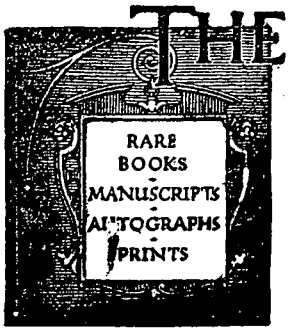

THE COLLECTORS' GUIDE

In this section the readers of THE BOOKMAN will find the latest announcements of reliable dealers in Rare Books, Manuscripts, Autographs and Prints. It will be well to look over this section carefully each month, for the advertisements will be frequently changed, and items of interest to collectors will be offered here. All these dealers invite correspondence.

WHILE there have been some book sales of more than usual interest this season, an outstanding feature of the literary auctions has been the autograph sales. Several large and important collections have been dispersed at prices which went generally beyond those for several seasons past. Whether the number of autograph collectors is increasing or whether autographs are getting scarcer, can only be determined by time. But there is no question that the really good autograph letters of the great are diminishing in quantity. Even high prices fail to bring out many new ones. Letters of John Adams, for example, which could be picked up several years ago for a few dollars each, now bring prices which make the average collector hesitate. As for the later presidents, it is a difficult matter to obtain good letters with contents of historical consequence, written wholly in the handwriting of the author. Such letters as our presidents now write are usually dictated and merely have the presidential signature. Letters of President Harding in his autograph and signed in full are scarce and bring much more than those of some of his more eminent predecessors. Autograph letters of George Washington are more common than those of Woodrow Wilson, while Lincoln letters and documents have shown perhaps the greatest advance in value of any of their kind. The autograph collector has to be constantly on the alert, for there are others after the really good autograph and a sale like the Goodyear sale at Anderson's does not come often. That Goodyear sale, by the way, proved something of a surprise. While collectors generally knew that the Buffalo man had purchased a good deal of valuable material in the last fifteen years, its actual importance was not realized until the catalogues of the sale were issued. The Thackeray, Scott, and Stevenson letters, manuscripts, and drawings alone would have made a great autograph sale.

Within the past few years numerous booksellers and book collectors have broken into print with volumes describing their personal experiences among books and bookmen. A. Edward Newton still holds the head of the procession with his "Amenities of Book-Collecting", now in the fifth edition. George S. Hellman's latest contribution to this class of literature contains much that will interest booklovers, although the author of "The True Stevenson" and writer on Washington Irving deals with many other things besides books. Mr. Hellman's chapter on J. Pierpont Morgan tells the story of how Mr. Morgan encountered one of his comparatively few disappointments as collector when he failed to secure the original manuscript of the Gettysburg Address from the family of John Hay, to whom President Lincoln had given it. "For this brief paper", writes Mr. Hellman, "Mr. Morgan is said to have offered $50,000, a sum which, had Mrs. Hay accepted it, would have established probably for all times the highest price paid for a sheet of literary manuscript." This priceless document is now in the Library of Congress, the gift of the Hay heirs, but it is safe to say that if it were offered at auction today it would bring a price which would make Mr. Morgan's offer look small.

The death of "The Bookman's Journal" of London was regretted by a large number of American readers. The late publishers attribute a part of their failure to the inclu-

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sion of articles which, however interesting they might be to general readers, did not have any special significance for collectors. Whether the revival of the periodical along other lines will prove successful is a question. In this country the years are strewn with literary wrecks of this sort. There was George P. Philes's publication which lived through two volumes, "The Philobiblon", published in Civil War times. There was "The Literary Collector" started by George D. Smith, which ran for several years. There was "The Bibliographer", which came to its end soon after the violent and untimely death of its editor, Paul Leicester Ford. There have been and are others of this class, but they have never had the appreciation among literary collectors which they ought to have, in view of the large number of people able to support such specialized journals. In this country the wants of collectors are so largely taken care of by departments in newspapers and magazines that there seems to be no chance for the highly specialized journal of book and autograph collecting. It is only fair to say, however, that other factors than lack of financial support have been responsible for the death of some of these book collectors' publications of the past.

Louis A. Holman of the print department of Goodspeed's in Boston conceived the brilliant idea of conveying information to print collectors about the various graphic processes by utilizing some of the mass of flotsam and jetsam which accumulates in every large second hand bookstore, in the form of portfolios. "The Graphic Processes" is an able exposition by Mr. Holman of the various means of making pictures by intaglio, relief, and planographic processes, illustrated by examples of the original prints. Each process, such as etching, line engraving, woodcut, photogravure, chiaroscuro, lithography, etc., is given an historical account, followed by a brief technical description of the process and the resulting print, and in each case an example of the print is given, from an illustration from the Nuremberg Chronicle of 1493 to the latest aquatone process of William Edwin Rudge. The collection is mounted on folio sheets, and forms a valuable educational tool for print collectors.

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